THE LIFE BEYOND THE VEIL

SPIRIT MESSAGES RECEIVED
AND WRITTEN DOWN BY THE

REV. G. VALE OWEN

VICAR OF ORFORD, LANCASHIRE

WITH AN APPRECIATION BY
LORD NORTHCLIFFE

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, M.D., LL.D.

EDITED BY
H. W. ENGHOLM

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The Life Beyond the Veil
Volume 5

The Outlands of Heaven

The Life Beyond the Veil series consists of five volumes:

The Lowlands of Heaven
The Highlands of Heaven
The Ministry of Heaven
The Battalions of Heaven
The Outlands of Heaven

Spirit Messages received and set down by the Rev. George Vale Owen. (1860-1931) Vicar of Orford, Lancashire, England.

The Life Beyond the Veil
Volume 5

The Outlands of Heaven

LONDON

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This volume was printed in 1921 and 1964. It was republished in 1971 and reprinted in 1975.

This Kindle eBook version was created by Geoff Cutler in April 2015 and no copyright is claimed in this publication. This edition has been based on the 1975 reprint, and it was the only copy I could find for sale anywhere.

In this volume I have removed much of the archaic language that exists in the original text, particularly words whose meaning has become lost and attempted to keep the volume stylistically appropriate for the modern reader without totally altering the character of the book. I have also added numerous footnotes and a new section on recommended reading that is in line with this volume.

As initially published, this volume contained two literally separate books, and the chapter numbers were repeated, starting again from 1. I find this confusing in a single reference work, and have continued the chapter numbering, and have simply inserted an index marker to indicate the start of the second book. While the subject matters vary in the two books, it is not really that substantial a change in my opinion. On the basis of these changes I have noted myself as an editor of this volume. G.J.C. Sydney, Australia.

THE REV. G. VALE OWEN

The Rev. George Vale Owen, Vicar of Orford from 1908 to 1922.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARGARET & ALL HALLOWS, ORFORD, WARRINGTON, LANCASHIRE, OF WHICH THE REV. G. VALE OWEN IS THE INCUMBENT

X The Vestry referred to on p. xxi.

The Church of St. Margaret and All Hallows, Orford, Warrington, Lancashire, England.

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Preface (1971)

"The Children of Heaven" and "The Outlands of Heaven," the two sections forming one volume, and are the continuation of the series of four volumes entitled "The Life Beyond the Veil," and were received by Mr. Vale Owen from a band of spirit communicators, acting under the leadership of one who gives his name as "Arnel."

Arnel in a previous communication to Mr. Vale Owen stated that in earth life he was an Englishman who, in consequence of religious persecution, had to flee to Florence, and lived there in the English Colony during the early days of the Renaissance. He taught music and painting, and died in mid-life, escaping thereby the further enmity of the State of those days.

In "The Ministry of Heaven" and "The Battalions of Heaven" (Volumes 3 and 4) he gave many interesting details of his experience in the course of his progress from one state, or sphere, to a higher. He described the work which he and others undertook to raise those of their fellows who had been unable to advance far above their old earthly condition and some others who had retrogressed.

Readers of his former messages will realise, as they follow the narrative of these two books, that his method of working is familiar to them, although the training of children and work in the "Outlands" are widely different in setting the one from the other.

The first part of Volume 5 is concerned with the training of children for citizenship in the spiritual spheres. In the most intimate way, and with a wealth of detail, we are shown how their characters and powers are developed by a course of mingled pastime and learning. As we watch this panorama of the Future State unfolds, we notice how the tone of the composition becomes ever lighter and more beautiful. Through Arnel's graphic presentation of his theme we are brought directly into contact with the merriment of unspoilt childhood. Many instances are given of what one would call "spiritual physics," and a great deal of light is thrown upon the operation of spiritual laws; for instance, laws governing Creation. This and other matters are given to us in light vein, and information of a very significant kind is presented in the simple guise of child-life.

But not all the picture is so care-free.

At the end of the first part we find childhood and its joyous music fading into the distance, leaving Arnel and Wulfhere to brood alone on the beauty and joy they have just witnessed. Shonar is not with them; he is in the gloomy Outlands, preparing and organising the mission he has been given. There is an interval, as it were, during which creeps in a suggestion of sadness, a premonition of what is impending.

"The Outlands of Heaven" (Volume 5, second portion.) contains Arnel's vivid description of how that work is carried out. It will be seen by the reader, as his account is followed, that the ministry established beyond the Veil to uplift "adult children" of the Outlands is the same ministry, essentially, that trains and develops the innocent children of the Sphere Seven. Amongst both Arnel moves and labours, his quiet confidence and humour shedding light and happiness wherever he goes.

He gives us typical instances of the difficulties that present themselves to workers in the Outlands and must be surmounted. For example, victims of a massacre arrive on the Other Side, dazed for the time being, and full of fear and revengeful desires. They must be awakened to their hapless condition, and yet an outbreak of panic is to be prevented; and these newcomers must also be restrained, if possible, from returning to the spiritual plane of the Earth (in the Sphere One), in order to wreak vengeance upon their enemies still in the flesh.

The band of spirit workers, led by Wulfhere and including Arnel, is strong enough to

control these vindictive spirits by force of will, but the task they are set is made all the more formidable because the free-will of the newcomers is sacred and must not be overruled.

This is but one example of the kind of problem to be solved by ministering spirits in the dark outlands. Arnel relates very minutely how this and other difficult undertakings are handled, and continues to explain how the newcomers begin their arduous climb up the hill of development and progress. We follow their slow ascent, and watch the gradual growth of their power and influence as they rise; and in the end we leave them—reluctantly, no doubt—as citizens of lighter spheres, who return constantly to the Outlands in quest of spirits held, as they were, in the trammels of material conditions.

Throughout this narrative the characters and their environment stand out so sharply before the reader's eye, that to doubt their reality would be a greater effort of the will than to believe that here we have indeed a veritable piece of history.

But if, to those who have followed the Vale Owen Script (as it is popularly called) from the beginning, it seems that the high keynote, so marked a feature in, e.g., "The Battalions of Heaven," is not reached in this volume,[1] the reason will be understood readily when the different conditions under which its matter was received are considered.

The first four volumes were received at a time when Mr. Vale Owen was surrounded by the quietude and privacy of the Vestry in the little Church at Orford—then an obscure Lancashire parish quite unknown to the public. But when the strong light of publicity was turned upon recorder and parish alike, the former peace of retirement was broken by the stream of letters and visitors that came to Orford, and by the thoughts of thousands whose attentions were focussed upon its Vicar. Under such unsettled conditions these later messages were received.

Tranquillity is the chief condition to be observed by a recorder in writings of this kind; and tranquillity was lacking. Mr. Vale Owen, who had always sat to receive the messages in the Vestry of Orford Church, where the strong spiritual atmosphere of the place aided transmission, found that frequent interruptions made it necessary to sit in the Vicarage. This change of venue probably affected the conditions somewhat.

The surest criterion by which to judge a message is the effect that message has upon the persons who receive it. Whilst these messages were appearing in the press Mr. Vale Owen received a large number of letters from those who had "lost" their little ones. This correspondence clearly showed that, apart from the considerable knowledge these mourners had acquired as to the after-death condition of little children, there was a new light cast on the Future, which brought immediate comfort to many who had thought they would never regain the happiness they had lost. A Glossary at the end of the book provides information of the chief characters and their work, suitable for reference at any time.

The Editor.

How the Messages were Received

Before beginning to read this volume of messages, it may be helpful to readers strange to the subject if the method by which the messages were received is explained.

[1] *I would strongly disagree with this assessment. It is rare to find detailed coverage of how children are taught in books such as this. And the detail and examples in the second section on the activities in the Borderlands are almost unequalled. Certainly the example of how Wolfhere deals with a very large number of troublesome newcomers is the only such example I have ever come across. I do feel that quite probably this volume is the most valuable of all five. G.J.C.*

Mr. Vale Owen himself gave a description, published in the General Notes of "The Highlands of Heaven," of how it came about that he acted as recorder, and the way in which they came through his mentality. His account is as follows: "There is an opinion abroad," he says, "that the clergy are very credulous beings. But our training in the exercise of the critical faculty places us amongst the most hard to convince when any new truth is in question. It took a quarter of a century to convince me—ten years that spirit communication was a fact, and fifteen that the fact was legitimate and good.

"From the moment I had taken this decision, the answer began to appear. First my wife developed the power of automatic writing. Then through her I received requests that X would sit quietly, pencil in hand, and. take down any thoughts which seemed to come into my mind projected by some external personality, and not consequent on the exercise of my own mentality. Reluctance lasted a long time, but at last I felt that friends were at hand who wished very earnestly to speak with me. They did not override or compel my will in any way—that would have settled the matter at once, so far as X was concerned—but their wishes were made ever more plain.

"I felt at last that I ought to give them an opportunity, for I was impressed with the feeling that the influence was a good one, so, at last, very doubtfully I decided to sit in my cassock in the vestry after Evensong.

"The first four or five messages wandered aimlessly from one subject to another. But gradually the sentences began to take consecutive form, and at last I got some which were understandable. From that time, development kept place with practice. When the whole series of messages was finished I reckoned up and found that the speed had been maintained at an average of twenty-four words a minute. On two occasions only had I any idea what subject was to be treated. That was when the message had obviously been left uncompleted. At other times I had fully expected a certain subject to be taken, but on taking up my pencil the stream of thought went off in an altogether different direction."

Note on the Spheres

A short explanation of the numbering and nature of the spiritual spheres, or states, may be useful to those readers who have not read the other four volumes of this series.

The system of numbering the spheres is that used by the spirit communicator named "Zabdiel" in his messages (Volume 2, "The Highlands of Heaven"), and adopted throughout the Script by subsequent communicators. But the spheres are numbered in this way, of course, only for the purpose of identifying them in these writings, and they are not known to their inhabitants generally by these numbers.

The earth is included within the Sphere One, above which rise others, each sphere enveloping and interpenetrating those lower and slower of vibration than itself. Thus, the Sphere Two envelops the Sphere One, percolating through it as truly as light through water. The Third Sphere includes within itself the Spheres One and Two, the Fourth contains those three states inferior to itself, and so on. Countless states, or spheres, rise above one another in this way, each higher sphere gaining in intensity of light and power as God, the Great Horizon, is approached.

The Children and Outlands of Heaven Foreword

The Vale Owen Script was published in five volumes under the general title "Life Beyond The Veil." The 5th volume, "Children And Outlands Of Heaven", issued by a publisher different

from that of the other four, and by another editor, was omitted at each subsequent reprint of the Script, so becoming disassociated from it altogether.

Looking back over the last forty years, one realises the impact made by the Script all over the world, unforgettable and remarkable. Many people, of course, are unable to share such a memory. But it is more than probable that, if they read the Script now, the effect upon them will be as great.

The Editor, August, 1964.

Introduction

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE long battle is nearly won. The future may be chequered. It may hold many a setback and many a disappointment, but the end is sure.

It has always seemed certain to those who were in touch with truth, that if any inspired document of the new revelation could get really into the hands of the mass of the public, it would be sure by its innate beauty and reasonableness to sweep away every doubt and every prejudice.

Now world-wide publicity is being given to the very one of all others which one would have selected, the purest, the highest, the most complete, the most exalted in its source. Verily the hand of the Lord is here!

The narrative is before you and ready to speak for itself. Do not judge it merely by the opening, lofty as that may be, but mark the ever ascending beauty of the narrative, rising steadily until it reaches a level of sustained grandeur.

Do not carp about minute details, but judge it by the general impression. Do not be unduly humorous because it is new and strange.

Remember that there is no narrative upon Earth, not even the most sacred of all, which could not be turned to ridicule by the extraction of passages from their context and by over-accentuation of what is immaterial. The total effect upon your mind and soul is the only standard by which to judge the sweep and power of this revelation.

Why should God have sealed up the founts of inspiration two thousand years ago? What warrant have we anywhere for so unnatural a belief?

Is it not infinitely more reasonable that a living God should continue to show living force, and that fresh help and knowledge should be poured out from Him to meet the evolution and increased power of comprehension of a more receptive human nature, now purified by suffering.

All these marvels and wonders, these preternatural happenings during the last seventy years, so obvious and notorious that only shut eyes have failed to see them, are trivial in themselves, but are the signals which have called our material minds to attention, and have directed them towards those messages of which this particular script may be said to be the most complete example.

There are many others, varying in detail according to the sphere described or the opacity of the transmitter, for each tinges the light to greater or less extent as it passes through. Only with pure spirit will absolutely pure teaching be received, and yet this story of Heaven must, one would think, be as near to it as mortal conditions allow.

And is it subversive of old beliefs? A thousand times No. It broadens them, it defines them, it beautifies them, it fills in the empty voids which have bewildered us, but save to narrow pedants of the exact word who have lost touch with the spirit, it is infinitely reassuring and illuminating.

How many fleeting phrases of the old Scriptures now take visible shape and meaning?

Do we not begin to understand that “House with many mansions,” and realize Paul’s “House not made with hands,” even as we catch some fleeting glance of that glory which the mind of man has not conceived, neither has his tongue spoken.

It all ceases to be a far-off elusive vision and it becomes real, solid, assured, a bright light ahead as we sail the dark waters of Time, adding a deeper joy to our hours of gladness and wiping

away the tear of sorrow by assuring us that if we are only true to God's law and our own higher instincts there are no words to express the happiness which awaits us.

Those who mistake words for things will say that Mr. Vale Owen got all this from his subconscious self. Can they then explain why so many others have had the same experience, if in a less exalted degree?[2]

I have myself epitomized in two small volumes the general account of the other world, drawn from a great number of sources. It was done as independently of Mr. Vale Owen as his account was independent of mine.

Neither had possible access to the other. And yet as I read this far grander and more detailed conception I do not find one single point of importance in which I have erred.

How, then, is this agreement possible if the general scheme is not resting upon inspired truth?

The world needs some stronger driving force. It has been running on old inspiration as a train runs when the engine is removed. New impulse is needed. If religion had been a real compelling thing, then it would show itself in the greatest affairs of all—the affairs of nations, and the late war would have been impossible. What church is there which came well out of that supreme test? Is it not manifest that the things of the spirit need to be restated and to be recoupled with the things of life?

A new era is beginning. Those who have worked for it may be excused if they feel some sense of reverent satisfaction as they see the truths for which they laboured and testified gaining wider attention from the world.

It is not an occasion for self-assertion, for every man and woman who has been honoured by being allowed to work in such a cause is well aware that he or she is but in agent in the hands of unseen but very real, wise, and dominating forces. And yet one would not be human if one were not relieved when one sees fresh sources of strength, and realizes the all-precious ship is held more firmly than ever upon her course.

[Signature Shown]

Into the Light

The good God is, and God is good,

And when to us 'tis dimly seen

'Tis but the mists that come between

Like darkness round the Holy Rood,

Or Sinai Mount where they adored

The Rising Glory of the Lord.

[2] *I have added a list of reading recommendations at the end which include books similar to this series, but also some I would consider more advanced. This is a very small selection of books on this topic. G.J.C.*

He giveth life, so life is good,

As all is good that He has given.

Earth is the vestibule of Heaven;

And so He feeds with angel's food

Those in His likeness He has made,

That death may find us unafraid.

Death is no wraith, of visage pale,

Out of this darkened womb of Earth,

But waits attendant on our birth

To lead us gently through the Veil,

To realms of radiance, broad and free,

To Christ and immortality.

September, 1915.

Note. Subsequent to the reception of the portion of the script which is included in this volume, I received at three separate sittings the verses printed above. It was intimated to me, at that time, that the purpose for which this hymn was transmitted was that it should be regarded as a keynote to the messages received some years previously from my mother and her fellow-workers. G. V. O.

Start of Book 5

Chapter 1

Introductory. Parable of the King's Highway

Wednesday, 17th December, 1919.

Let us begin with one of those parables you say you love. A King rode forth into his forest-lands, and with him there went two Knights attendant. Said the King to the younger Knight, "I would have a road made clear through this forest so that they who come by companies to visit me might find the way less irksome. What say you, Sir Knight, of the scheme, and how would you carry it through?"

And the young Knight answered him, "I think, sir, that would be well if all were well disposed towards your person. But an easy road direct from your outlands to your palace gates might be of vantage to others also not so loyal as we."

"That is shrewdly said," the King replied, and thought awhile. Then he turned to the other Knight, and said, "You, Sir Knight, are grey of head and beard. How think you on this matter of the making of the road?" "No, sir," he answered, "wisdom better than that of my younger friend I cannot find to give you. If it be shrewdness you would have you have it there."

"There is something at the back of that grey head of yours," said the King. "Get it out, man, and let us see the look of it."

The aged Knight said, "Beyond the further bounds of this large forest, sir, there dwell those people who are least well-disposed to your majesty, both personally and as ruler. Other clans are warm, and others, again, are not so warm in their allegiance. But yonder people are rebels at heart, and lawless in act on occasion also."

"That is true," murmured the King, "and they are stubborn of heart and strong of sinew. They will not bend, and I cannot break them, for they melt among their hills whenever I send a company against them. Well, Sir Knight, what say you?"

"I am, as you tell me, grey-headed, sir; I have served you and your father and his father in the Kingdom. I was Knight then, and Knight I am now. I have not surpassed my Knighthood for higher office, as my young friend will do. For I have not that shrewdness in Council which Kings require. Yet, sir, I have lived to grey hairs while many of my friends have fallen at the hands of law or their own peasants' displeasure. On my own estate I live, and have lived, in peace and with the good-will of my people. My King also finds pleasure in my attendance and my allegiance is tried and true. But were I able to add to my simplicity such wisdom as your Council loves I had not kept my head so long nor your sweet confidence."

"Well, whatever kind it be styled, there is a wisdom in your words, my friend. And now, about this road-making?"

"Make the road, my liege. Make it straight and broad, so broad and well-paved that an army might march with ease from the outlands to your palace gates. I shall not see it built and finished, but you are young, my King, and it will be a sight to see well worth the cost and years of labour."

"Aye, it would be indeed a sight to see-—an army coming against me by the King's own highway. You say truly, Sir Knight. And what when their sacking of my palace shall have begun?"

"They will not sack your palace, sir, nor touch your majesty in your person. They will come flying your own banners loyal to you and to your house."

"Let the Outlaws Make It"

The King had difficulty understanding. The loyalty of his old friend he knew, but his words seemed fool's words to him. Yet he did not mock the old Knight, having regard to his long service. But he said "Well, now, how would you achieve that marvel, my friend? I doubt my loyal subjects would make the road, who fear those sturdy outlaws yonder."

"Then let the outlaws make it. Decree that the road be made; that it be begun on the outland borders, make the wages high and pledge the safety of the labourers on your honour. The road will come from them to you. But you will have, no harm, my liege."

So the King issued the decree on his own royal prerogative, for the road would go only upon his sole domain and on no common-lands. And all the nobles said he was mad. But he pursued his way, for the spirit of the old Knight had entered into him and he saw with other eyes than they.

The outlaws fell to work in earnest, for they said it would ease them in achieving their aim to dethrone the King. But the trees were many and the distance was far, and year after year they laboured and drew their wages. And as time went on they found their lot much eased and the face of the King upon the coins when they received their wages looked ever more kindly in their eyes. He came in person, also, later, and moved freely and fearlessly among them, and spoke to their children and their women while they cooked the meals for the men beneath the forest trees.

And when the road was complete there were no rebels within his realm, but where enmity had been there trust had blossomed forth and mutual confidence. For their King and they had been upon one business in the making of the road, and now there was also a King's highway from the palace to the outlands, and they did not seem so far away one from the other as previously.

Then the day came when the land held a festival, for the road was finished. And on that day the great army came as the old Knight had foretold; and they came with royal banners over them, and there were the women and their children in the midst. Moreover, the palace gates were wide open to them all and not a guard to keep them.

There is a legend of that day that is still told from sire to son. It is said that, as the gay multitude passed singing within the gates that day, the grey-bearded Knight, who had died many years before, was seen at their head going on before them and leading them to the feet of the King, who stood beneath the port of the palace at the head of the stairway. He was seen, they say, to kneel upon the bottom-most step and do obeisance to his sometime Sovereign, and thereafter was seen no more.

"A Slice of History"

Thursday, December 18th, 1919.

That parable you gave me at our last sitting—Was it fancy merely, sir, or had it any basis in fact[3]

What we gave you last evening, my son, was a slice of history of the heavens put into

[3] *Questions put by Mr. Vale Owen to his communicators are printed in Italics.*

earth-phrasing. That did really happen here on this side, but not quite as we set it out for you, A colony of unruly ones there was in Sphere Two—as we have adopted the numbering of the Spheres[4]—who brought over from their earth-life some discontent. They resisted at the restraint of leadership, and they lived on the borderlands of their Sphere. They were not evil spirits, therefore they were allotted to the Sphere Two. But they were befogged of mind and their new-found freedom from outside restraint they misinterpreted and fell to ideas of anarchy.

Therefore they lived but just within that Sphere. The story as we clothed it in earth-guise for you was meant to show what democracy should stand for in the eyes of those who rule. The transaction as it happened here read the lesson the other way round. The Ruler needed no contribution of wisdom from his officers. He called them to Council and told them what he would do. The making of the road was his idea solely. His subordinates carried the plan into action and over-saw the making of the road.

One day—to use earth-words—the Ruler himself visited the workers. Some few made to take him in restraint to compel his will to theirs, but could not. If ever their hands could touch him they drew them back powerless and painful. This they did on occasions more than once or twice. He always smiled upon them kindly, not mocking them, and at his bearing they grew perplexed.

The children at first were shy in his presence. But one little fellow touched his robe to feel it. When he withdrew his hand it shone transparent and rays of royal blue were streaming from palm and fingers. He drew away amazed but, feeling no hurt, ran to his companions and showed to them the wonder which had come to pass. For some time thereafter they kept clear of him when he came, but at length one more daring again drew near and touched his robe. The electric rays were drawn as before, but they were not so bright. So the little ones came in twos and threes and he allowed them all who would to touch his robe. At length there were no longer any rays about the hands of those who touched. By this time the more progressed of the elder people had shown more courtesy to him in their bearing. They had watched the visits and doings of the children curiously.

Children as Pioneers

So they put one of the mothers forward, who said, "Will you tell us, sir, what is the meaning of this light in its coming out from you to these children?"

And he replied, "Good mother, what of light you had in you in the dim earth-life, that did you give to your child when he was born and suckled at your breast. What greater light is in me, that I give forth also."

"But, Sir Angel," she pursued, "why then has it so faded at these later times when the children touched your robe? Is the light in you dimmer than at the first?"

"No, good mother," he replied, "I grow not more dim of light but brighten with my every coming to you. It is by reason of the children having absorbed more light within their natures that the difference between them and me now shows the less."

"And yet we do not notice it thus. We do not to our eyes seem brighter one bit than when you first came to us."

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[4] *As mentioned in earlier volumes, this numbering scheme used here can be related to that used more commonly I believe, because it is found in The Urantia Book, The Padgett Messages and in the trilogy by Robert James Lees. The sphere named two here would be one in these other sources. It seems it was expedient in this series to use a finer graduation and dividing by two will convert to the commoner scheme that has a total of seven spirit spheres, but excluding those beyond the spirit spheres, which appear to be a further dimension, one that is ever closer to being timeless and which is referred to by other names such as Christ Spheres or Celestial Spheres, or even as the Kingdom of God. G.J.C.*

"For you, unawares, have brightened, too. And your menfolk do not look on me so darkly now as once they did. You have, moreover, come some leagues away from the borderland where the work was first begun, and the region here is fairer than that region is. Have you not noted that?"

"No, sir, for we came but slowly along with the making of the road, and as I suppose, grew conditioned to the rare atmosphere as we ascended. Yet you say truly, for here the trees are more in leaf and there are flowers and grass as well."

"So is the Kingdom of the Heavens in all its parts and provinces. And so is it with those who dwell in any of these. And now, good people, all of you," he continued to the crowd who had gathered to hear him speaking with the woman, " take this to heart and head alike. The children were your pioneers. They dared to blaze the trail for you when you had failed. Be you as they are; use their methods of enquiry and trust, and you shall all go far toward the light in shorter time. They have led you well, these little ones. Let them lead you still and do you follow them. They will not lead you astray."

The Road of Progress

And what of the apparition of the old Knight when the crowd came to the palace, Arnel?

That, my son, also came to pass, but not quite as in the parable written for earth-use. Let me tell you.

The day came when the Ruler called the people together halfway along the road, now fully made. He led them to the far end and the conditions there were so heavy they scarce could accommodate them as previously they did with ease. This he did to show them what progress in their natures they had made. Then they turned about and he led them by the long, long road toward the Palace. And as they drew on their journey, he going on before them all alone, they noticed he grew brighter both in robe and person.

When the palace gates were reached he shone transparent, all aglow with light, scarcely visible. They saw him go within and, half-way between the gates and the palace front, he grew more dim and faded out of their Sphere into his own and was no more seen. His work with them was finished and complete.

But atop the steps stood their new Ruler, smiling his welcome to them, who bade them come within for music of thanksgiving to the All Father. They looked on him and saw he was but a boy, whose face was very beautiful and very wise.

So they accepted him, remembering what was past, and how by unlikely ways they had been led previously, not understanding, but hoping some day this new mystery would also be made plain for them.

So they in a great silence, bowed their heads and followed him within, and there kept Festival.

This, my son, is the thing as it came to pass in primary. The earth version of it I gave to you with purpose none the less. The reading thereof I bequeath to you and to your readers still in earth.

Chapter 2

Christmastime: A Heavenly Sanctuary

Christmas Eve, 1919.

It is Christmas Eve, my son. I wonder how many there are in the earth-life who have any idea of the tremendous forces which gather about Christendom at seasons such as this. Of course, you know that the inter-action between the earth-sphere and these of the spirit-life is continuous. It varies in intensity, also in ratio to the amount of power yourselves generate by your devotions. In this word I include not only your set prayers, either private or public, but the whole content of sentiment which, at certain seasons, hover about the earth.

At Christmastime it is very great and we are able to respond from our side. The two streams of aspirations and response meet in mean distance, blend, and the resultant is not limited to the sum of their two separate quantities added together. There is another factor enters also into operation: that of generation. The total content consequent on the blending is increased beyond the sum of the two.

Nor is the quality static. You might consider it that our response saturating your aspiration should raise it to our level of merit. But that is not the final result. For again a third ingredient entering in comes from above us both, as does all creative and generative power. So the sentiment of this blended devotion is raised as far above our level as is ours above your own, and both you and we are blessed in our uplifting.

We who bend towards you, my son, are like the crowd of people who descended from the Holy City and went forth to meet the throng who came rejoicing from the outlying parts. They joined their forces and the first group were turned about and found that while they came from the Holy Shrine where God had set His seat, yet the Lord their Liberator was with those country people also and so, in company, and with Him in the midst they ascended Zionward, and Jerusalem was comprehensive of a greater wealth that day than its religious citizens knew of.

And now to speak in more detail.

We here on this side keep our Festival of the Christ-Child as do you, and with more certainty of knowledge and less hazard of speculation. For here we have the Christ-Child in our midst—not more certainly or more powerfully than have you—but at this season, as at other times. He manifests to us His Presence visibly; while on earth He is seen thus by few. The time is ripening when such vision shall be open to many more than now it is possible it should be; but that time is not yet.

Presence Form: The Christ Child

You shall know, my son that the Christ manifests in all the Spheres, and that with frequency. Each Manifestation is also appropriate, both in character and in setting, to the business in hand. He does not always assume the same form nor yet the same character.

I know that, Arnel, for you have told me that before more than once.

That is quite true, my son, but I write now, as then, not for you alone, but for many who shall read what you have written at my instance. And some may not read the other Script or may read this first. So we will make it complete at the risk of repetition, which also will not be without its uses to you, and to them of greater benefit. So, to continue: At this Holy-tide He comes as Christ

the Child, and is in many Spheres manifest at one time. The number matters not; He has that power.

In Presence Form[5] *I take it.*

In Presence Form which, mark me, is Presence Real.

So.

When the multitudes are come together for worship then He is seen to gather visibility before them in such a way as is most suitable for their help and uplifting. And at these Assemblies tonight, and tomorrow night, and through the whole time of Christmas, many will be wooed from the earth-life in their sleep-time—and a few while waking;— and will be taken to that heaven appropriate with their own degree spiritually reckoned. There they will join with their peers discarnate to worship the Christ their King.

A Sleeptime Memory

Arnel, there has been in my mind the last few days the remembrance of a beautiful double-hall I saw in my sleep-time some few weeks ago. I have put it away from me and it has returned persistently, so much so that I almost feel there is someone pushing it into my head. It has been before me all the time I have been writing tonight. What about it?

I can see it there, my son. I saw it while I was with you this evening. I know the building well. But I did not put it into your mind at this time. One moment, my son, while I enquire.

(Pause of one minute.)

My son, the one who has been impressing you with that scene and who brought it to your mind some three days ago when you had quite forgotten it is one who was present with you when you visited that temple. He is here now and would speak with you if you will.

Is that your wish also, Arnel?

But surely yes, or I would have forbidden entrance into this room. No, I entreated him here.

Castrel's Description

Will you permit me, friend, to take up my lord Arnel's task for a short term? I come by his leave and would speak by yours also.

If he sanctions your coming in, certainly.

I thank you, friend, and will explain. It was at the instance of Zabdiel I took you to that shrine of which you have been thinking.

How is it Arnel didn't know about it?

He knew of your going there and was about to tell you of a ceremony he witnessed there himself. When you spoke of it on your own initiative he called for me in order that I might guide your description of the place. There were many things there which you did not carry back in your memory to earth. When I have described the place he will resume his narrative. Cease now and come tomorrow.

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[5] *A Presence Form is the form in which a person becomes localised and visible in form at a distance from himself essentially. The form is not an empty sign or symbol, but is alive with the life of the person it so manifests, action and expression being responsive to the thought, will, action and spiritual state of its original."—The Lowlands of Heaven, Volume 1 preface.*

"The Presence Form may be projected by the operator into remote place distant from himself. Or it may be drawn from a distance by one or more people operating in unison."—1 The Children of Heaven, Volume 5.

Tomorrow is Christmas Day. I had not intended sitting tomorrow.

If you are able to do so. We shall see it in your mind as the day proceeds and will await you here if your affairs permit your coming.

Please tell me your name.

I am Castrel[6], of whom your good mother wrote in years gone by.

Castrel?

That, indeed, is the name by which you know me, friend. Does it serve as a passport into your confidence?

Yes, sir. I will try to sit for you tomorrow. Thank you for coming.

Christmas Day, 1919.

I WILL give you my narrative, friend, in the form of our visit to that place, when you and I went together.

We approached the building by an ascent, for it stands upon the uplands of the Sphere Seven. We passed up a broad road which lies in the dip of the hills and winds ever upward towards the Sanctuary. By and by we emerged upon a flat space, semi-circular and bounded upon its far side, and on either side right and left, by sloping ground besprinkled with flowering trees and trees of the forest. Here and there a path ascends circuitous and tree-embowered. These lead to the uplands beyond.

The Sanctuary stands in the midst of this part-enclosure. From the flight of steps ascending to its facade we turn and look upon the far-stretching region from which we have ascended. The prospect is very entrancing. Undulations of many-tinted green slope and swell away to the horizon. Here a stream falls splashing, there a path leads to some dwelling. The top of some shrine or lecture-place or scientific station or colony of arts gleams pink or blue or violet or glistening white. The horizon is not uniform. A high mountain stands to the right and dips sheer into the ocean which fills some half the stretch, and then to the left is lost to view once more behind the gently-rising upland on which the town of my present occupation stands. It is the Capital Town, as you would say, of the region of which I am in charge as Overlord.

We turn about and find the building is very plain of design outside. There is no colonnade or portico. The principal entrance is set in the Wall at the stairhead. There are windows, but little of ornament. This chasteness and meagreness of scheme is not without its object, which is to lend emphasis, by contrast, to the grandeur within. I saw you scan the long, straight skyline of the front, stretching right and left some hundred and fifty yards either way, and in height one hundred and sixty feet, except at each end and in the centre, where rise three turrets, the largest in the midst above the door.

Within the Sanctuary

We pass within and find the gallery some fifty feet wide running nearly the whole length of the building across your path right and left.

This we cross. It serves for a vestibule to the Sanctuary. It also gives on to smaller halls and rooms, and when the worshippers progress into the Sanctuary itself it is here they are arrayed and await their officers. When you and I were there, there was no ceremony underway, and what people we met were mostly those who, like yourself, were on a brief visit from earth, and their

[6] *See Glossary at end.*

guides, as I was your own guide that time.

We turn our gaze directly in front of us and, across the long vestibule, we see an opening some fifty feet wide. This is continued for five hundred feet where it ends in an Apse and is the full width of the Sanctuary proper. There is no door to this hall. It is wide open to view for all its length and height. Only at the entrance there are hung curtains caught up either side to give a passageway to visitors. They hang from the roof just outside this entrance. When let fall they close the end of the hall, which is one hundred and twenty feet in height, that being also the length of these curtains. You did not notice them because they were of one of those colours not known to you on earth.

The Spirit Brain

And, being so, they were invisible to me, were they?

Not quite that, but unnoticed by you for that reason. You could have seen them, but would have not understood the colour scheme. For that reason I did not impress you to notice them.

I didn't see you there, Castrel. I wasn't aware of anybody being with me, although afterwards I had an idea my mother was there or was in some way in touch with me.

Your mother, my friend, is often there, but was not there in person then. But she knew of your visit. For these two reasons you would feel her influence. My own presence I restrained in its radiation so that your mind might be on the building which some day you would have to describe in earth-words. It is only because of the storage in your brain of what you then saw that I am able to reproduce and build upon it now.

In my brain?

In the brain of your spirit-body[7] which gives out of its storehouse from time to time, so much as the lesser capacity of your physical brain can hold and use. Most of the scenes you have described in your previous Script have thus been stored in your spirit brain and reproduced in this way. Upon that material as foundation your communicators from the Spirit Realms have raised their superstructure.

Spiritual Atmosphere Intensifying

We cross the vestibule and enter the Hall itself. A third of its length is called the Gold Arcade. You were so taken up with the grandeur of the Apse, straight before you, that you did but glance at the sides of this building as you walked its length. You thought that on the left were windows. That is not so. These were recesses some, and others narrow corridors. This to left hand. To the right also there were recesses and corridors but in subdued light, leading towards the inner mass of the building, while those on the left led to the gardens. These all, on both sides, were draped with deep yellow curtains of silken material—not silk, but of silken appearance. Their composition is not fabric, but electric. Of this more later. The walls which showed between the hangings were dull gold. A corridor bisects this structure at a third of its length, and passes through it on either hand. This terminates the Gold Chamber and is its only boundary. There is not a step between it and the next and larger Chamber. But as you proceed onward there is a sense of rise right up to the Apse itself. This sense of ascent does not proceed from the difference of level, but

[7] *This supports the guess made by me in Volume 4 when much the same wording was used. These days in metaphysical literature most of us are familiar with the concept of mind that we understand is in the spirit body, and not in the brain as scientists still believe. Hence the word "brain" is these days relegated to describing that local processing that occurs in the physical body. G.J.C.*

from the atmosphere of the place, which rises in dynamic intensity as you near the far, inner end. Also the Gold Chamber is in a subdued light of but two-thirds the power of that in which the sister Chamber is bathed.

What about the roof?

Which you failed to notice? Such as you understand by roof or ceiling the Gold Chamber had none. You did look up once but did not understand. To your sight it rose into oblivion and was all dark. This for the same reason as that you did not observe the entrance hangings. The Chamber was covered above by a substance of colour and character not known to you of earth. It is of more mass than cloud and less inert than quicksilver. Yet like quicksilver it is in movement continually, being responsive to thought-impulses impinging on it from all regions of that very extensive Sphere. For which reason it is inconsistent in tint of colour also, and varies from moment to moment.

Castrel Finishes His Narrative

Tuesday, 30th December, 1919.

The larger Chamber beyond the crossway ends in an Apse. It has a different scheme of colouring. On either side rise pillars which are fluted and overlaid with gold. Between these hang curtains of deep royal blue. The whole is brilliantly rich and yet so harmonious in blend that there is a stately dignity about this Quire and Inner Sanctuary. Added to this is the atmosphere of mystery, for while people as they pass up the Gold or Yellow Chamber converse easily one with another or gather in groups for pleasant intercourse, arriving in the Quire they fall to silence. A Presence here is always felt, not accentuated but ambient. There are no windows and yet it is always light within. But the light proceeds from no visible centre. It suffuses all.

When you were there, my son, you did not go far within, but stood to gaze because of the exceeding beauty of that Shrine. And then you turned back to the lesser Chamber which to you had more of comfort. For you were not attuned to the higher vibrations of the Quire. It was thus you failed to note that the Apse itself was recessed on the right-hand side beyond the general arc of the structure. This recess gives on to a balcony without where also there is another Shrine. Into that but few can enter, for it is the place of arrival for those who come from the higher spheres who have business in the larger Sanctuary. It is conditioned to vibrations much more refined and of more dynamic intensity than the Quire. It is here the visitors who descend into the Sphere Seven pause to condition themselves to the normal environment before entering on their business.

On occasions such as these the whole of that Temple becomes electrified and its aspect and influence change. Once when a high Lord came I saw it assume a misty aspect, and the two Chambers became iridescent. Their colours blended as they met about the crossway where a brilliant and scintillating green glow hovered. I was reminded that time, as I remember, of the sun throwing forth his golden rays into the blue expanse of etheric space. The neutral band of the crossway intercepting and absorbing both ether and sunshine took on the verdant glow of fertility. You see, good friend, I came of earth here and that perhaps was an uprush of my past, for not all fertility even on earth is green, and on some planets it is less in ratio to the surface area.

And now my good friend Arnel is of a mind to resume his narrative. I thank him and you, my friend, for your courtesy in this permission that I should write by your hand. God give to you His fair benediction and to all those who will to receive us as you have done. It is not always so, and we are much enjoyed when our comrades of earth receive us in welcome. It is sweet to us and

we endeavour that sweetness be not all taken, but be also shed upon you and remaining.

Before you go, Castrel, will you tell me whether you still have charge of the city where you were when my mother visited you?

Yes, friend, I still work there and have the same house for residence. That is why I came here to you. The Temple I have described to you and to which I guided you some little time ago is within my jurisdiction. It is not under my oversight, but it lies within my boundaries territorially.

That is the Sphere Seven.

As my lord Zabdiel numbered them for you, yes. We do not so name them here.

Thank you.

Arnel Resumes

And now, my son, I take up again my narrative. A great number of people assembled in the Corridor and were led into the Yellow Arcade. Some went beyond the crossway and into the Quire. After a time of silence the space began to take on a tinge of violet which mingled with the robes of the Assembly also and changed them into a shimmering cloud of gossamer-like material. The Apse began to brighten and a number of forms took shape and stood at intervals around the arc of wall at the further end. Then from the balcony came a company of visitors. They were of both sexes and were robed in vari-coloured garments. The dominant colour was between deep crimson and purple. From these a radiance was emitted which invaded the curtains and made them flicker and blaze as if they were afire. In very deed they were so, but the fire did not eat them up as earth fire would do. It gave them a certain life and sentience which you would not understand. Those stately hangings did not so much absorb the rays as transmute and fling them back into the Quire where they bathed the people gathered therein with almost intelligent operation. It was as if the personality of these high and powerful Angel-visitors had been imparted to the material and thence to those who stood within the space which they bordered on either side.

The purpose of this Assembly was for instruction and, for those who were advanced into the Quire, initiation into some higher rank of service within the Sphere. It was not for their advancement into the Sphere next above but for the appointing them to some definite offices in that same Sphere for which duties they had been long in training.

Now when such appointment is made on earth authority is also given to the one appointed to exercise his office in the name of the State. But here there is added to the initiate a capacity of power to carry out the work of his own inherent ability. He is changed in personal capacity. The circumference of forces at his command is enlarged. In brief, he has become greater, not alone in executive authority but also in forcefulness of spirit. I halt upon words, my son, but you will supply the meaning I lack the aptitude to express.

Chapter 3

Festival of the Christ Child

Wednesday, New Year's Eve, 1919.

WHEN this Assembly came together it was the Eve of Christmas with you on earth. Our people therefore made their devotions to the Christ-Child and with their intention directed on Christendom. In the various Spheres, like services were being held. The power of blessing from all of these congregations is gathered in by those whose business it is to do so, co-ordinated and mingled and then it is projected into the earth-plane. Here also are stations at various centres where the mass of power is again dealt with, this time analytically. The myriads in the heavenly congregations include those of the different systems of Christendom. In the higher spheres these have shed the merely temporal characteristics and have drawn nearer together as children of the One Father. As the earth-plane is neared, however, denominational traits persist. In those Spheres nearest earth there remain prejudices also. All these are mingled in the sum of the many contributions offered. So they are dealt with by blending and refining and then by division into streams of influence varying in intensity and in composition but with any ingredient of enmity or rivalry strained out. Thus they reach the people of earth to aid them in their worship.

This ministry is continuously operative. But at the time of the great Festivals it is assimilated to that sentiment of worship dominant at the time.

"There is But One Religion"

Nor is Christendom alone recipient of such blessing. But whether they know Him by the name Christ, or other Name, or no name, all this blessing comes to them through Him you call The Christ. For this reason : All power of life and movement originates from the One Father. High above us and between us and Him is the Christ Sphere filled with the Presence of Christ. This Sphere is circum-ambient about all the Spheres between it and earth which are included within it. The stream of life and power issuing from the heart of God must needs traverse the Christ Sphere on its way. It reaches us complexioned with His Presence and Personality. And so conversely, all earth's peoples, of whatsoever system of religion they be, must in their worship reach the Father through the Christ.

No matter by what name they be known, whether Islamite or Buddhist, they be all one potentially in Him, call Him also by what Name you will. Division in religions seems a vast concern to you of earth. Here we look at thing things other ways. There are but two religions only, my son, as we reckon it out: One is obedience to God, and the other is obedience to no god. And this latter is no religion. So after all two is one too many. There is but one religion, and one family in the One Father is all we come to know as we progress onward and upward towards the One Source of all.

"Glory to God in the Highest"

So in that Temple we made our offering of worship to our Father and to His Child the Christ.

You might tell me about the Service, if you will.

Of some parts I can tell you, my son, but some other parts are too elusive to be enmeshed in language of earth. So.

We began in Silence. As this intensified we began to hear the strains of worship. These at first came from the earth-plane. Then as we ourselves became more intense and uplifted we heard those in the Spheres just above the earth. Gradually the anthem changed and took on more of sweetness and volume as it came from Spheres nearer where this Temple stood. Then we heard the worship of this Sphere itself and to it joined our own.

Still the assembly aspired and we received the vibrations of harmony from the Sphere Eight and onward. But as the focus of our concentration ascended from Sphere to Sphere above us, those who were able to catch the theme so plainly as to be able to read and interpret it, grew less in number. The others kept their silence and received the vibrations through their more advanced companions as these in turn caught and assimilated them and again projected them downwards upon the rest, and thence earthwards. Those who had come to visit us were they who were able to follow the harmony farthest aloft or, as I ought to express my meaning, to receive the strain of praise from those heavens nearest to the Sphere of Christ and to pass it on to us and those below us in development. Thus it is, my son, that all that sentiment of love and good-will and peace with one another which you call the Spirit of Christmas is swelled in volume by our contributions sent to you from all the Spheres. By you it is absorbed and enjoyed; and how few of you know how near to you we are at times of your aspiration such as this. Yet we are so near to you as were those who to the shepherds told the news of old. They were "with" the shepherds says the Book. So are we also with you in very deed. Cease for this time and come again tomorrow, my son. I will then continue my description of the Service.

Parable of the Boy and the Owl

What about a little parable here, Arnel?

You make me laugh, my son, by your fondness for my parables. Well, so be it.

A boy stood by a river-side and looked up into a leafy tree, for he heard a rustling there. Presently there looked down upon him an old owl who blinked in the evening sun-rays. Said the boy, "Master Owl, why do you not come down upon the grass? I recently saw a shrew mouse and we could hunt together and catch her." Now the owl had no speech of human kind. But he used his eyes and his wings and feet to aid what voice he had, so that he and the lad were able thus to hold converse. So he said, "My boy, the shrew mouse is not visible to me at the moment. But when your sun is down then I also will descend and go abroad hunting." "But by that hour I will not be here to help you Master Owl. I'll be abed by then." "Truly," said the Owl. "And that is the reason why."

"A shrew is sufficient for me; and between a boy and a shrew I choose the lesser. But a human boy is not of a like mind. Between an owl and a shrew he would choose according to his kind. And his kind is greedy. Moreover, owls like humans have but one neck to live by—and a poor sort of neck as well."

And what is the moral to that parable, Arnel?

No, my son, owls have no great morals; and the human boys have less—at least when hunting is afoot. There is no moral to my parable unless you are able to supply me with one.

The Christ Child and Israel

New Year's Day, 1920.

He first appeared coming into the Temple along the crossway between the Yellow Chamber and Quire from the left as I viewed it.

In what part of the Temple were you?

In the Quire standing near the Cross-way and against the first pillar on the same side as that by which He entered. I heard a sweet soft sigh and turned my eyes that way involuntarily. I was somewhat surprised at what I saw. There were no children present yet at that gathering. Yet here a little boy child, of some six or seven summers, was standing halted a few yards within the building as one who had escaped his nurse and, having wandered here, was suddenly abashed to find himself in presence of so many elders. So He sighed.

But just as I glanced His way His regard was turned upon the ground and there He saw a flower and with a glad, subdued laugh He ran and picked it up. Now I noticed that the Cross-way was no longer stone-paved but had become a broad band of velvet grass, and other flowers were strewn there by some invisible hands; and from one to other He ran until He had His two arms full of them.

Hugging them to His breast He came to the centre of the Cross-way and then turned and walked more soberly up the Quire and entered the Sanctuary beyond. All shyness had gone and He smiled as He went, but looked from side to side seeking someone He could not find.

Turning now and facing the Yellow Chamber across the length of the Quire He placed the bundle of flowers before Him upon the ground. Then He raised His two hands towards the roof and cried, "Come, good Israel, for we must give of our gifts to these our kind ones—our birthday gifts, good Israel. For our pleasure they give us of their love and we must give to them also in blessing, you and I."

Then He lowered His gaze to the Cross-way and where vacancy had been hereto I saw standing a very tall and stately man. He was of full maturity both of stature and age. Yet there sat upon him a majesty of many years. His face was most lovely and beautiful in its strength and intellect. He wore no clothing save a cloudy tunic; no jewels whatsoever, or none that I could see. His body glowed with the purity of health and holiness and, as he breathed, sent forth rays of vari-tinted light by the slight movement of his breast. I remember a sense of awe fell upon me because of his holiness which, although subdued and held in leash, yet seemed like at any moment to burst forth upon us consuming. I feared that he should move forward toward the Child lest his flashing blind me.

Yet when he did so the varied hues of his light became so commingled as to neutralise each other and emerge in an opalescent glow.

He came and knelt down before the Child on one knee and hoisted Him upon his right shoulder. Then taking up the flowers in his left hand held them sceptre-wise so that they reached up over his shoulder. Then he stood erect and slowly walked down the Quire, bearing thus the Child; and down the Yellow Chamber to the end.

It was not until he had placed the Boy upon his beautiful shoulder, as if he would enthrone Him there, that I realised that the Christ Child had come to us. And when I did so my first thought was that I must come down upon my knee and fall to worship. But I could not. This Child was a real child, a happy, laughing, lovely boy whose merriment and innocence blended together in such bewitching simplicity as He sat aloft there that I wanted to go forward and kiss His bonny neck and bosom and arms and feet for the exceeding sweetness and beauty of Him. But neither could I do this. No one could touch His pearl-like body unless he be himself pearl-pure. To that estate, my son, I had not, and have not yet attained.

As He went He drew the flowers from Israel's shoulder and gave one to each of the

assembly. Now these flowers were of different sorts and to each was given just that flower which should bring most blessing. Let me try to tell you what this meant to us.

Flowers, Channels of His Grace

When He came to me He gave me a pansy—that is the most-like flower you know. As I took the stem between my fingers He held it still for a very little minute, and looked into my eyes the while. The effect on me was this : I felt that He knew me and loved me apart from all the rest. There was between Him and me a bond which was not between Him and anyone else. For some time past I had been working strenuously at a problem whose solution had eluded me time and again. At that moment I had the answer. As the Child looked into my eyes I saw in His own a knowledge of all my patient and long enquiry in detail; sympathy for my failures, approval at my perseverance and love of me because I was I and no one else.

That, as I found later by conversation, is what happened to all the rest. And the flowers we received were simply used, first as channels of his grace and benediction, and second as insulators between Him and us. No one in that multitude could have touched His form. Theoretically to have done so would have meant annihilation. Practically to draw so near as to be able to touch Him was impossible. No one of us was of so high a frequency as to attune with Him. None save one alone, and that was Israel.

What was Israel, please? I mean in his earth life—-that is if he had lived on earth.

Ah, there you get me, my son. I do not know. Some say he is one with the Whole Christ, a Manifestation of certain ingredients in His nature. Some say he is one of those high Creative Lords who worked subaltern to the Christ when the Cosmos of Matter was made. Others say he is Himself the Christ and the Child His Manifestation.—Why do you hesitate, my son?—write on as I urge you. Others say he is Judas of Kerioth.

That is the one we call Judas the Traitor, Arnel. That is why I hesitated.

So a one time I also called him, my son.

You like my parables you tell me. Well, here is one more. When you have written it out read it over slowly and think.

Parable of the Globe of Light

There is a legend told of one of the mighty Princes who ruled the elements when earth was young. He came one day upon others who stood upon a cliff above the sea in counsel together. He enquired what it was which perplexed them. They told him that they had managed to arrange the orbit of Earth and also his axial revolution. But there was trouble about the shadow which covered half his bulk continually. They had made a great opalescent globe which, if they could get it beyond the atmosphere of Earth into the ether, would become iridescent and give light to that half of earth which was darkened in its turning away from the sun his rays. But the globe was large and heavy for all its hollowness and they found no way by which it could be hoisted aloft.

So he told them he would undertake the task, and they discharged the matter into his care.

Then he paid a visit to the ocean bed deep down away from sunlight and all in gloom. He talked there with those dark Lords who rule in darkness below, and enlisted them in his service.

Then he returned and told the other Lords to float the great pearl upon the waters; and this they did. But as they watched they noted it began to lose its whiteness and became a dusky hue. Also it began to sink.

When it was almost below the surface they turned to their companion in some alarm. But

he replied, "Do not trouble your minds, my brothers. The globe is descending into the deep, drawn down by those dark powers below. It will sink lower and lower yet, but no harm shall come to it."

So the globe sank lower still, pulled down by the dark powers below, until at length it rested all covered with ooze and slime upon the ocean bed away from the light and warmth of the Sun, deep, deep down below.

But when the Dark Lords had achieved this much they found that in order to retain their prize they needs must continue unresting to exert their powers to hold it down upon the floor of ocean, so buoyant was it. For within it was filled with the free pure air and sunlight of the upper earth, and they were much put to to keep it among them. There seemed to be some strange, natural, upbearing principle which they could not understand. And this principle worked constantly and without effort, while they were rapidly becoming exhausted of their strength. So the day came when all their strength was spent and they removed their wills and let the globe ascend. Mile after mile it ascended towards the surface and as it went its speed accelerated until, when it entered on its last league of water between itself and the sunlight, it was rushing like a comet in the sky for speed.

The Lord who had planned this stood on the cliff alone one day. He looked out over the waters and at last he saw something stir out near the horizon. Then as he gazed, from out the ocean shot a large, white ball which shone like a pearl as the sun's rays caught it. Up it went and up, away from the surface of earth and, by the impetus of its rush, was carried beyond the atmospheric belt into the ocean of ether beyond and there found its appropriate, orbit in the full sunlight of the heavens.

Presently the other Lords returned and, finding their fellow worker standing silent upon the cliff, one of them said, "My brother, we have been over many seas and shores looking for our lamp which you said would rise again from the depths, and we cannot find it. We have searched the alleys but it has not settled there, nor on any of the waters can we find it afloat. And we fear it is lost to us forever, brother."

Then he said, "No, it is but bathed and cleansed, my brother. And according to the deepness of its sinking so has its rising been. The greater the pull upon the bow the greater the rebound and the swifter the arrow's flight. The deeper a hollow ball be thrust under waters the higher it will rise above the surface of the sea. You search too low, my brothers. Your lamp is yonder in the heavens and her light shall help many a poor wanderer hereafter both on sea and land. For her light is the Sun's light reflected, and that is true light."

And am I to interpret it in this way; that Judas, by sinking to such awful depths of sin as he did, when he repented rebounded, so to speak and shot up into a high place in the heavens?

To such a light as that of Israel, my son, I should say would be a very long, long ascent.[8]

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[8] *This and the following comments are indeed curious. Judas first (to my knowledge) communicated five messages through James Padgett starting on August 23rd, 1915. As Arnel is now speaking five years after that one would have thought that this would now be common knowledge that is widely available in the spirit world. If one considers that all thought requests go automatically directly to the spirit that is targeted, Judas is definitely contactable. I asked him to visit me, and was rewarded in 2014, with a personal communication. On the other hand, I can well understand that Judas might have needed to ignore most requests to speak to other spirits, as it's very likely the volume of such requests would be enormous, given his notoriety. In my case I have had a relatively long and close association with Judas. In 2001 Judas began a very large work, which I initially formatted and hosted on my web site. Then in 2012 I edited and published a 600 page book of his communications. It is very obvious to me that Judas today is a very advanced spirit, certainly far beyond where Arnel is in 1920. Of course he has had 2000 years to pick himself up from the hells. This book is entitled* ***Judas of Kerioth****, and is available in print form and as an e-book. It is also referred to in the book recommendations at the end. G.J.C.*

As to Judas—-well, I do not know.

I have not found any trace of him anywhere along the way I have come to the place where now I stand. And I have travelled widely. Nor have I had news of him from other travellers met with by the way. As to his identity with Israel I know not. It is one of the surmises here afoot, no more. And who first mooted it I do not know. It was a bold saying to hazard for the first time, and what most perplexes me is that one should be found of mind so active as to give it birth, and of heart so stout as to give it utterance—a heart so like to that of our Lord the Christ, my son.

Chapter 4

Worship and Service

Tuesday, 6th, January, 1920.

When he reached the Corridor Israel set the Child aground. Then we heard the distant sound of the voices of children coming from that part of the Corridor to the right hand as we looked toward the entrance. These ceased and the song was taken up by another invisible choir to the left. Then they sang in chorus as they both drew near. They emerged together and I noticed that those who came from the right were girl children, and the others were boys. They mingled their two groups in one and so went out at the entrance into the gardens, the Christ Child going on before them with Israel.

We all followed after them then, to see what was happening. We found them still singing as they went. They followed the Child who led them to the right, along a path which lay between two hills. This emerged upon a flat reach of land covered with forest. Down an avenue they went and, as they passed along, the trees took on a more transparent aspect and became alive with lights of many colours which went here and there among their foliage. Birds came also into the radius of the light and sang their anthem of joy which joined itself to that of the children. It seemed to me as I listened, walking on behind them, that the children and the birds were very much of a mind together in the innocence of their happy melody.

At length a glade was reached. It was of goodly size but the whole space was spanned by the branches of very high trees which formed a roof pitched high above. When the Child entered the children stayed in the avenue. He walked to the middle of the open space, where a little green knoll rose, covered with flowers. Here He paused and Israel sat upon the knoll and took the Child upon his knee.

Then slowly the whole space began to fill with a luminance as if thousands of lamps of many-coloured light had been crushed in the hands of angels and the radiance poured out upon the air. The trees around became invaded with it until trunk and foliage gleamed and shone like alabaster dipped in sunlight and moonlight and starlight—-for all seemed to be present in that glade. This is as it appeared to us who looked on. But the real cause was the gathering presence of many angels of so high estate that they were not visible to us in their persons. We only saw their light.

Then from the roof of the glade there descended a great boat such as those which are on the waters at the Tower of Angels. But it shone much brighter and translucent than they, and gems of colours gleamed and flashed about it without and within as it came down and rested near the Child and Israel.

Now this to me was a strange thing indeed and I much wondered what was its meaning. For there was no water to float it and it rested upon the green grass? But I was to understand later.

The Maid

There sat in the stern of the boat a young Maid, and I have difficulty in telling you about her. There were other girls in the boat also and they were of very delicate estate by their beauty of face and form and the texture of their bodies which were more radiant than our own. But the Maid shone out beyond them all for beauty and the soft brightness of her person. Her brows were level

and her hair soft brown, her form beautifully moulded. Her robe was white but with a pink radiance interblended. Beneath this her beautiful body shone glowing and, as I looked upon her the one thought in my mind was of great and tender reverence of love for her holiness.

She stepped out of the boat in the midst of her maidens and the Child leaped down from the knee of Israel and ran to meet her. She caught Him into her bosom and kissed Him while He returned her caresses.

I was so entranced with this scene that I had eyes for nothing else. But suddenly I noticed that I was standing before water. I had stepped into the wood and had come upon the Glade a few yards to the left of the path by which we had followed the children. They still waited there in the avenue and so I went round from behind them to get a nearer view of the Glade.

A Transformation in the Glade

The water at my feet was not there when first I had come to that standpoint. Now I saw it was an arc of a canal some half-dozen yards wide which ran all round the Glade beneath the trees, some of which swept its surface. Moreover there was a channel from this canal a quarter of the circumference beyond the avenue entrance and it went toward the central knoll so that the boat in which the Maid and her companions had descended now rested upon its waters. She and the Child went aboard and the boat, of its own action, glided to that end of the channel where it gave on to the circular canal, and there rested.

There had now appeared other boats upon the water, and into these the children trooped, singing and laughing and romping merrily. These had each two rowers, one in the prow and astern, who used their oars to propel and guide these spacious craft round the Glade. First they took the inner course and so, as they passed the channel, came close beside the boat in which the Christ Child stood upon the prow of it. By His side stood the Maid and held His left hand within her right.

Now, at what I saw there I was as near sad as it is possible to be sad in these bright realms where glory is so real. Upon us as we had stood within the Temple He had not laid His hand. But now, as boat after boat of children passed onward to His station and came to pause alongside, they one and all came to the gunnel with hands crossed abreast and their pretty eyes hid with lashes lowered, and He laid His dimpled hand upon each bowed head individually and blessed every one as they knelt before Him. My son, there be some strange people of weird mind who are not able to think that angels weep. We do, my son, sometimes for sorrow, and sometimes because tears be the only offering we can make to ecstasy. In tribute to holiness its exceeding sweetness of beauty, as I saw it and felt it then, my son, my eyes were bemisted with tears. They were so sweet to see, the Child and the Children and the Maid. So beautiful were they in the holiness of them all that I wept for the joy and peace it breathed upon us of the older sort who stood here and there within the trees about the water-encircled Glade, stood there silent, wistful and not without some longing.

Then away they went once more, and this time took the off side beneath the trees. These had brightened and I saw that from their branches many kinds of fruit hung over the water and upon the banks also were flowers. Both these the children plucked as their boats went by, leaning over the gunnel or standing up within. And as they plucked a flower or a fruit in their hands it changed and every child of them held instead a chaplet bejewelled and glittering, to the great delight of them all. So, crowned with these about their pretty hair they went onward singing and laughing with merriment.

The Lesson of His Coming

Israel had remained near the knoll with the damsels attendant on the Holy Maid. He now, with these, raised a song of joy rich in melody and uplifting. It served for a model to the children who joined here and there in what sort they were able. As the song went forward they managed to pick up the theme more and more completely, and at last they could all contribute to the harmony. Then the anthem swelled to the full. The children's sweet voices were enriched by the more timbrous tones of the maidens, and Israel's deep tenor steadied the whole into harmony.

I waited to see the end of that gathering. The children all landed on the inner bank of the canal, and the Christ Child said good-bye to them and told them He would come to them again with some new delights when they had learned the lesson of His present coming. Then He stood upon the Knoll with the Maid and the others, Israel in the midst, and they faded away into their own higher sphere.

And the water and boats?

These remained, for the children would be led there from time to time to be taught the real meaning of that Manifestation. It would be part of their studies for some time to come. I do not know whether it is still there, that canal. It may remain in perpetuity. Sometimes it is so. But if no further use be found for it then it will be re-absorbed into the environment, and the boats also.

But in any way it will remain so long as any of those little ones have not fully mastered all the meaning it was meant to teach them as to the Christ Child and His coming to them on His Birthday.

Shonar

Wednesday, 7th January, 1920.

From the Glade we retraced our steps to the Hall of Pillars, as the Sanctuary of that Temple is sometimes called. There we gathered in Council, and there came to us a visitor to aid us with his wisdom who had arrived from a higher sphere and was in the lesser Sanctuary on the balcony awaiting our return. He came to us by the side entrance of which I told you and went to one and another of us as we stood in groups talking of the sweet Festival we had witnessed in the Glade.

I know you are avid ever for the aspect of anyone whom I bring upon the stage of our narrative, and you must needs also have a name. I will therefore give you both. His name shall be Shonar. He was not very tall as stature goes hereabouts. He was about the height of the best of us. That would be in earth measure some six and a quarter foot. His skin was mellow rather than white or pink, more gold-tinted, as if weathered with storm and sunshine, than with most of us. He wore a plain band of ruddy gold about his hair which was dark brown and fell curling to his shoulders either side of his head. His tunic was not of the usual silk but more like plated armour, but not with the hardness of metals; only thus it shone and had that lustre. It reached but to mid-thigh and was bordered with a band of crimson. His belt was old gold. That was his only attire. His arms and legs were bare.

His whole manner and aspect spoke of a wonderful blend of tenderness and almost ruthless strength. I did not understand it at the first. When I heard his history I knew then it could not be otherwise with him. He had many centuries of service to his name and that service had lain in very strenuous eras, mostly eras of bloody revolution on earth and the career of tyrants.

For instance?

He was active in the affairs which transpired under Ivan of the Russias, he whose name was "The Terrible"; and he has had a hand in most of the wild savagery of those peoples from that time

to the present. He also mingled with the people of France in their orgy before the coming of Napoleon. He also was with the English in the times of Henry the eighth and onwards. His work has been terrible work. All these movements show to earth historians their outer grosser aspect of blood and cruelty. There is another deeper meaning in all these affairs which is studied by us on the inner side, and he dealt with them from that point of view. The work of Shonar has been to take hold of the rudder and steer the ship over the sea of blood. The blood must flow and the winds of blasphemy must roar at such times as these. It is the only way to float the ship, and the only way to force its course onward. There are times, my son, in the affairs of the free-willed human race when nothing else will serve.

With the bloody sea and with the gale of hell Shonar had no business. These were the concern of those who created them. His charge was the ship of human progress, that alone. The sea he had to sail and the wind to which he set his sails were furnished by men and devils. Shonar had to take and use them; to use hell-fire to light his lamp of holiness. That was his task. I understood his aspect when I came to know all this. Also I understood more clearly than before what a mighty power is inherent in the will of humankind.

"Greater than His Station''

Let me try to tell you one other thing about him. He was greater than his station. I mean that, had he shed his special work as I have explained it to you and assumed his normal dignity he would have mounted to a very high sphere. That was and is his merit, to be had for the holding out of his hand for it. He could take it as his right and without blame at any time. But till now he has refrained so to claim his reward. So he continues to make contact with the vile and horrible for the good of men, and foregoes the bliss of the high heavens where, because of such contact, he may not enter in. Not that he is not worthy, but because he is unfitted by such duties as he undertakes.

I will cite another case by way of an example. The Christ is of Divinity next to the Father. When He came earthward He had to condition Himself to the earth sphere. Even to the fact of Incarnation. Incarnate He could not return Home. He first must shed human-flesh and then mount the Spheres in their order, shedding each condition as He left one for a higher, until He reached the Christ Sphere, which is His own domain.

So I expound this Ascent of the Christ in order to explain to you the case of Shonar by simile. The Christ did in principal as I have said it. But in fact His Ascent was of more speedy and direct method than this would seem to show. His descent earthward had already conditioned the road as the King's Highway.

Enough for this time, my son. I will resume to tell you of our Council tomorrow.

A Call to Service

Thursday, 8th January, 1920.

SHONAR had been long absent from the Sphere Seven, for his labours had kept him near earth. Only at long intervals did he ascend to the higher spheres for rest, from one of which he had now come to us. Few of us therefore had met him before. I watched him as he went from group to group and I noticed that his words came crisp, and his sentences were short and direct, as he addressed himself to each member individually. He was taking measure of each one of us before he opened the general Council. Essentially he was a man of action and of quick decision, and yet nevertheless not unrestful. No, his very confidence, quiet, strong and unruffled, gave us all a sense

of reposeful energy which in itself was restful.

When I say he spoke that is to use earth phrasing. It is nearer the mark, nevertheless, if I did speak of telepathy, which at the present is not very incisive, being still in its infancy of development. It is used here, especially in the higher spheres, very extensively, but not entirely to the exclusion of the other method. He used it now, and it served him better than word of mouth to get at the mental and spiritual calibre of us. I, interpreting, shall speak of words and voices for the better understanding by you and those who shall read this.

When, therefore, he had gone around of us he drew apart into the middle of the Sanctuary and said, "My brothers, be rested, I pray you, as I, by your leave, will also be."

That was rather a strange way of telling us to sit. It was an echo of his long sojourn near earth and at once gave character to the theme we had in hand. We seated ourselves upon the settee between the pillars of gold and beneath the blue curtains. Shonar threw himself upon the ground near the Cross-way and leaned on one arm or other one as he addressed himself to those on right or left of him.

I have been permitted to come to you, my brothers," he said, "to ask your aid. My good battalions are on the earth-plane, left in charge of my lieutenant Latimer. To them I must return, for there is shortly work which will need me. I have brought into Sphere Three a company of people, collected from the earth-plane, who are much needful of strengthening and instruction. They have come out of the maelstrom of earth and its torment and cannot rebalance themselves without support. Will you help me, my brothers, in this work and give my heart Content as to their welfare that I may feel myself free to return to the fight way down below there on earth?"

"How many of us all do you need, my lord Shonar ?" one enquired; and he answered :

"Thirty-five — five sevens; each seven of two threes with a leader."

"And who shall lead the company in whole?"

Shonar arose to his feet, with swift sure grace, and said, "You called me 'lord,' my brother. Call me not lord, I pray you. I am here not to lead, but as supplicant to you. Your leader I will bring to you, by your good leave."

Wulfhere

And bowing slightly he turned and walked down the Cross-way to the right. Very quickly he reappeared and by his side there walked a woman. She was near the height of Shonar and of perfect build. Her face was rounded, but of beautiful shape and complexion. Her eyes were dark with the deep blue of the sky at night. Her hair was very dark but not quite black, and was braided into strands which were arranged about the crown and back of her head and above her ears. It gave her a look of being girded for action; a strong but sweet personality. She seemed to mingle within her person the sweet devoutness of Mary of Bethany with Boadicea's warlike heart—a strange blend, but comely. She might have been twin to Shonar.

She walked with a swinging graceful gait to the middle of the Cross-way and there stood, arms to sides, and looked around upon the company, Shonar standing at her left hand.

Then she said, "Gentlemen of the Christ and, to me, my brothers all, I have been asked to work with you in this good service. Will you then take me for comrade on our joint enterprise?"

We did not speak but one of us raised his hand in assent, and we all did as he did.

Then she said, "I thank you, comrades and brethren, all of you. There be sixty and three here within, and some of you shall be watchers here while we are away below, and act as relief to us from time to time as we need rest. Shonar will gather our first company for service now."

Upon this Shonar made a round of us and, as he went, he touched one and another of us and by the time he had completed the semi-circle he had just thirty and five, no more, no less. By which I knew his choice was already made as to which of us he would take. And I was among them.

Then one of us addressed the woman and asked her, "By what name shall we know you, lady, for you are not known to us here in these parts?"

And she replied, "You shall call me by my earth name, my brother, while this task is on hand, and that is 'Wulfhere '. As you say, I am strange to these regions. My work has mostly lain in the offways among the peoples of another evolution. For that reason I have been called to this present enterprise which, as you shall see, is no ordinary one, and in respect of which ordinary methods as here known would not avail. Come, gentlemen, and I will gather my women to me so we may go earthwards together, you and we."

Then Shonar kissed her upon both cheeks and upon her brow, and she took him in her arms and pressed him to her bosom cheek by cheek, fondly caressing him. I was later told that he was her son in the earth-life.

So Shonar went by way of the Balcony, and we followed Wulfhere down the Cross-way until we came to her quarters where her maidens awaited her coming.

Chapter 5

The Fountain Episode

Tuesday, 13th January, 1920.

As we traversed the Cross-way I was wondering what new experiences I was about to gather. I had seen many phases of the life and activities of the various spheres up to the Eleventh. But these regions are so vast in extent and so varied in character, both as to scenery and inhabitants, that it is always on hand some new interest be opened out. And every new phase seems to hold as great a charm of novelty as any that have gone before. Life here, my son, is never dull for those who are in the light and progressing. The Cross-way was walled on the left side as we went. On the right hand, when we had gone some little way, it was open to the gardens. The roof was supported by slight pillars of bronze and was of lattice Work. About this Pergola climbed and blossomed beautiful climbing plants. But in the gardens were stretches of grass, flower-borders, canals and fountains.

On our left the wall continued and was of bronze, like the pillars, but panelled and embossed with beautiful designs. One large panel I noted especially. It was about eight feet high and twenty long. It was a metalwork picture of a fountain in Sphere Eight. The picture was not still, as your pictures are, but all in motion. The waters flowed white from the fountain and thence went four ways. These four streams were severally blue, yellow, red and green; and the country to which each flowed took on the character of its own fertilising stream. The green river watered a country wherein the chief lands were given to pasturage. Here were cottages, and shepherds and farmers and their sheep and horses and cattle and all that goes to make up an ideal agricultural region. All these, you will note, had a semblance of life and motion. The apple orchards swayed to the breeze and, as I gazed upon the woodlands, I could hear the voices of the birds. Even the fleecy clouds moved across the sky and cast their shadows below upon the meadows.

The blue stream fell from a high plateau into the ocean; and here were ships of all countries and of many periods, coracles, canoes, galleons, frigates and liners. All these were in movement, as was the sea upon whose bosom they rode.

The red stream went to a region of labour where men forged their engines of locomotion and of commerce, and also other metal instruments by which mankind had extended the use of his two hands by artificial substitutes of metal work. Even this was beautiful, for the dominant note was light and fire, and the artist had treated the subject only from the viewpoint of progress. No instrument of war and destruction was here in the making. No drear ash-hills, no uncomely wastes of debris. These are on earth consequent on the lust for gain. In the picture the idea was not self-interest, but the motive inherent throughout was the desire to serve the race. And because this was so the artist was able to make this scene very beautiful also.

The yellow stream went forth into space. Now you will wonder how that was pictured, and I fear I can give you but a poor idea of it. I repeat, all was not still but in movement in these pictures. Now this stream as it went forth it became transmuted first into spray and then into mist and then into light. But this was light in its essence, its principle. It included within itself what you call night as well as day. As you know the darkness of your earth-night is suffused with sun-rays, only they are not luminous to you as you look at them from the rear of them as they stream out into space. You are looking in the same direction in which they are travelling. Only when you oppose your line of vision to the direction of their passage, when you stand on that side of earth which

faces the sun, do you say these rays are light-giving.

In that picture the light-rays were portrayed in all their aspects. The result was that we saw here the universe as we do, in fact, see it from our spirit side of life. There is no darkness but only light in its different aspects and phases. And through these great depths of light and radiance I could see the suns and their worlds upon their heavenly courses moving in the majesty of their steady grace. It was very informing as were all of the themes in that picture; and I paused for some time that I might assimilate its meaning.

"The Perfect Service of Man"

I have described this experience in some detail with an object, my son. It is that I might tell you the use to which such pictures were put. They are used as models for students to study. They show the inner working on earth of those streams of influence generated here by our chemists, biologists and other bands of workers. If men were adequately attuned to us then the various activities of earth would work out as here portrayed, even as the heavens do declare God His glory; which was the motive of the yellow, or golden, river of the panel. Mankind is coming that way, but is far off the ideal yet. But the time will be when that picture will burn and flash in all its gladness of joyous, heavenly light responsive to earth's rejoicing in the perfect service of man in the Kingdom of his God.

The Fountain in the Pleasance

Wednesday, 14th January, 1920.

By the time I had taken my fill of this picture I found myself alone in the Pergola. So I went forward until I came to an arch on my right hand and a flight of steps beyond which led to the garden below. I could hear the laughter and voices of my company. Therefore I descended and made my way along the paths in their direction. On each side of me were hedges, and flowered-banks and trees in blossom. I came at length to a bowered walk which, on my right hand, gave on to a Pleasance. It was a goodly area, some forty-five yards across, an irregular circle well enclosed with vegetation much like the walks. In the middle there was a Fountain with its basin below, the rim of which was even with the grass which carpeted this enclosure.

Near this Fountain there stood in groups my companions and some young women, in number about twice that of our own. Wulfhere was talking with another woman near the bounds of the circle, herself a leader also, as I at once could see by her robes and general aspect.

I now turned towards the splashing waters and sought to fathom the cause of so much merriment. It was somewhat perplexing to me. I heard the burst of laughter and, as I had noticed when I was coming through the gardens, so now, with those of the men and women children's voices also blended. Of that fact I had no doubt whatsoever. But where the children were puzzled me very sorely, for there was not a child to be seen in all the Pleasance. Their voices came from where the Fountain played, and there I made my way. As I came upon the groups the members turned and looked upon me, and their merriment rose higher when they saw the look of perplexity upon my face.

"Where Be the Children?"

"Arnel, my brother," said one of my friends, "here is a pretty to-do. These young ladies

have been guilty of a serious lapse from their duties. Maybe you have come to help them to amendment."

"Joseph," I answered him—he was one of our younger brothers—"you give to me, out of your own good heart, so pleasant a task as yourself, I warrant you, would very eagerly take up. That you do not gives you much merit for self-denial. Although, Joseph, my son, these young ladies seem to me to be facing their troubles very bravely nevertheless. What is your crime, my fair young sinners, which even Joseph cannot remedy, and of which also you show such unusual signs of penance?"

Then one of the maids ran forward and, placing her hand upon my arm, turned her pretty face to me full of mischief, and said, with a show of tearfulness, "Please you, sir, it is a very grievous plight we be fallen into. We have lost the children."

"Which children be they?" I said with mock severity.

"The children we had in charge, sir," she said.

"They were playing hereabouts after lectures. They are good children and do not disobey. So when we made their bounds this Pleasance we knew they would not wander forth. Yet we have come and do not find them."

"Yet, as I came here I heard their voices very plainly," I said.

"That is true, sir," she replied, "and so did we. But where be the children?"

Now since we began our talk no child's laughter had broken in upon us. Yet, I knew they were at hand and were listening to all we said. Indeed, I was not slow to note that, from time to time, a subdued whisper came from the direction of the Fountain and, now and again, a child's laugh, low and irresistible and quickly suppressed.

So I said, "By your leave, good maid, this problem pleases me and I feel somewhat wishful to try my tilt at it. So give me pause to think awhile and I will do my best, for I shall have shame to my greater years if I am not able to fathom this mystery, as I rather think you yourselves have done."

The Riddle is Solved

So while she went back to her companions, I approached the basin's rim to try my fortune in the game. The Fountain, you must know, was designed in keeping with the institution of which this enclosure was part. One of the departments was occupied in the teaching of children somewhat advanced. It was what you would call a mixed High School. The design of the Fountain, therefore, expressed one phase of their studies. It was made to represent a miniature hill clad in undergrowth and little forest trees among which were ensconced groups of animals and birds.

As I drew nearer I was led to examine this statuary more closely. It was well grouped, but the execution lacked finish. Truly I could put a name to most of the animals which the sculptor had endeavoured to express; but they were rudely done, and some were no less than grotesque, and the likeness to the original rather pitiable.

But I was cautious in forming my conclusion. I knew such faulty work in the Sphere Seven to be at least most unusual. There must be some reason in it.

Just as I was getting very deep into my thinking there came from the mouth of an alligator, right in front of me across the water, a loud and terrible roar. But the voice was not that of any lizard ever created. It was a very passable imitation of the roar of a tiger.

"Aye, there be five in that one, they tell me, and by the din they raise I can quite believe it," said Joseph at my elbow. Before he had spoken I had spotted my quarry. The children were inside

those stone monsters. I turned to the speaker with a smile. "Joseph, my young friend," I said, "you lie rather badly. They who told you this, I take it, are they who so sadly mourn the loss of their young charges. So there be five young tigers inside that poor alligator? So? Well now, and about what number, think you, does that ostrich hold?"

"I will even go and enquire for you sir," he answered with meekness much too perfect to be real, and turning be walked sedately to one of the bevies of maidens a little way apart. Well, that was all satisfactory, but it did not solve my riddle for me. Also I here make my confession that I was worsted in that bout; for I had not the data to work upon. That was supplied later when the group returned to me with Joseph and, taking pity upon my perplexity, explained the affair from its inception.

It seemed, these children, a party of between one hundred and fifty, were, as their years would be reckoned on earth, from the ages of ten to sixteen or thereabouts, boys and girls together. At this age, if children have come over here in babyhood, or if they come later and are of exceptional ability, they are advanced enough to begin the more intricate creative course of study. In other words, having been taught in the lower schools the creative principles relative to the grasses, trees and, last, flowers and fruit, they proceed to apply their learning to the animal world. This party of scholars had worked up to the mammals and had just been having a lesson on practical creative methods, before they had been sent to their play in the Pleasance.

A Daring Experiment

Here they had formed a bold grand scheme and had immediately put it into execution. It was no less than the dematerialisation of the whole fountain and the recreation of it with themselves inside the animals.

The first part went off grandly, for they were well skilled and practised. But when the task of reconstruction came they found they had forgotten one difficulty. They would have to recreate these animals, themselves being in the animals' interiors. This is what had bothered them. They had persevered, however, and were evidently very proud of their achievement. For the noises they continued to send forth from the mouths of these poor beasts, whatever might be said in respect of reality, lacked not in vigour nor in a note of complete satisfaction that all was well, and also of pride in their achievement. You see, my son, being inside they had no notion that each animal was not as perfect a piece of work as they had willed it to be.

Which, however, added greatly to the mirth of us their seniors and was also adopted and used later in their own studies to add to their knowledge and skill therein.

Thursday, 15th January, 1920.

ANOTHER dispute awaited us to increase the measure of our mirth. When the children had taken their full of fun and had gone through the gamut of vocal mammalia, and other of the animal kingdom, they came to pause. Such a noise as that they made I think that restful spot had never known before. Having duly entertained us with their duets and quartettes and an occasional solo, according to their own peculiar idea of what the voice of any particular animal should be, they gave us one long loud song of praise in concert to round up the proceedings.

This being ended to their, but not to our, regret, there ensued their next act. This was to dematerialise the whole menageries, to come ashore, so to say it, and then to replace the group upon the island by re-materialisation. The first part they managed quite easily. The animals began

to melt and to fade away into invisibility.

An Unforeseen Plight

The first to go was the alligator. There were five within him concerned in his destruction, and they happened to be of the older ones, and so, more advanced in the science. So he very quickly dissolved in obedience to their wills. We all stood round the Fountain at the basin's rim awaiting the emergence of these young scientists. Well, as I say, the alligator was the first to go. But when the children stood up free—two boys and three girls they were—we all gazed agape for astonishment for a moment. Then realising the reason of their plight we fell to laughter. For they were all naked with no rag or stitch upon their bonny forms.

At first they surveyed us with some hesitance, doubting what was amiss. But when they looked on one another they understood the source of our surprise. Yet, although they were perplexed at their appearance, they took heart from our laughter to know that what had come to pass could soon be remedied. They therefore joined their laughter to our own, and so, they having now supplanted us their elders in the role of victim, we were quite well content. Now here I might read you many lessons, my son, taking the whole transaction as a parable. I will refrain, however, and I will take two only which will help you in your knowledge of life and science here in the heavens where you will come some day.

"There is No Sin Here"

Let me reproduce the scene for you. Here was a Fountain in the middle of a Pleasance. Around the waters' rim were gathered a goodly number of young men and maidens with some elders among them. Upon the island stood five children in age about sixteen or seventeen years. And they were naked.

Now probably the first word which such a situation would bring to the mind of the ordinary reader in your earth-life would be the word "Shame." Of this I wish to speak quite clearly and emphatically. There was no blush or thought of shame in the whole company of us on either side of the water. There is no sin here in the Sphere Seven. Where sin is not shame has no basis and is not found. We have no prudes in the Sphere Seven. No; when those five saw what had come of their daring experiment in a newly acquired science, they were at the first astonished and a little startled, then they were greatly amused. And then, seeing they were the first to become free of their prison, they smiled and made signs each to other to be silent. Thus they watched for the others to emerge into the light of day as, one by one, the animals melted into nothingness. And as each party arrived, each child in the same unadorned state, they waited expectant for the look of blank dismay which should betray the minds of their companions in this misfortune, that they might pass on our own amusement to their fellows. Nor were they disappointed. As group after group came forth there awaited them, first a pause, and then a burst of merry laughter, each louder than the last, as the ranks of the emancipated were reinforced by those more laggard from time to time.

At last they were all free, some fifty or more of them. Then the elder children took the little ones by the hand and all waded the water, and so came to our side.

And now they became some little ill at ease for the loss of their covering. You may wonder why, since I have eliminated from the count one of the reasons which would obtain on earth. I will explain.

The Meaning of Clothes

You know that clothing here is not what it is with you. It is part of our personality; it is, in a very real sense, our character, expressed and visible. But it is more than this. In that Pleasance, with play their only occupation, these children would be equipped quite completely, naked as they were. But when more serious work should be on hand, or if their duties should take them afield, then they would find this lack of covering a very real hindrance. I cannot adequately explain this to you, it is one of those things which difference in condition between us and you render inexplicable. Think of it, however, after this fashion.

Each of you in the body of flesh has an aura. If that were taken away you would at once feel its loss. You would become dulled in your consciousness and your mental activity would be much hampered. Also you would feel a queer aloofness from other people, as if they and you were not altogether in the same sphere of activity.

Or, to speak in grosser materials. Imagine the epidermis removed from your body. The loss of that one outer covering would not be pleasant to contemplate but, so long as your environment was sufficiently warm, and in other ways congenial, no grievous harm would come to you. For the under-skin would serve. But if you had to perform any rough task in a changing climate, you would be inconvenienced very seriously.

In some way, therefore, the unclothed conditions of these children would likewise affect them. For this reason our first care was to arrange them before us and, adding our wills to their own, to reclothe them as they had been before they ventured on their rather grandiose enterprise.

The other matter I will explain to you is how this involuntary disrobing came to pass. I can do this with brevity. The task they had set themselves was on the verge of the limit of their powers. It had required so strenuous and sustained an effort that they had used up all their own normal resources and, in their intense preoccupation continuing their efforts, had impressed their spirit-robes as well. For, as I have said, these robes are an extension of our bodies and kindred in composition.

The next thing to arrange was the re-materialisation—or, as you would say, the re-erection—of the group on the island. I will not labour this for you. It was done with the aid of us, their elders. But it was not done quite to its sometime perfection of line and curve. So we called the original sculptor and he supplied our lack.

Chapter 6

Creation and Growth

Tuesday, 20th January, 1920.

THERE is a bower in that Pleasance; very roomy it is and reposeful. To this later Wulfhere called her maidens and they sat within on the grassy seat which was on three sides of a square, the fourth being open to the Pleasance. She sat at the end next to the open lawn, and to the right as viewed from outside. The children reclined upon the grass before the entrance, set in the boundary edge.

To them she spoke in this way, "You have amused yourselves right royally, my little ones. You did invade the Kingdom of another, did overthrow and demolish his handiwork and built it up again of your own good pleasure. But kindly peril worked at your elbow, held in leash by its desire that, while experience you lacked, disaster might not approach you. Now I will read you further and, when the problem be outlaid before you, I will hear your wisdom thereon.

"Long, long ago a company of ladies came this way from a distant region of this same sphere. They had been sent forth in order that they might look for a spot whereon to establish a new colony of students just like you. Said one, as they went Upon their ways : "I think, my sisters, that the sea-shore is a place most fitting, for what these young people have to learn is of the beginnings of the Science of Creation. And out of the waters first there came the living thing which, evolving, peopled the earth with humankind."

"So they went to the border. But although they made careful observation, yet no very good spot could they discover. For they might not build their school upon the ocean bed inasmuch as their young charges were not animals of the deeps where those beginnings only could be studied with ease and perfection.

"Therefore said another, 'I counsel we go through the forest lands where there are streams and pools, where the life of waters might be found and studied. For there also the trees show life of their own kind and the birds and forest animals add their instruction to that of the waters.

"So they went to the forest, but they found that in order to build their school and houses they would have to clear the trees away and turn the streams aside from the clearing. The colony was to be a large one and it would play havoc among the forest-growth so much that, the whole forest life would be disturbed and the especial features would be changed.

"So they sat down among the trees to talk about it all and, as they sat there, there came a bird which perched upon a branch above them and began to sing. And, as it sang, the semblance of its meaning took shape within their minds, as they fell to silence to hear its song. It would be something after this sort in words of human speech :

The Song of the Bird[9]

'Not to the wise of earth we sing.

For they of wisdom have enow,

[9] *'The Song of the Bird' was given to Mr. Vale Owen in prose-form, and has been divided into line and verse by the Editor.*

Or, lacking it, they lack to know.
That wisdom is not anything
Unless, unless with it be blent
A goodly silence of content.

‘Not to the great in worldly power
Do we our music offer much,
For they be near akin to such
As value very different dower;
We cannot sing of wealth or arms
Which be for them their only charms.

‘But when beneath our leafy nest
The weary worker lays him down,
We woo his heart from farm or town
And fill his soul with kindly rest;
We fill his soul with gracious ease.
We breathe him benediction, “Peace.”

‘So he who seeks to dominate
By force of arms or worldly power.
Shall find his lot both lone and dour,
For none with him will haply mate;

So, grasping all, all shall he lose.

Because he is so grandiose.

‘Take me for pattern all of you.

I can but trill one little lay;

One theme and only day by day.

Yet what I'm able that I do.

An, so I do it, who shall say

I have not done my work-o-day?

‘And now, good people, all of you.

Do not but what you may do well.

Eschew the quite impossible;

And so I bid you all adieu—

I go some other fools to greet,

And so to-woo, and so to-weet.’

Wednesday, 21st January, 1920,

“Well, my children, those ladies took to heart the lesson of that song and shaped their method by it. What, think you, was their course of action? How was this present colony built?”

I will not labour to give you their answers, my son. I will give you the solution as carried out in this foundation, although you will probably have come at it already.

I should say they established a simple kind of school first and added to it as required.

Well, yes, my son, that indeed is, as you say, simple enough. But, did you know of all the manifold departments of instruction hereabouts, you would marvel how the simple could grow into such complexity.

Something on the lines of evolution, as we here on earth understand it, wouldn’t it be? I mean from the single cell up to, say, the body of a human being.

Quite, quite. And not at all a bad illustration, if we understand it as being merely general

and not true to detail. You see, my son, your theory of evolution is true in its main outlines, but the surface of that subject has yet scarce been skimmed. We will not speak at length on this theme lest we be led away from our main thesis.

Evolution

I will remark that the human body, being a composite of cells one like another, if it grew solely from the initial unicellular form would grow by agglomeration consequent on expansion and subdivision. But if each primary cell be identical to every other, from where comes the variety of structure in the complex and diverse organisms of, let us say, a bramble or a toad or a horse?

No, there is another and an external factor to be taken into account. That factor is external not in the matter of place, but of condition. It is the inherent personality of His Creative Lords. This principle of personality is continuously diversified among the lesser Creative Lords and so on downwards through the angelic orders, each order manifesting a lesser quantity in each individual, until we at last reach the unicellular atom of life. Here personality seems to have become extinct. But that is not so: as compared with the highest manifestation under God—that of the Greatest of the Creative Lords-—dynamic personality is more external and the entity, the cell, more of the passive than of the initiative nature. In other words the circle is here found half way towards completeness. The process, having passed through all these degrees, has ended, in the outward direction, in the single cell. Now the cell must be treated from the other arc of the circle and drawn back along the second half of the circumference, not alone by an inverse course—inverse as to its direction—but also by an inverse process,

I don't understand this, Arnel. Have I got it right?

As right as earth language can contain it, my son, I think. Listen intently while I continue.

Yes; I'm listening.

The Little Girl and the Bubble

There were two boys who sat to rest in the mountainous country of the Swiss. They had been speaking of creation and of the process by which it was continued. "Evolution" was, of course, the word they used. But they were big boys and of an age to reason such matters out. Such maturing minds are often quaintly original, and these were so. They wondered if the invisible process of creation and evolution could be paralleled in the concrete; if by any course of action of their own the principle underlying it might be shown. They postulated that, as God was Unitary, all going out from Him must, in the end, return to Him again. So they set out to test this day by day.

On the first day they set off from the base of a mountain, scaled its summit and descended to its base on the far side. "It it obvious," said they, "that is no true course to set for the progress of the ages. We are at as low a level as when we started and with a whole mountain between us and our objective."

On the next day they went to the summit, descended the mountain and climbed the mountain which fronted them across the valley. They said they were better disposed to study the matter here, for they were both at a high altitude, and a little higher indeed than when they started, for this summit was the more lofty of the two. Also they had a clear view of the whole course from summit to summit. But they had not returned to their original standpoint—there was an ocean of atmosphere between.

When they arose next morning the innkeeper's daughter was blowing bubbles. They watched the creation of a large and beautiful bubble and, as it expanded, the veins of colour were

seen all in circular movement about the globe.

Said one lad to another, "Here is our solution of the problem." The other said, "Little girl, what have you there inside that beautiful bubble?"

And the child replied, "When I blow my bubbles, sir, I always think that each one is heaven."

"And if this bubble is heaven, then where is God?"

"Inside," said the little girl.

"But is that bubble, do you think, large enough to hold God?"

"No," said the girl. "You see, that is why it is always growing bigger and bigger. Look!"

She made a mighty effort and the bubble expanded still more and—it burst.

"Now," said the boy, "your beautiful bubble, with all its continents and oceans and trees on it, has come to nothing. When you blew into it that last time, you see, it burst."

"Yes; but God didn't," the little one replied.

Externals and Essentials

Thursday, 22nd January, 1920.

And what is the meaning of your parable, Arnel? How does it bear upon the founding of that College?

No, my son, I like it better that you supply the interpretation. That is why I give you these parables.

Well, we seem to have wandered a bit, don't we? It was that By-Way into evolution which did it, don't you think?

When messages are given from these spheres to your own we are always under this limitation, namely, that we must not do your own thinking for you. We make the bricks, you raise the building. By this method you get the more benefit. Nevertheless, since what I have written is dark to you in its meaning, so may it be to others also. I will therefore give you the keystone, and leave you to erect the arch in which to set it.

When I spoke of the High School I had in mind, in primary, the institution itself and not the buildings in which that should be housed. The mistake of those ladies was the mistake which is in your own mind: they were planning a grand scheme of building, and set out to select the most likely and appropriate spot on which to erect their College houses. This mistake of theirs was really the burden of the song by which the little bird reproved them. They were confounding externals with essentials.

Matter here is much more plastic to the action of will, as they should have kept in mind but did not.

Their method should have been much more simple. Indeed in the end they came at it, after long reasoning. When found it was put into execution at once.

This method was to gather the school together, settle them in the selected region, and begin instruction. The buildings were merely an accessory. These would be erected, as their need arose, out of the growing knowledge of the scholars themselves.

So forceful is life and will-power here that it is not well or serviceable to erect first the building and then shape and mould the scholars to its proportions and design. No, for, as I and others have explained to you, trees and buildings and all things here which answer to what you call material on earth are responsive and very sensitive to the personality of those people who come

into proximity with them. Also this sensitive response is mutual between these things and people. Those Creative Lords who schemed and evolved the snail did not fit the animal into his house but it was round about the other way. In snail or human it is the same Divine Life which is operative, only differently qualified in degree of power and method of expression.

By which token, my son, I call to your mind the bubble, and why it burst, and what it was which did not burst when the bubble met with its disaster.

That should suffice for the keystone, I am thinking. Now do you build your arch and set it fair in the middle atop—fair atop, my son, or your arch will be neither true nor stable. So.

And now I am minded to get afield with you and set about our business.

"Alice in Wonderland" Enacted

Do you mean the mission on which you were about to start?

But yes, that is our objective, is it not?

I suppose it is; but we seem to be in rather happy quarters in that Pleasance. I have rather been enjoying it. It reminded me of 'Alice in Wonderland' more than a little. Have you nothing else to tell me about these same parts, Amel?

(Pause of about a minute.)

Shall I scratch it out? 'Alice in Wonderland' mean. Is it that that is worrying you, Arnel? I'm sorry if it is.

No, no, my son. I know the book and paused to recover the story. I have it now. It is a very good book because it builds on the imagination and trains it. You would be surprised were I to tell you that, with a few details excepted, we had it here some time ago enacted in real life. No, I did not see it. It was told me by some who did. It was an experiment relative to the same series of laws as those of which I have spoken in connection with the building of the High School: those which operate between the person and his environment.

Briefly the case was this: Experiments had been made on the different elements which go to making up environment—vegetation, minerals, animal life and then atmosphere. The party who were experimenting then sought for a nearer environment, and one suggested their own bodies in which the individual, the spirit, functioned.

This was daring, but we love daring enterprise here. Well, the outcome was a carefully laid scheme. The enactors were selected and they managed, after some failures, to elaborate nearly the whole range of marvels in that narrative. It was merely a picturesque way of giving an object lesson to a large school of children of the power of the will upon externals. Many of the children knew the story and were ecstatic when the thing was seen, not in a book, but in actual life, with the characters shaping themselves before their eyes.

When all was over the enactors re-visualised themselves in their own proper persons and gradually reassumed these.

Did they manage the long neck business, and Alice growing big and shrinking little?

Yes, yes, those parts were easy enough. It was the animals which were the greatest difficulty of all.

We will cease now, and I think some of your readers will murmur, "Sufficit." Ah well, my son-—some day.

Chapter 7

How Children are Trained

Tuesday, 27th January, 1920.

As you tell me you wish to dally in that pleasant region of which I last spoke to you, I will follow your lead, for this time, as you have, of your kindliness, so often followed mine. I do this also because, as I intrude myself into your own conditions, I find there are so many to whom the simpler elements of our heavenly life are strange, and to these such lighter narrative as that just ended is comfortable and not without profit in instruction.

In that same group of buildings of which the Hall of Pillars is principal there are others of less magnificence in which the students receive instruction. In one of these, allotted mainly to the younger of our pupils, they of the fountain episode were gathered soon after their most wonderful essay into the realm of creative science.

An account of this lecture will serve to show you both how such transactions as that related are pressed into more serious use, and also how we here mingle the glad joy of life with the element of instruction.

The Lecture Room was oblong and the teacher took her station midway between the two central arches of the arcade which gave on to the gardens below. It was much as a section of the Pergola would have been if walled in at either end. For the arcade was open to the gardens without, with a terrace running right and left beyond the arches and descending by steps the whole length of the terrace into the gardens below.

Here then sat the teacher, and the scholars sat in groups upon lounges set here and there before her. Moreover, on the wall opposite to her and on the two shorter end-walls were pictures such as that I have described to you in the Pergola. Other elder students and teachers sat or stood here and there about the room and lent their aid easily and quietly whenever they saw an opportunity of service secondary to that of the teacher herself.

Said she by way of prelude, "My dear young explorers, you, having returned from the realm of mystery into which you were bold enough to enter with no guide to show you the safe tracks, I am now again to read you your lecture in proper order, so you will in future be armed beforehand in any battle you shall enter with those very unyielding laws which govern God His realm."

Then she explained to them in detail those points which I have already set out to you in brief. I will not enumerate these lest I become long-winded, but will come in at the end of it to tell you of the experimental part which was served up to help digest the diverse dishes of meats which went to make up the meal.

"An Impossible Knot"

There was a large bird sitting over one of the arches, as other smaller birds also were who, from time to time, entered from the gardens and flew here and there about the Lecture Room. Some paced about upon the pavement among the children or sat upon their benches or upon their shoulders or within their laps. This one was the largest of them all.

To him the teacher, pointing, said, "Now, that you may put to the proof what I have explained to you and so turn principles into actions, I give you a problem. This large bird appraises

his greater dignity over that of his lesser cousins, I think. For there has he sat the whole lecture through, in his solemn and lovely state on high, while these little ones have companioned both with you and also one with another. Now I leave you, and shall return awhile when I hope to see him, if in pride of place less exalted, yet more companionable in his bearing. You must bring him down, my children, down here among his fellows who sing and gossip with you, as you well might be their grandsires or grandams or own cousins. Yet, mark me, children—for this game has its rules nevertheless—you shall do this, but with no cry or call to him, nor with any enticement of gesture, but only of your own wills in creative concentration."

And so with a happy laugh at their amazement that such an impossible knot should be tied for their unravelling, she kissed one or other on her way as she met them and passed out through the Arcade to the gardens beyond.

Most of the elder students went along of her, I stayed behind to see the fun ensuing, and so did also some dozen others.

A Hard Qualification

Now there are more than one methods of process by which that thing might be done. It is not my purpose now to tell these to you, but only how these young pupils approached their task. You must keep in mind that their studies were, at this time, in principal directed into the sphere of the creative faculty, and also that they were still in the initial stage of that department of science. To one more advanced the problem would have presented no difficulty whatsoever. But these boisterous young scientists were, for the moment, at a standstill, because of the qualification inset into the problem by their teacher. This was that their wills should be used creatively. That was the ruse and that alone, for it would have been easy for them to will the descent of that bird and claim his obedience. But that would not have applied the quality of creation. See you, my son? You get me clean and clear on that point do you not? So.

Awhile they were in silence, impotent and despairing. Oh! it was pretty to see them, those dear sweet boys and girls in the freedom of their ease each to other and all embracing love. And when they did break their silence, the irregular disorder of the melody of their voices was in itself a Te Deum, spontaneous and unwitting, to Him Who, I think, takes delight not sparingly out of the happy freedom of such as these.

I will make myself free to confess, my son, that as I reviewed the problem by all its facets one by one, and also the stages to which they had advanced in their studies, I was in doubt very much as to their success. But I thought, with grim delight, that my revenge was now at hand for the defeat I had sustained when I failed to solve the problem of their doings at the Fountain.

But no, I was denied this advantage. They did find a way. It was not the method which those more advanced would have employed. But it was a good method. It observed the conditions laid down and it achieved the set objective.

Of this, my son, I will tell you tomorrow.

Creating by Will Power

Wednesday, 28th January, 1920.

It was one of the girls who hit upon the method which came to be adopted after much noisy discussion. The children made a circle of the couches which had been placed in irregular fashion about the room. They then, one and all, composed themselves in easy order, with the smaller

children distributed among them, and fell to their task earnestly.

The first stage of their proceedings was to gather all the smaller birds within their circle. This was easy. They came, one after another, to the number of sixty or thereabouts. Then those birds began to group themselves together in the middle in response to the concentrated will of the pupils.

When they were brought together in this way there was much chirping one to other and preening of plumage. But gradually, they began to grow silent and still, until they stood there all charmed into sleep.

I was watching it all very curiously, and now I noted a change coming over them. Their many-coloured feathers slowly changed their nature and became a rather dull slate colour, not unlovely and very chaste it was, but of neutral tint. I at once understood what these children were doing. They had withdrawn from each of those birds its aura, not quite entirely, but leaving perhaps some eighth part thereof which, however, was not visible without, but was distributed through the body of the bird within.

Then the children on the right, as I watched them from beneath the Arcade, quietly and slowly left their stations and going over to the left end of the room, took their stations behind those others who still reclined upon the lounges. Awhile a luminous cloud gathered in front of them, and between them and the birds. This was the aura of all the birds. Composite and blended into one. It slowly contracted upon itself until it lay upon the floor, in shape as a large egg. This was then gently raised upon end. Its weight had become increased in ratio to its density.

Then its shape was changed until there stood in its place a replica of the large bird who still sat upon the arch aloft very intent upon the strange doings in progress below him. At length the new-born bird slightly moved its head, and some of the little pupils began to clap their hands in delight. But they were stilled instantly by their elders lest distraction of will should mar their work, now nearly complete.

The bird stood there still and silent, but soon there came a little lifting of wings; then her eyes opened; then she walked a few steps towards the children. Still they applied their wills in united action upon her and at last she stood there a live bird, mate for his majesty aloft.

She ran to one child and then to another, receiving their caresses wherever she came. After this had for awhile preceded, she went a few yards away from them and uttered her love-call, and down came the bird from aloft and joined his mate upon the floor.

Reversing the Process

Then these young creators uttered a glad cry and began to talk in real earnest of their victory. And they petted these two birds most vigorously so that at last they both trotted to the other side of the silent group of their smaller cousins and perched upon the back-rest of one of the benches.

I will further tell you that, as this process continued, it grew more strenuous to the young operators at every stage of it. The most difficult item of it all was so to construct the throat of the bird that she should give voice to the correct notes of her call. Failing that, her mate would not have come to her, and their labour would have been in vain.

They had done very well, as we hastened to tell them. We also sent out a message to the teacher, who came and gave them great praise that no mistake had been made by them of the many which waylaid them at every step forward.

There now remained for them to proceed with the reverse process, by which the bird was

again resolved into the composite aura-cloud, and this again dispersed among its original owners.

This was effected, not by their concentrating their wills upon the bird itself, but upon the smaller birds standing there insensate and unconscious. That was why they did not withdraw all the aura from them. Or it was one of the reasons why. Another was that it would not have been well with the birds if they were deprived of their auras in total. It was therefore upon that remnant left to them that the children now operated and, through it, extracted, from the composite cloud, for each bird its own aura. For it was easier thus than had they tried to operate directly upon the cloud and to separate the auras there intermingled.

And that was the problem set them; and that was the method by which they came at their solution.

Chapter 8

Games the Children Play

Thursday, 29th January, 1920.

I AM of a mind to tell you more, my son, of the life that these young people lead here in the Summerland of our Father. It will serve to those who shall read this Script both for knowledge and also for their comfort. Of both these truly there is small enough knowledge among you. By which same token, moreover, I very well know that what I have to tell you will be received, on your side the Veil, by each according only to his degree of spiritual content; and in the personal equipment of many very good people that is not over great. But times are on the move, and not so very long hence people will look back and marvel on two aspects of this generation.

Two Aspects of this Generation

One is the tremendous access of motive power behind this present phase of world evolution. The other is the ponderability of the natures of those who were not able to accept the movement onward, or to estimate it at its true appraisement. This, however, should not seem over strange for, although the Veil is wearing thin, yet it still hangs in place where materialism set it of olden time; and the Sanctuary's divine light can only shine through dimly as yet—as yet.

It is, therefore, and I would have it known that, not for the present generation alone that I give voice to these my messages, but for those who shall follow you who now are beginning to mount the footlands of the Mountain of God, atop of which they stand who call to us who are set between, that we should voice their inspirations, even we who are nearer to you than they, lest their light should blast and their voices shake earth itself, and terror should strike into the midst of humankind by reason of the awful beauty and might in holiness of them who cry.

So I will tell you as well as I am able and as fully as I am able, and leave to your children, maybe, to understand more fully what may seem so passingly strange to you of this present time. And also this, that even with them who, reading, yet reject my words as fatuous and vain, yet, having read them, they shall serve in them for basis of advance when they have come over to us here. Although they first shall acknowledge that what folly there was in it all was not ours but their own, in that they did not then believe what in that day they will see is true.

"Aerial Flight" and "Balancing the Ball"

I will tell you first of some of the games these young spirits play.

One is that they gather in different parts of the Pleasance. One stands atop the Fountain upon the ledge where the design ends in a tree. He calls to one of his playmates, giving him a certain position upon the Fountain. The one chosen closes his eyes and then raises himself by what you would call the process of levitation, and floats to his position. One after other is called until they are grouped everyone in the proper station. Then another descends to the grass, and calls them back, and they have to descend in like manner, eyes closed, to the exact spot whereon they stood at the beginning of the game. If you will follow such a game as this in your imagination, and the mistakes it is possible to make, you will see how much fun these gay young people find in it.

Another game is that one should stand midway between two rows of players, each some

eight or ten yards away. He shall hold a wand in hand upon which a large oval ball is balanced on its length. The two lines in opposition will the ball towards them or away. The wand-holder must move the wand right or left in order to keep the balance of the ball. One trick is that one row will, with their eyes, signal to the other, and then one row pulls and the other pushes suddenly. If the wand-holder is not ready the ball loses balance and floats down to the grass. So he forfeits his position and falls out of active service. This proceeds till there be three only left, and then, two, and these are proclaimed co-partners in victory.

"Manoeuvres in the Air"

Another game is this. A square is formed and into the middle thereof there enters one of the players. It is favourite among them that this one should be one of the smallest children because such are more spontaneous in their shouts of mirth, while the older, understanding the process better, are more studious of the matter, noting each effect, and judging the force required for any special movement, and the direction of its focus, and so on. The little ones just accept the fun and yell with delight.

So, the players being set, they begin operations. I will tell you the game as I saw it last enacted. The one in the middle was a small girl. The older children set their wills to work and I saw her slowly rise from the ground. At a height of some twenty feet she gradually assumed a horizontal position. This movement continued until she passed feet uppermost, and then completed the circle and stood normal once again. She enjoyed it greatly and, when the circular movement began, she laughed, and cried out gladly while the younger members among the operators clapped hands and laughed for merriment below.

Next they steadied her, still high in air. Then they bent her knees, until she sat enthroned on nothing, but in the air aloft, and bowed one side and other side to them, as if she were some baby queen and they her vassals.

Then in that position, obeying the wills of those below, I saw her glide through the air and beyond the confines of the Pleasance and, looking forth, I saw her perched upon a big tree. Right atop upon the leafy platform she stood, arms stretched out on either side of her, and laughing merrily.

So that is another of their games, and it has many possibilities, as you will see. And all these games have an underlying motive of education. The little ones are thus helped in their development by association with the elder boys and girls in their manipulation of the natural forces which they press into their service in these ways. And the elder boys and girls ripen their faculties by such exercises as these, which supplement their more serious studies. These games are true games and are played for the pleasure of them. Only secondarily does the scientific aspect enter in.

Work woven with Pleasure

Tuesday, 3rd February, 1920.

SUCH games as these of which I have told you are of the simpler sort, although not devoid of instruction. For that is the way with us here. Indeed, all our work, except that which takes us into the spheres of gloom and anguish, is so woven with the joy of life and the pleasure of action that it does not, in essence, differ from these games which the children play.

Nevertheless, some games have more of the element of sport, and others more of the element of science, and some also blend with these two factors that of devotion. What I have to tell

you following is of this last species and, indeed, I know not quite by which name to call it. But I have called the others games, and you may write this item down if so you will. It matters not, so you get my ideas as I send them forth to you.

An Exercise for Older Children

This pass-the-time, or game, is for those elder ones who are progressed rather much in the same science of which I have been speaking, the science of creation. Know you, my son, that creation is, in primary, not of concrete nature as manifest in matter. Indeed much creative activity never emerges into the material, and is yet creative truly, nevertheless. And all creation, as you will very readily understand, whether it finds expression in matter or not, yet, in its beginnings, is ideal; that is to say, it is of spiritual content solely, and only as it progresses outward does it become formulated in concrete shape. The elder children, therefore, are wont, from time to time, to gather in some arranged spot. Here they converse, interchanging their mental beauties in love. So do they become the more in unison of purpose and in the focus of their energising. When this has been attained then they quietly set to work.

I will tell you of one of these occasions when there was present, as is the way of it sometimes, a Director from a higher sphere.

The scene was a valley where hills, tree-clad and with shrines here and there along the by-ways, formed a pleasing enclosure and shut off the distances from the view of those who gathered there. On the upper side a stream emerged between two high cliffs of vari-hued rock and fell into the valley with much music and clouds of spray bejewelled rarely.

When the company of some thirty or thereabouts were attuned, they reclined at ease beneath the flowering trees within the circle formed by those about the valley, and then the Director[10] spoke to them in very quiet manner, for disturbance must find no place in exercises such as these. He said, "Let peace be about and within you, my children—so—so—so. Peace and quiet, quiet and love. Now let your thoughts aspire—quietly, quietly, my children, for those realms into which you penetrate now are realms of peace, and nothing of unrest therein is found. So."

What the boy Raoul Saw

He paused and added the potency of his aspiring silence to their own awhile. And then he looked upon them one by one, not hastening but going over them at much leisure until he had appraised each and every one. He now returned his gaze upon a young lad who was not reclining as were most of his mates, both youths and maids, but was kneeling, and hands spread out upon his thighs above his knees. His eyes were rapt aloft and saw nothing of the valley, but their focus was adjusted for great distances, so to say it.

Well, the Director, speaking subduedly and slowly lest he break the spell, said to the boy, calling him by his name, "Raoul, my son, tell us, now, what it is you see, the region of its emplacement."

Then the boy answered him, slowly and quiet as he, "Upon a rock of purple stone, flat topped and standing lonely the height of fifty men, I see a figure. He is male. His robe is blue to the middle of him and then shades into green and on to amber about his knees. His belt is scarlet and white entwined. His shoulder jewel is a ruby left, and right a sapphire. His chaplet is not set upon his hair quite. It hovers about his head some very little way apart. It has stars which join their

[10] *The Director was Arnel himself. See the Preface.*

scintillations and so make the chaplet consecutive, one piece circular, and they are of golden and green hue alternate, of more brightness on the right side. By signs like these, and by the last sign of the chaplet chiefly, I know he is of some order high in estate. Who he is, and his purpose there, I do not know. I think the station, where he stands looking abroad from the top of the rock in rapt attention, is near the beginning of the second sphere away, or on the further boundary of the sphere next ahead of us."[11]

That is as I also see him, the Director said, "save that with him I see a child set upon his shoulder. Also they look this way, but past us on into the spheres between this of yours and earth. These are Israel and the Christ Child, Raoul. As you saw them in the glade at Christmastime they were conditioned to this Sphere Seven and less sublime in their appearing. You see them now with what glory they are able to beclothe themselves in the Sphere Nine. You counted distance rightly there. But you did not see the Child Whose body and clothing are more sublimated than those of Israel."

"We Will Mingle Our Knowledge"

"I saw the brightness of Him, my lord," the boy replied, "but not the shape of Him, and thought it but the radiation of the stars of Israel's chaplet."

"So," answered the Director. "Well, my son, there they be, the Child and Israel. We will give them benediction, both, and to the Child homage. So we leave them there. For the purpose we have in hand at this present they be too great, my Raoul. Let us hear what a maiden can see of what is toward in spheres other than this of yours. You have done well, Raoul, and you are making much advancement. Indeed, your vision has enlarged its bounds; you have managed to see too great a thing to be of use to us in our present venture. God be with you, my son. And now to choose the maid who shall tell us what she sees. Come, Raoul, and stand with me, my boy, and aid me in the choice. You know them as your playmates, and I as pupils. So we will mingle our knowledge and get perhaps a blend of quality more practical than that of mine alone."

Wednesday 4th February, 1920.

MIDWAY in the valley there was a little pool where a stream of the river stayed to ponder and then pursued his more chastened flow on toward ocean. Here was a bower, inset with a stone couch, and here also a little maid of thirteen summers—I speak in earth reckoning and not in ours—had her bed. For she lay along the seat, hands crossed within her lap, and, so at ease, absorbed what beauty of scene she saw beyond the bounds of her own sphere.

To her the boy Raoul pointed and murmured, "Sir, yon girl takes her ease somewhat in excess of some of these her companions. Shall we ask what of wonder is opened to her that she is so rapt aloft?"

"Go you to her, Raoul," the Director said, "and get her attention. Maybe she will the more readily give us of her naive wisdom, Raoul. You are of age more in attune with her than I."

Combined Interior Vision

The boy smiled at the witty conversation, and stepping softly, drew near the girl. He put his hand upon her brow but did not speak aloud, but only wilfully. As his message of request reached

[11] *I.E., either in Sphere Nine, or on the boundary between Sphere Eight and Sphere Nine.*

beneath her mood of slumber she stirred, took his hand within her own and, placing it upon her breast, said, "Raoul you come both pleasantly and in fitting also. I hold you thus, Raoul, so we be attuned, in one to see, both you and I together. For, Raoul, I do very clearly see my vision, but I am not wise as to understand it. So do you help me, dear, for your years and mine are like, but your wisdom paces ahead of me."

So these two children told the Director what they saw, she still reclining, and he kneeling by her side, his right hand clasped in her both, her own upon her breast.

Arnel, you are speaking as if you were there and saw them yourself. Were you?

My son, but yes; I was their Director for that time. Their story was as I give it now the story of the scene they looked upon together:

There was a great highway which ran along a wood-side, and on the other side of the road there was a river. At one place there ran down to the tide of the river a broad flight of steps, and within the wood opposite there stood a large house. People were landing from boats which came to pause below the steps, one by one continuing. These people ascended to the roadway and, crossing it, entered the gates and passed within where the wood bordered a road each side. Near the house the road was clear of trees, and the house stretched right and left facing the wood across its clearing.

The people went forward, some into the house and others into the gardens or the woods. Others stood in groups conversing. Now all this was simple enough and without perplexity. But there was another thing and that it was which the little maid could not interpret. It was this:

What Perplexed a Young Maid

At the gates there stood two men. They were of great strength and beauty. They looked across the river and, now and again, one or other lifted up his hands as signal. When he did this there came a beam of light across the waters, and it rested for a moment on house or road or woods. Its coming and its going were prompt and decisive, as if those who sent it had perfect knowledge where it should find its quarry, what quarry it should be, and also why. This, therefore, is what perplexed the maid. I saw it all and understood. —-You note, my son, I now speak in person. Your question and my answer have turned me from Director into myself. Therefore the director in person disappears. So. I was waiting to see what the boy Raoul would make of it; he was of wisdom beyond his years as the little maid had said. But he watched on and said no word at all.

I therefore went over to the young couple and, as he had done, so now I placed my hand upon the head of the girl, and added also to place my other hand upon his head. Then I knew what barred him so that he, advancing to the door of the mystery, yet could not open it and enter in. So I explained their problem to them.

The scene was cast, not in one of those spheres ahead of us, but two spheres behind. That is to say, the river was the boundary thereabouts between the Spheres Five and Four. Now those who live there be good people, but not quite at ease from the influences which from time to time invade the Sphere Four from the Sphere Three, where disturbance often arises, in its turn, from those regions next Earth.

Nothing much harmful can invade the Sphere Four in this manner. What untoward influences are able to rise into it do not harm, but only hinder and retard. They have the faculty of circumscribing the freedom of those who, being progressive, yet have still a certain affinity with Earth. Such affinity is consequent sometimes on their having loved ones still in the flesh, or some enterprise again in the world may be of interest to them still, or there might be another cause.

Looking into Other Spheres

When those people, therefore, crossed over into the Sphere Five they had need of watchfulness by guardians placed in different parts where they first would wander. Those at the gates were two such watchers. Seeing some sign of weakness or distress among these others newly come, they at once signalled and received at once information as to the character, progress and present estate of such person as they made enquiry about. Also a ray of strength was sent upon the person in question. These rays were visible only to the watchers, and not to those to whom they were directed. They were visible also to the two children because these were of a higher sphere. They did not understand transactions as these they witnessed because they thought the sphere into which they gazed was higher than their own. But it was of lower degree than their own.

But how was it they made that blunder, Arnel? Was it not easy for them to, know whether they looked before or behind them?

But yes, my son, and surely. You question me so crudely, my son, and I have humour to my make-up, as so well you know. And you are serious still, while you should be smiling along with me. But I will not rally you more. Only visualise our environment not so materially, or I must tell you my tale in earth language. And I must say now "up" and now "down," and again "forward" and yet again "behind." But these are not adequate to enshrine the more subtle of our conditions, as you know. The perplexity of these children lay not between the two directions "before" "behind." For when they looked into other spheres they looked into infinity or towards infinity through those spheres. You mark me, my son; the operation I have described was not one exterior in environment to themselves. They were not bidden up and away to this Sphere or that other. This with us, as with you, would be a matter of going this way or that way—-forward or backward, if so you will. But what they now were doing was of different process. It was the inverse of the other. For instead of moving about in an environment exterior to themselves, they did the other thing. They absorbed their external, mental and wilful activity into the interior of their own selves, and there found, for the time, their own environment. Their action was, you note, directed inwards upon themselves. Here was no such plain boundaries of realm and sphere as obtains in ordinary. It was this reversal of process which created their perplexity. They thought they had penetrated into the Sphere Eight or Nine, and found there conditions which were foreign to those spheres. So it was they blundered.

Another Experiment in Creation

Tuesday, February 10th, 1920.

WELL, that was all very instructive, and it was recorded in order that these children might receive from their teachers afterwards some knowledge by object teaching. This is the way of it, that when these young scholars are put to such exercises of visualisation they are reproduced in some sort in their lecture halls, and the teaching is hung thereon. But not yet had I found what should serve properly for my present purpose.

So I went around them, laying my hand upon the head of one and other, until I came at what I sought. There were three of them about whom there hung a slight luminous cloud of mist whose tint was diverse from that of any of the others, but jointly akin.

Their haloes, I take it?

Not precisely so. This was not a permanent ingredient of their haloes, but an accretion drawn by them from that environment into which they penetrated in vision. The instrument which

they used to this end was the halo. The mist was of substance like but not identical. It was but a transitory phenomenon which, on the children re-assuming normality, would automatically gravitate to its own sphere from which it had been drawn.

These three I called to me and, the rest of the company being once more fully awake and attentive, I spoke to them thus: "My children, in these three I have found what will serve us at this time for our exercise in creative science. They have in concert visualised the same scene. Now they shall reproduce it and, as they do so, you shall join your will to theirs in unison. Be leisured in your doings, my children, and make the thing as perfect as you may."

I bade these three; therefore, take their stations in the circle, one at each extremity of a triangle. Then we fell to work, the whole circle concentrating upon the spot whereon I stood in the centre of the glade.

I tell you, following, what happened in order due and sequence thus:

There arose about me a cloud which gradually condensed upon itself until it assumed malleable properties of substance. Slowly the top became thickened and more opaque and then, from the top, the cloudy mass fell in eight streams until the grass was reached, when, the process continuing, each thickened upon itself until eight solid pillars stood erect in support of the dome atop.

Beneath my feet I felt the ground arise until it was in level some one foot and half foot about the floor of this small pavilion. Here it stayed and, looking aloft, I saw that the dome was now of gold overlay within, and about five feet beyond my head above.

Arnel as a Greek Knight

Now that was not my idea primarily when I set them to work, that I be turned into a statue on pedestal. No. But, when the three were placed in triangle, at once I felt a message speed round the circle and then centre itself upon me. What it said was, "Be steadfast, good Arnel, where now you stand. We have use to make of you. Do us, therefore, this pleasure." And then these young jesters added, by way of humour, "We will not harm you, gentle Arnel, as you stand steadfast and unafraid. We will deal tenderly with you; of our love for you, good Arnel."

That is the way of them, my son. They get an ancient man to teach them creative science and then mother him the first moment they note opportunity. I sometimes wonder if I be too fond to lead them orderly. But yet, my son, again I think love is so strong it cannot greatly err in excessive outpouring. And I doubt our Father and theirs loves them no bit the less for their pranking. But, this or that, so it was. I cease my prattle and get on with my story. But they be very sweet, these children, and so beautiful also, both the in and out of them. But yet again this is not narrative. To continue:

The process went on apace, for they were a large company in action, and soon the whole thing was complete. There stood the pavilion of translucent stone substance. The eight pillars were fluted, and the flutes were picked out in gold. Within stood I transfigured from my own self into a man clad in silver mail, helmeted and with greaves complete. A belt was upon my tunic about my middle, and a sword within reach of my right hand. A Greek Knight, forsooth; that is what they had made of me, these young ripsters, and stood me on a pedestal as well.

Well, well, God bless them, it was a happy notion after all. For, see you, my son. This was a reproduction of what those three had by vision brought down with them from the Sphere Eight. There, in a forest glade, is erected a statue of the Knight of England, but in Grecian panoply of arms. This, then, they had called into being in duplicate here in the Sphere Seven according to the

laws of creative science which, operating in this way, issue in the production of the Presence Form.[12]

The New Jerusalem

It reminds me, somewhat, of the New Jerusalem in the Revelation of St. John.

Truly, truly. As you will observe, the Presence Form may be projected by the operator into some place distant from himself. Or it may be drawn from a distance by one or more people operating in unison. This was achieved by the second method. That Model City of the Jerusalem as perfected in the heavens was also reproduced by some company of operators by this same means, that is, by the exercise of will in creative energy. But the St. John did not follow its descent as it came down from above the heaven in which he stood. You should read it thus, that he saw the city Salem in Presence Form as it had descended from the Sphere above into that wherein he stood. It was quite obviously of a piece in process with this of smaller and less elaborate detail that I have but now described to you. It was, as I will say it, materialised into visibility in the sphere wherein he beheld it, a reproduction of the permanent Salem whose location was in the Sphere next in order above.

What about the Angels he saw at the gates?

These also were living Angels but in Presence Form also, by their own consent and wilful co-operation reproduced with the city itself in replica.

A Relic of the First Crusade

And what was the meaning of the statue of St, George in Sphere Eight?

It was set up in response to the prayers for help of those who went eastward on the first Crusade. It was in the gardens of a colony of people whose special mission was to those Crusaders. These set up the ideal of the Knight as conceived by the soldiers of England. It was not for use as ornament alone. It was sensitised in a way I am not able to make clear to you. But I will put it into words thus: that the thoughts and appeals which the armies crusading addressed to the Knight were attracted here where they were tested and dealt with, as all such prayer is dealt with. And the focus of this business was the Statue of the Knight of England.

What is it used for now?

Well, my son, its use is not entirely of the past even now. There are still some of those old Crusaders lingering behind down there in the darker spheres.[13] And these, on occasion, do still cry to their Patron. Such prayers are not of merit to match those offered to such as are of higher estate, and have less virtue of power than a sigh in the Name of Christ. But they be prayers nevertheless. And no prayer whether to God All Father, or to His Christ, or to His Operative Spirit, or to His Angel Princes is ever made in vain.

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[12] *See full explanation of Presence Form in Chapter 2*

[13] *This immediately raises the question as to how can it be that Judas of Kerioth has reached the Christ Spheres, yet some Crusaders can still be in the dark planes? And the answer to this is very clearly set out in the Padgett messages. It is simply the rate of progress that can be achieved when one follows a path of Divine Love, as opposed to simply following the natural love path. The clearest example of this is given by Julius Caesar, who had been in the hells from his death in March 44 B.C - about 2060 years until he learns how to get out via Divine Love, and then he gets out in no time at all - in about 19 months. All because he is now following the Divine Love path. However it is possible to get out of the hells following the natural love path a lot faster than 2000 years, but certainly not as fast as 19 months, given how deep he was. G.J.C.*

And is St, George a real person the Patron Saint of England?

I said not so, my son. I called him by no name. Yet, if you will, it is not amiss to do so. But keep it in mind that George was not always England's patron. There are others whose office that has been from time to time.

That company of whom I spoke, and who erected that Statue—I call it statue, but it was more than that word means to you—that company was the band in the Sphere Eight authorised by, and in touch with, those all whose special charge in the High Spheres was England and England's benediction. Not one Angel Knight alone but a shining company they be, my son, and I think they have sustained that charge right royally, and with not a little strength of purpose and of skill.

Do I appraise the matter justly, think you? Well, so let it rest therefore. By George of England, or by Knights of other names, England has been much favoured in benediction. And Amen to that say I your teller Arnel.‡

Chapter 9

"The Gate of the Christ His Realm"

Wednesday, 11th February, 1920.

You will now, my son, begin to see my meaning when I told you how the element of play and instruction, and of worship also, enters into the exercises to which these children are set. I will now tell you of one more incident, since I sense in your mind a reluctance to leave these pleasant pastures in which such children amuse themselves so gaily and so sweetly. But this shall be one in which the element of worship dominates over all.

In the buildings about the Hall of Pillars[14] there is one where, when the number of children is big, we gather them. It is a large rotunda. It is domed, and not open, above, as is the Hall of Pillars and the Golden Arcade. But the dome is not continuous and intact over the whole of its surface. There are four slits which, arising from the encircling walls, fling upwards and inwards and divide the roof into four pointed leaves. And these do not touch one the other at the highest part in the centre. They come to a sharp point each some four feet from the middle of the dome. And, being of gold, and not of much thickness, these sway up and down as the vibrations of worship lift or fall, being responsive. They respond, as I mean to say it, to the music of the worship and tincture it with their own vibrant resonance, and so add to its depth of sweetness. For upon these four golden flanges are directed the mental vibrations of those outside this Rotunda, some of the Sphere Seven, near or far afield, and some of Spheres superior, for our aid in worship and for our blessing.

The seats are set in circle round the open space which is beneath the middle of the dome, and rise in tiers to the walls encircling, with gallery-ways here and there, much as a building on the earth might be appointed. But within the open space, and somewhat out of centre, there is a canopy of blue and silver and crimson, all shot with yellow and green. It is set upon five pillars of some bronze alloy. But all the substance is opalescent, both the canopy and its supports. It is also highly magnetic and changeful in aspect, both of colour and also of substance. I have seen it, on occasion, become invisible in parts of it, or wholly disappear from view. Then it will again emerge into visible state, as if its particles had meanwhile been suspended in the atmosphere and called back once again into place.

Sensitive Substance in the Sphere Seven

My son, I pause to answer some difficulty I see within your mind. Do not be curious to cater for those who exalt the material unduly. Write down without this hesitancy what I put into your mind. It may meet with laughter from those who are still enmeshed in matter deeply. But there are others who do understand so much of these realms that they will not put it aside, but will reason upon it if perhaps they may receive instruction thus of what laws dominate that which stands to us as matter is with you.

The substance of things in these realms is of more lively content than it is on earth. It is less inert and more near such sensitiveness as you see in plant-life. So much so, indeed, that it is capable of so responding to the vibrations of our wills as to become endowed with what on earth would be counted animal life and almost conscious movement. It falls short of that, but an earth

[14] *A detailed description of the Sanctuary or Hall of Pillars is given by Castrel in Chapter 2 on page 22.*

dweller, seeing some of our operations upon the basic substance of this sphere, would surely cry, "it lives!" This is not so in the Spheres nearer Earth. I speak now of Sphere Seven solely.

Now, the children being gathered there, all was ready. So from the four gates set within the wall answering to the four slits in the dome above there came of their teachers a hundred or thereabout. They went within the circular space and made a ring facing outward towards the children.

When they had taken their station thus there came and stood under the canopy their leader, a woman, and near to her stood Wulfhere. Wulfhere I have already described to you. How shall I tell you of this other one— the Children's Angel-Mother of the Sphere Seven?

Please excuse me now, Arnel. I will sit for you tomorrow.

An Interruption in the Messages : Explanatory Note by G.V.O.

Tuesday, 12th October, 1920.

Before resuming my work I feel I ought to explain why the messages ceased so abruptly on February 11th.

The name of the Children's Angel-Mother was given to me as "Afrelda." This I refused to write down, as I doubted its authenticity. I thought my own mental process was getting to work and had slipped in between my communicators and my hand. The reason of my doubt was this: The name "Afrelda" is that by which we know my wife's mother, who passed over some fifty years ago.

I did not believe she could have attained to so high a position as the message would seem to imply.

I, therefore, broke off communication with the promise to sit again on the next evening.

This promise I kept, but nothing came through. So I resolved to suspend the sittings altogether unless, and until, I had received a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

It was not until some weeks later that the first attempt to throw light on the matter was successfully made. Others followed, and, as these have been noted in our books of the records of our experiences, it is unnecessary for me to put them in this note. Suffice it to say that I was at length entirely convinced that the name "Afrelda" was correctly given and, my doubts as to the matter being cleared away, I have, in accordance with several intimations given to me through my wife and others, determined to sit again for messages during this winter, as I did last winter.

Afrelda, Angel-Mother

Thursday, 14th October, 1920.

If Wulfhere were the embodiment of strength and majesty then this other was embodied sweetness. She expressed into the atmosphere a sense of grace perfumed with humility and holiness. As she stood within the Pavilion it firstly took on a look of more solidity by contrast with her delicacy, for here she, and not Wulfhere, gave the dominant tone to their environment. But, by and by, the pillars and the canopy atop absorbed these ambient factors into their substance and became more translucent than before.

The name of this other was Afrelda. Her face was more oval and of lighter hue than was that of Wulfhere, and her hair was of lighter brown, and also was gifted with less severity of outline. She was of lighter build and some half a head shorter of stature.

While they stood thus together in silence the circle of women, hands crossed abreast and eyes veiled, stood rapt in meditation. Then slowly they became raised from the ground until they were well above the Canopy. Then they slowly divided until there were three circles of them aloft concentric, and the smallest in diameter was poised just above the Canopy. As their disposition took on this threefold order their robes changed in their colouring. The topmost circle was gold; the middle one was silver and pink, and the lowermost blue.

This done, Afrelda raised her hand, and the children gave forth their joy in a song and, as they sang, there gathered about the three circles a cloud of pink-tinted light which, rising, touched the golden flanges above which vibrated responsive to the melody and slowly raised themselves, as the petals of a flower open to the sun's caress, until they did but slightly tilt inward, and left an open space over the Arena below.

Then another cloud flattened itself out upon the golden ring and rested upon the heads of the women until, by concentration, it took on a look of solidity, and a platform was made.

The Golden City

Upon this, the children, watching, saw, slowly emerging into visibility, a city modelled circular and of substance of gold. There were towers and walls and gates and gardens and broad streets, a city complete.

Now this City was quite solid of aspect, and yet the property was inspired into it which enabled it to become translucent so that the walls opposed no obstacle to vision. The children below could see in detail all that was therein. Near the middle of the City there was a large open space in which a great fountain of many-coloured waters played. These waters, overflowing their basins, blended their hues together and flowed down the streets and fell from the circular platform a shower of golden rain.

Now I was witness of all this, having taken my station at the gate of one of the gallery-ways behind where the children stood singing their anthem of joy. So I watched them, and tell you further, my son, as it transpired from the standpoint of me as observer.

This golden stream coming off the platform broke up into clouds of spray and floated forth upon the children, falling upon them like a shower of dew. It was greatly dynamic in its nature, and the effect of its contact upon the children was to uplift them in their aspiration and to subliminate them bodily also.

Another factor now entered into the transaction which had the effect of recondensing the spray, but it did not now take on substance as a liquid but—how shall I say it?—it contracted itself until it formed two inclined causeways of elastic and vibrating material, but strong and cohesive, which came from the two outgoings of the broad-way which traversed the City through, going from the central Fountain and emerging on either side at the two largest gates.

So these two gallery-ways stretched out from opposite sides of the platform whereon the City stood and rested, as to their base, just within the arena in front of the children who were in a circle.

I was very interested to see what would ensue, and so were the little ones. But some of the older children, as I watched their faces, betrayed the fact that they had already been schooled as to the part they should play. These beamed forth their happiness at the surprise and wonderment apparent on the part of the little ones, being proud, no doubt, of their superior wisdom and years. They love to mother the babes, and I have noticed the boys are not less avid of this pleasure than are the girls.

Very well. What ensued was this. Afrelda left the Pavilion and came to the bottom of one of these inclined causeways, while I noticed there was with her also another woman whom I did not see before. And to the other gallery-way went two young women and took their station at the foot of its rise within the Arena. Then all four began to ascend and, as they went, the children fell into a column in their rear and followed them up through the two Great Gates into the City.

A New Aspect of Distance

I must pause here to explain somewhat, if I am able. Mark you, my son, this was all enacted in the Seventh Sphere, as we have numbered the spheres in these messages. Now the basic element of earth matter is ether, as you have named it. But the basic substance out of which the matter of the Sphere Seven is made is of quality very much more sublimate, and has properties of manipulation which did not enter into the matter of your universe. Thus it came to be that, although all the City stood spatially within the Hall, yet it had properties of distance which were quite real, and yet not normal to that sphere. They were infused into it from the higher sphere, which had also given genesis to the City itself. So.

Therefore, the children, entering into the broad way and continuing on toward the open Space of the Fountain, presented to my vision, as I stood there within the galley-way by the wall of the building, an aspect of distance ever increasing as they proceeded away from me. They grew smaller to the vision, just as they would have done had they gone miles away over the open country. The word "illusion" I see take form in your mind. But, no, my son, it was not quite what you understand by optical illusion, which greatly depends on the law of comparison.

It was not that, but rather a quality not normal to the Sphere Seven descending upon these who were of this sphere and transmuting them, as to their bodily appearance, into a condition not normal to them ordinarily. I am sorry, my son, I cannot get at it more nearly because you have not any mental concepts which would accommodate my purpose.

Spiritual Transmutation

The double procession, therefore, met within the Open Space about the Fountain, and, blending, passed in one column through the gate of a large building. It was very beautiful, this Temple, all ashine with light from the Spheres above and, therefore, brighter than anything else about it. And over the gateway through which the procession passed there was writ the legend of its purpose, namely, "The Gate of the Christ His Realm."

I read this, and understood then the meaning of all that I had seen. These children had been called together, they had been baptised with the golden shower of His grace to condition them for His Presence, and now they had gone up into His Own Sphere to pay Him their worship and to receive of Him His blessing.

And surely it was so even as I have written, for later the whole City gradually resumed its condition of invisibility and was gone from my sight with all the women and children, and none were any more to be seen.

Do you mean that the great Hall into which they had gone was a kind of vestibule to the Christ Sphere?

I would not put it quite that way, my son. I would rather say it was of the nature of a vehicle of transmutation. It did not go away with them, ascending into the heavens aloft. I, therefore, do not say conveyance; but transmutation. Because it faded away from my sight and, that done, they also were not seen any more. I knew that their conditioning to the environment of the Christ His

Sphere, began in the Rotunda, and had been completed in the Temple before which the Fountain played. That Fountain, as other I know of in different Spheres, had its source in the Sphere of the Christ, and was charged with His grace of power.

Rivers Traversing the Atmosphere

And how did the Children and their leaders get back again into Sphere Seven, Arnel?

They came along one of the rivers which traverse the atmosphere of these spheres.

Imagine a canal, or a river, of some liquid flowing through a fluid such as the belt of atmosphere about Earth. There are such conduits of substance made denser than the atmosphere of the Heavens by precipitation. These are made and placed as occasion arises by certain students of chemistry in the higher Spheres. The children were sent home in boats along one such river, and landed from a lake of that Seventh Sphere on to which this river gave. Remember, they were children, many little more than babes, and they were given what most they would enjoy. I saw them at their coming ashore and I testify to you, my son, their bonny faces were aglow with smiles. I had some difficulty to get at any idea of their adventures, so many were again at once crying to me their wares of wonder and delight.

But they one and all took on a more demure countenance out of love and reverence when they spoke of the greatest delight and wonder of them all. For they had looked upon the Child in His own Home.

Beauty, Stern and Sweet

Tuesday, 19th October, 1920.

THERE was left with me in that great space one other beside. Wulfhere sat upon the step of the Pavilion, silent and in deep meditation.

I did not heed her, no, I confess to you, my son, I too was rapt more than a little of the beauty of what had come about since I entered there.

The innocence and sweetness of these dear children was in-gathered into the person of their Angel Mother, and all had dissolved now out of the substance into memory. To such as I what virgin conversation was among these little flowers of the Lord Christ His Kingdom was like the treble octave of some great sweet angel's harping, and my place in the deeper harmony below seemed not to consort with their more ethereal beauties of harmony. Their song soared aloft, my own was basic and gathered some gloom of the lower spheres into its more sombre timbre.

And yet, my son, the one is not alone more beautiful by contrast with the other, but rather gathers substance of tone by the blending. This at least shall comfort me for my later years. And one thing else also; a beautiful man is a joy to those who look upon his countenance, but the silver must needs be very exquisitely burnished or ever himself may drink in pleasure of his comeliness so plentifully. And so it is with these little lambs of our Shepherd. The older sort may enjoy to consider of their sweet loveliness, while themselves are not unmindful of how sweet and lovely they be.

Your mind is not quite placid of my words, my son. But you will know one day that we who descend into the depths to make a conquest of souls do not go unscathed. Yet take heart of it, to know that our wounds have still a beauty all their own. We who have gathered scars in the great campaign, and those little ones whose scars are light or none at all, are both as He is in His varied richness of content spiritually. I have seen Him the Child, and I have seen Him the Captain Royal

at grips with powers of the gloom of the deeper hells, stern and inflexible and very great in His onset, and I know not in which guise He was more beautiful. Yes. He is to them and to us as One. So.

But I thank you, my son, for that shade of sadness which clouded over your spirit as I breathed upon the mirror of your mind with the breath of my sighing for a moment. It was a tribute of your grown love for me, which has ripened of late since we have talked together thus. God give you, gentle friend, for your kindly sympathy.

"Golden Wings Vibrating"

But we must no longer thus, my son. For work is afoot, and already the trumpet blasts the veil and lays to view the spheres below, and we must away there, for there is work afoot of which I must tell you; for that is the role which has been laid upon me in Council. And I have accepted it, and I must do it.

Suffice it I was not alone remiss in this one matter. For there sat Wulfhere, that indomitable queen of very rare strength, thinking thoughts, no doubt, as listless as my own.

Later, however, she roused herself and called me to her by hand-wave. When I had come to her she pointed up where the four golden flanges still stood uplifted, leaving the outer space uncovered to our eyes.

And she said, "Good Arnel, they be very lovely, those great golden wings vibrating there as if they would rise and float in their company who, but now a little since, were thrilling their broad brightness with the lilting of their glad music; I think they be very beautiful, these."

Yet I knew her mind was not lopped of vision at those flanges, but it portrayed a sally of further range. And with pause she came at it: for she said, "But, my friend, do you of your kindness look afield yonder and tell me do you see them, those little ones, and their god-dams, where they now amuse themselves in their winsomeness? Do you see them, Arnel, and what they do where they are at this time?"

But I could see nothing. I did look aloft through the hole atop and peered into the spaces above very strenuously. I could see nothing, and told her so.

Stirring Motherhood

"No," she replied, but spoke more to the heart of her own memory than to me, "No; we be too much mingled with the darker duties and affairs about Earth and those outlands of the Kingdom, and that is why. Yet the sometime motherhood in me, which stirred me in those ages past and gone, is with me still. My own fair children all are grown, and most of them have faired mightily up and down the deeps of those vast reaches among the constellations farflung into the ends of space. I have no such little one as these any more, nor have for long ages past. And yet my bosom is ready for a little brown-gold head to nestle therein, and these my hands which have broken powers of iron more times than once, would tend him fondly and very gently. Well, well one day my present work will find completion at these same hands of mine, and then perhaps a rest will be given to me for a space, and I will get to me some such band as yonder bevy of little children, then—"

She did not finish her speech. She trailed off into monotone and then to silence. On her face there was the look of one who suffered, but who, while suffering, still held command. Yes, Wulfhere was royal in whatever part she took a hand to play it. But at the moment, while she stood and was silent, I got a glimpse of Wulfhere the maid, in years young and virgin, with the maid's

sweet wistful instinct after motherhood in her heart. And it was a very lovely maid I glimpsed. And yet, when that film of the ages past faded from her face and she became once again Wulfhere the leader and doer of many things, I thought she was the more comely still.

Start of Book 6

Chapter 10

Wulfhere's Power Subdues Rebellion

Wednesday, 20th October, 1920.

I THINK it was not less than ten thousand, or thereabouts, they numbered who were gathered together below the stairs before the House of Orders. Wulfhere[15] stood upon the topmost flight, and waited while they came to some agreement by which they might lay before her their common plea. It is so in the Sphere Three, for here they are wholly released from the influences of Earth, being only two stages beyond it, and that advancement is not so much a result of an access to greater strength as a training out of certain elements of weakness. It is not so much a progress ahead, as a preparation for that time when the call is given to them to go forward in their ways.

So it is that the Sphere Three is organised into many departments, each with a special line of training. Most of those who are admitted into this sphere needs must pass through many of these, and some through all of them. It is a sphere which is still very sensitive to Earth and the thoughts of those still incarnate there, because, firstly, it is so little removed; and, secondly, very many of those in that sphere have friends still on earth life. Between these and those there is much responsive feeling, albeit neither are able very clearly to understand the cause of such effect, nor where and how it comes to them.

Now over one of these departments Wulfhere had been given charge, and this House of Orders was it from which directions were sent forth as to the duties to be done by those in that particular colony. But they were not always content to carry out what task was set them and here they were, at this time, ten thousand of them to tell us why.

Their Lady stood upon the stairs alone, and we of the Band, being twenty one, were gathered beneath the porch whose arches were heaped above us and which secluded us somewhat from the full gaze of the crowd.

Complaint and Defiance

At length she spoke to them after this fashion:

"Now you have quietened somewhat, my children, I would like to know what your issues and, when you have stated it completely, I will try to help you. So do pay attention while this one tries to tell me what you feel to be amiss."

Then to the bottom of the stairs there came a tall and not uncomely man, and he stood there for a moment away from his fellows. After which he lifted up his head and spoke to her.

"We have come to you to state what we feel to be, not amiss alone, but unjust also. What is amiss we feel is that you, a woman, are placed above us who are not used to leadership such as yours is likely to be, but who have previously followed after the leading of men, and men also whom we have elected to lead us and, further, to lead us on the road we ourselves chose. That is our complaint in its first count. That is what I mean by the word amiss."

"The injustice, which tries us our patience somewhat sorely, madam, is that we are not yet

[15] *See Glossary at the end.*

advanced into better quarters. This is not a just complaint in all of us, for some there are most apparently who are not yet fitted to be advanced, either by their length of service, or by their attained qualifications in the work of this realm. Yet most of us are so fitted and do merit advancement, and that is our complaint in respect of injustice, and that is our claim."

"I think," said Wulfhere, "my little one, you—"

But he cut her short, and said, "I do not wish to barter words with you, you being a woman, madam, but I protest at your assumption of motherhood on my behalf. I am not your little one, madam, and I would ask that you treat me as the chosen delegate of these comrades of mine who are out to get what we now do you the courtesy to ask of you. We know not who set you where you are. nor from whence you came. But when my lord Shonar[16] left us we found you had been placed in the House of Orders. It is therefore we come to you, willing to speak fair. But we are able-bodied men of mature years, and with wills all our own to use. If we get what we want by your consent it will be well. If you do not choose to listen to us—"

"If I do not listen, yes?"

"Madam, I will ask you for your answer, and I hope you will frame that answer wisely."

"I will answer you, my little one," she said, "and I use that term in no unkindly way. You are the delegate to your fellows here, and you are one of the strongest of them all. That is why they chose you to speak to me. Your strength of will and of mind is not small, and that is good. But you use it ill for lack of humility. For your own sake, but more for the sake of those behind you whom you are misleading, it is necessary that I should show to you the limit of your powers. Come here to me."

"A Child Who Needs Wise Leading"

He stood still. But she looked down straight upon him, not sternly nor fiercely, but almost casually. And yet I saw how soon his face became unquiet, and a shade of perplexity passed over it, and then a faint quivering of fear. So he came up the steps, one by one, very slowly, and at length stood before her.

She then spoke to the people, "My little ones," she said, "if I call you so, you have the right to know I am of strength to rule you and guide you as a mother shall order her family of babes. This man is your chosen leader, and in this you have showed wisdom, for he is indeed the greatest among you all. But he is not in any way fit in all his parts. I, therefore, will show him and you that he is to me as you are, a child who needs wise leading in order that he may go on his way without mishap."

So she turned to him and placed her hands upon his shoulders and, as she did so, he became changed in aspect. His hair became white, and his knees began to falter. His clothes were of an ashen hue, and his eyes were dull and sunken. She removed her hands and spoke to him, not unkindly, "And now, my little one, do you acknowledge me as strong and wise, and will you follow me in my leading?"

And in a weak voice he said, "Madam, you are what you say you are. You are fit to lead us. But I will not follow you, by your good leave. I know the message of your mind upon me, madam, I will go where you would advise me to go, madam."

"Now, my child, you have more of sweetness in you, and more of dignity, than you had when you spoke to me with larger words and less wisdom. You see already it is well that you traverse once more the way you came, and this time more carefully. For that reason your progress

[16] *See Glossary at the end.*

will be speedy. So take heart of me, my son, for I will send to you of my strength and goodwill, and when you come here to me later you will be able to help me in the governance of this people, and I shall value your service.

He knelt before her, and she laid her hands upon his bowed head with its long hair of dusted white. Then he left her and, going slowly and somewhat haltingly down the stairs, he passed through the crowd, which parted for his passage on his journey to the Sphere One to which he had been reduced in condition.

You see, my son, he could not stay in Sphere Three while conditioned to the environment of Sphere One. So he, of his own will, departed.[17]

"A Smack of Eastern Magic"

This is a rather a strange tale, Arnel, isn't it? It has a smack of Eastern magic about it. Don't you think so?

My son, what you say is true. But of that same magic I will tell you this :

There were, and are, certain powers which those of Eastern countries know how to use. But such tales of magic as the changing of a man into a beast, or the reverse, or the heaping of age upon a man, or the lifting of years from an old person so that he becomes a comely youth, these they did not do, and do not happen in the flesh. They are the versions of men, and women too, of psychic faculties who translate into the picture language of the Orient what things have been shown to them here. It is the magic of the spheres which they tell, and tell in that language of words with which they are conversant.

I see what you mean.

But still you are doubtful. Well, my son, the word "magic" was your own. I would prefer some such word as "process" or "science." What I have recounted to you is not always done in such a dramatic setting. That was necessary in this case as it was an object lesson for a crowd of somewhat vain and discontented people not much matured in wisdom to suit their years. But, although it is exceptional, yet it is no rare thing that a man be put back a sphere or so for his own more sure advancement. That is especially true of the first three spheres, where they do often get mixed up into a sphere ahead of their normal environment. They are allowed to do so, as this one was, that being the better way to teach the needed lesson when they be vain and wilful as was he.

That is the beginning and end of it, my son—a process of the science of the spheres, in this case dressed up for that multitude who could learn thus where plain reasoning would have been in vain.

Pain, the Surgeon's Knife

Thursday, 21st October, 1920.

[17] *This would have to rate as one of the most surprising incidences I have ever read about in the last 15 years of studying communications about life after death. On the one hand we readily accept that advanced spirits can "bless" less developed spirits and in fact heal or otherwise alter weaknesses that they may display, yet never have I read of a spirit being "downgraded." The reasoning behind this being necessary is clearly set out above, yet even so it seems to be at variance with the Law of Attraction which in essence ensures that spirits are in that location to which they are precisely suited. It would seem to me that perhaps the Law of Attraction is somewhat "elastic"? We do of course know of spirits in the dark planes who are being held captive in regions below that to which they should be in, and instances of these have been covered in earlier volumes in this series. But that still seems a very different matter to this downgrading process. G.J.C.*

Of the transactions ensuing I have a lively remembrance, for it was one of those affairs into which the surgeon's knife intruded willy-nilly. Such has two edges, one for the sick and one for the healer.

Wulfhere spoke to them when their leader had departed. She said, "In the higher spheres, my children, wisdom is of such a quality as to enable leader and followers to work in harmony. Dominance of leadership is not known, for both are attuned, each to other, in love and confidence. But here you are so little progressed in this same wisdom that it is of necessity that command and obedience be definite and pronounced. You have need, not so greatly of the leading of a Captain at Arms, as of the mothering of some strong woman's heart. It is therefore I was chosen and sent to you. If you ask what be my qualities are for such a task, I tell you right willingly. I stand before you now in simple guise as a woman. But I have to my years many centuries of strenuous work here and there about the universe.

"In times past I was a mother of earth, as were some of you but recently. Since then I have had little time to give much heed to thoughts so tender as those which fill a mother's heart. But awhile ago it was brought in upon me once again—my erstwhile motherhood, and now I understand how deep into the rock beneath is built that same sweet estate—maternity. I have played the domineering woman for the love of souls, but I am as I find it now a mother more than all else beside. And that, as I reckon it up, is the reason for my mission here among you.

"And now, my children, I bid you trust the mother's love and wisdom of mine, and I will do well by you that you may in time go forward into the brightening light beyond those hills which bound your present realm.

"And if your training has in it some pain, know that every mother also understands what pain her children suffer, inasmuch as, at their arrival pain became to her a sacred thing, an offering of love to the child of her bearing.

"Stand still, my little ones, and keep in silence awhile, and you will understand the better what I tell you, and some of the sweetness which is resident in pain."

Dipping into the Past

What followed I tell you as it was experienced by those people, and then I will tell you of the inner cause of it all.

They were much taken at the power displayed by Wulfhere upon the strongest among them whom they had elected their leader. They were, therefore, of a mind to give to her reverence, and to do as she said to them. Also she did not again vaunt her victory over their delegate, but spoke firmly nevertheless, and yet almost with some humility before them, and certainly with quietness and wisdom. All of them, therefore, except a few unruly ones, took her words to heart and bowed their heads to the silence.

Those who were still rebellious first gave signs of the mysterious powers which had descended upon that multitude. They began to fling up their heads, or to set off on their ways with no permission but their own, or some even to set about shouting out their defiance at the influence they felt about them.

Suddenly these all became still and speechless. They stood like carven statues amid the crowd, bereft of speech and power of motion and in a profound slumber. No one of their neighbours noted this, for each was too intent upon his own business of introspection.

Next, one and another would start as if a knife had pricked him. One would cry, "Alas, my

wife, and alas to me that I did use her so badly." Another, "But, my baby, you will look with pity upon me when we meet, will you not? I did not deal with you as a mother ought to do, my little one, but lo, my mother's heart is now all torn and bleeding until you call me mother once again in my grief, my baby, baby mine." Another, "That I should come to treat you so, dear heart, to cast you aside when that one face I thought more fair than yours looked liquid love into my eyes. No, the light in them and mine was not lit by love from heaven but by the glint of hell. But do you remember now our love of old, and all things else forget, sweet lass of mine, and tell me you do not hold me to your scorn."

Another, "Would I might shape once again the course of my earth journey. I thought it was good metal of gold and worthy the fight for it, yes I fought a man's fight for its owning, and found it was not of worth so much as that a child should use it for counters in his nursery games. A fool I was, and a fool I am, yet, knowing that, I am the lesser fool today. God save me for some little place in service to my fellows, who thought to rule them once with what to me was so great in worth." Another likewise, "But where did I find it when I came here? No, it was not with me anymore, all those fields and their hedges and the houses, they were vapoured into nothing and I was without property or chattel to my name. I am a sorry man today, for, in getting those things, I troubled many, and myself not least in the end of it."

The Fruit of Heart Searching

And so it went on, they murmuring these things, while many a tear and many a sob witnessed to the anguish within them which, filling up their hearts, left no room for anything else, and burst forth thus in outer expression. But none heard or heeded another in his heart searching, for each had all he could to sustain his own affairs of such remembrance.

At long last Wulfhere spoke to them. She said: "And now, my little ones, I call you back out of the past where you have been gleaning wheat for your present sowing. Well, I promise it shall bear good fruitage to your hand. But go your ways now to your own homes, and think further of those who have suffered by your wrong-doing, and then we will meet together once again for further counsel. You shall not be without answer while you pay your reverence to the silence, for those who concern you shall be told of your need, and they shall bring you comfort. But few of you will see or hear them, yet I will do this for you, so you be diligent to keep yourselves in humble mind and in kindness to your fellow men."

So they went in silence to the silence of their own homes to let the will of Wulfhere work upon them from the House of Orders. For now they had come to believe that she was able to do what she promised she would do.

Behind the Scenes

And now, my son, I will tell you the inward meaning of these phenomena. There were three parties within the Porch of the House. These were each of six, with their leader, men and women both. At the sign from Wulfhere we moved, for we all had been given knowledge of what we had to do, and we did it quietly and without any stir at all.

We began by changing our condition from that of Sphere Three to that of Sphere Five. By such operation we became invisible to the multitude, and also able to get the more easily at their inner, higher selves. Thus invisible, one Seven advanced to the stair-top and stood in line; the other two Sevens went out over the crowd and encircled it on three sides.

Thus stationed we each selected the man or woman whose innermost soul seemed to offer

appropriate ground to one or other of our own varied personalities. Quickly we searched out the faults therein which still remained to tie his feet and make him halt upon the road of progress. This done, we sent a swift lancet of light into that spot. This light was not of the Third Sphere, but of Sphere Five. It was, therefore, very poignant, and it gave to him a sharp stab of pain. The effect, however, was instantaneous, and it was witnessed outwardly by the look upon his face, and often, as I have told you, by some self-confession and murmur of regret. We went from one to another, and our operations were conducted with great speed. So in a very little while we had touched them all and our work was done.

That was somewhat difficult to explain to you with precision, my son. Have I told you so that you understand it?

Yes, I think so, Arnel, thank you.

Yes, I think you have it as I look upon your mind from my present point of vantage. You see, my son, as we dealt with the crowd so I am dealing with you in essence. I deal direct with your mind, being thus advantaged, namely, that I am able to get at you from this interior sphere.

Now I must tell you one thing else, and then my tale is complete. "As in Heaven, so in Earth."

Those rebellious ones were left, one here and there, when the multitude had dispersed.

How many remained?

Some twenty two out of them all. Of these I think some half were women. They stood there still and unconscious. So we took them as they were, and carried them into the Sphere One. Here we sought out the delegate who had gone on before, and gave them into his charge to teach them and lead them so that, when the time should come, they might be re-admitted into the Sphere Three. He was greatly heartened at this first mark of our confidence in him, and is doing this work right well. Also, he himself is learning so well that one day he will be a great leader, I think.

One word more of mine, my son, and it is this. I have told you of a series of transactions in the spirit life, and of the part we played in them, we helpers from a higher sphere. I have told you this in order to show to you the conditions of life here obtaining, where you also one day will be set to serve your fellows. But I have another object to my narrative. For, as above so below. We were not seen by those on whom we cast our influence to help them. Even so, we deal with you who still go on your ways through the life of earth. When you are in companies we deal thus with you, and when you are alone in the silence also. Whether abroad or at home, we have you in our good care and watchful keeping. And as we dealt with these, so do we daily deal with you.

Chapter 11

Man and His Environment

Thursday 28th October, 1920.

THIS same Sphere Three is that to which so many of you come very soon after your passing that it would perhaps be of interest to you if I should explain in somewhat more detail concerning it.

First as to the reason why so many pass directly into Sphere Three, and so many more come through the two spheres next below quickly into this one.

Consider Earth as at presently it is constituted and conditioned. In respect of Earth the planet, you have many phases of beauty and of ugliness displayed; also there are parts which these two terms are not competent to appraise exactly. We must find other terms to use, such as fierceness, grandeur, solitude and the like. Your philosophers will admit that all effects are true mirrors of their peculiar causes. So. Then these phenomenal effects in the scenic conditions of the planet must have causes appropriate to the conditions they display.

Mind-Waves Produce the Atom

These causes are not found either in the phenomena or among them. I say they are not so found displayed. And yet these same causes are both in and among these phenomenal effects : in them, causatively or dynamically; among them, cohering.

These flamboyant displays in nature are just an extension of the same process by which the atom is made and used. It is made by the projection of the principle of motion into the ether in such a way as to set up a certain stir in that element operative at the same time in two phases. These two phases may be roughly named spiral and centripetal, which, combining dynamically, produce the atom as a result. The stir of which I spoke has created some little perplexity in your mind, my son. I do not know whether my English will serve very well. You see I am limited to your own mental limitations, and you also are not always as malleable as I could wish. I have to hook you as you rise, and alas you, moreover, slip the hook full often and——

Arnel——

No, my son, do not write it. It is just what I say. Now, I used that word "stir" to describe the effect, in your realm of outer manifestation, of the projection from this inner realm of spirit of the more refined and sublimate mind-waves which, plunging into the denser material which you call ether, produce this stir by reason of the friction consequent on the opposition offered by that same ether.

No two different things are of equal potency. These mind-waves are of more potency than inert ether, which, therefore, is compelled to conform to the operation of the more powerful element. The result in form is the atom—not the etheric atom but the atom of matter.

Now this is the basic substance of which your planet is made. From what I have already said you will see that this substance is continuously correspondent to a spiritual energy directed upon it from the inner or higher realms. This being so, then it follows that the whole of the planet Earth, in all its parts and details, is also continuously engaged in displaying outwardly the effects of spiritual causes.

Human Energy Affects Surroundings

The beings who set up these mind-waves are composed of the whole of that great multitude who are in touch in any way with Earth. And among these are those spirits incarnate who dwell upon the face of the planet.

Us?

Even so, my son; you people of Earth. Now cast your mind over the countries of Earth and you will see several things.

Some regions are beautiful, and some are not beautiful. But nearly all the regions of Earth are beautiful in some way or other way where man has not interfered with the working of, what you would call Nature. It is where men take in hand this same formative process that we find Nature assuming a less beautiful aspect.

I see your further perplexity—I will explain. You think the average Central African savage lives his life on a lower level spiritually than the average European. And yet his country is more beautiful and more genial in climate than your own. Well, that latter estimate would have to be modified to be correct. But let it pass as material for argument; it will serve.

Your perplexity will fade away if you apply to the problem just this one truth. The African is spiritually of less dynamic potency than the more developed European. He is, therefore, the less able to affect the environment for good or for evil, for beauty or for ugliness. A slag-heap or a slum street is a very wonderful thing. It is at once a witness to the spiritual progress of its creators, and also to that fact that their spiritual powers have been only imperfectly applied. While the slag-heap implies the locomotive engine, it also implies a motive in the mind of its creators dominant over the desire for beauty, and that is the great and forceful motive power of greed—the acquisitive instinct carried into excess.

The ensuing results are also in keeping; they are accidents to the bodies of people, the pain caused to those who are bereaved, the further marring of the Earth by the railway tracks, and so on. I speak of this one machine alone. But you must apply the principle further.

Even so. And yet all this is a witness to the fact that the European has reached a higher state of development spiritually than the African. I say ‘spiritually’ because all development is spiritual ultimately, whether the spiritual power so acquired be directed to good or evil purposes.

So you have this diversity of display upon the Earth, in consequence of the response made by matter to the energising of spirit. So is it in the Sphere Three. I have set out these elementary facts in order that you should the more readily grasp the conditions of the Sphere Three. Of these I will tell you when you sit for me again.

Conditions in the Sphere Three

Tuesday, 2nd November, 1920.

Now the conditions which obtain in the economy of the Earth, as I have explained them to you, may be translated here, but with one very important modification.

We will describe it in this way : that free-will operates from the centre outwardly towards the circumference of creation. At the centre is God, we will say. He is the Source of all Free-will, and from His own store supplies the stuff out of which all lesser free-willed beings are made. These, being free indeed, are competent to modify His wilful operation and, in a degree, conform this to their own measure. In other words every free-willed being creates his own environment.

As we proceed inward towards the centre, freedom of will is exercised ever more and more in accordance with the mind of God. It is therefore that the environment of those High Beings becomes more subjective the higher we go, as it becomes more objective the lower we go, or the nearer we approach the circumference.

Presence and Omnipresence

In Earth the environment is very much objective. As you advance in the spheres nearer and nearer to the Central Energy, Whom we call God, the environment becomes the more sublimated in substance. It is therefore the more easily moulded into conformity with the wills of those who inhabit it. So, I say, their environment becomes more and more subjective the higher we go. This is another way of saying that these High Beings, because they absorb more of their environment into themselves become, ipso facto, the more universal. They, encompass within themselves more content of space, or being, or what other counter you will to use to reckon them up in their several degrees of power.

The Creator sums up, and includes within Himself, the whole of space, or being, and so becomes universally Subjective. He is His own environment. Considered from the innermost outwards, this is Omnipresence and, inversely, it is Unity.

Here, and here alone, is Being raised to its highest intensity of silence and stillness. It is here resident in that white heat of static energy continuously operative. This is a paradox, for paradox alone is competent to express to you, and to us who speak to you, the Omnipotence of that One Who is neither subjective nor objective, but eternally persists, the One Great Is of all Being; the sole I Am.

Materialising Thought

Now you will see that the further outwards we proceed from spirit towards matter, the more objective becomes the substance of which our environment is made. On the planet Earth it is frankly material. In the region next in order above Earth it is less material and more ethereal; then it is ethereal; and then it is more spiritual than ethereal; and then it is spiritual; and then it is spiritual but more sublimate. The modification of which I spoke is the removal of the material environment, or its replacement by the spiritual. Try to imagine what this means as between free-will and its outer expression in form. Think of all the intermediate processes which you find necessary in order to materialise a thought on Earth.

A man moves in his innermost being and the effect is a thought. This impinges upon the material brain. The brain is used as a mixing chamber. Then when the elements are blended in due proportion, a message is sent to the hand, or foot, or eyes, or all of them at one time. They, working in concert, produce a plan of building. This is handed to another man, and he gathers other his fellow craftsmen and they, in turn, gather wood and iron and stone and other things material. They then set out to build their house.

"Everyone Goes to His Own Place"

Now all this procedure is of necessity by reason of the environment in which they move being material.

But on crossing over here by death, you do in one operation cast off the environment of matter and begin at once to operate in an environment of spirit. All these intervening processes are

eliminated, and mind acts directly upon the environment and takes expression in form.

The effect is therefore, both more immediate in response, and also more plainly apparent. So apparent is it indeed that it is not possible for those significantly varied in temperament to dwell together. All would be confusion.

No, by this very same law, (The Law of Attraction) and by normal gravitational interaction, everyone goes to his own place.

It is not quite true to say that the spheres nearer Earth are more material than those further away. This is only said in order to explain the denser environment in contradistinction to that more refined. But nearer the Earth the environment does seem, to those who have lately come, over-much material, because they have not yet learned fully the great change which has come upon them as to their subjective state. The new state answers to their new environment so naturally that, until they begin to do things, they do not realise how responsive over that of earth is the basic substance of that sphere into which they have newly come. They do find it then, and often with some shock, like child and fire.

But for some three spheres next to Earth conditions are much mixed and only as you continue advancing do you find the harmony increase amongst the members of one sphere, and this is more and more the higher up you go.

In the Sphere Three, therefore, there are places which, responding to those whose wills are the more in harmony with the Central Unity than others are, are more beautiful by reason of such response. Also inversely.

Heaven and Hell

Now, my son, you people of Earth have been right busy of late generations in classifying people into the good who go to heaven and the bad who go to hell. But think about it. If these two regions are found over here, and nowhere else, where stands Earth in relation to these two?

I tell you that Earth is neither heaven nor hell in total, but has of both to its blend. And this I have spoken of in my previous messages. We here, looking into your hearts, find there are some who are nearly all in heaven, and others who are nearly all in hell, and other some who are nearer half and half. So is it, therefore, in these first three spheres of spirit. There is no sharp boundary to the hells. The descent there is gradual and by the way are to be found people of every degree of forwardness.

So, having told you something of the Sphere Three and its rather perplexing constitution, I am able, proceeding, to outlay for you some few of the transactions of which I have been witness therein. And this I will do by your further good service to write for me, my son.

Chapter 12

The Aftermath of an Earth Tragedy

Wednesday, 3rd November, 1920,

WHAT I have written by your hand at these last two times, bear in mind, my son, and interpret what ensues in the language I have used.

Repentance is no more, nor no less, than a readjustment of the personality to a new environment. It is truly scientific. But into the science of spirit—yes, and all science is spiritual nevertheless—there enters in the one factor which marks it with that same brand : Freewill. This makes the prize of advancement well worth the hazard, but it lifts the attainment thereof to a higher level, and the ascent is often very steep, and very much surrounded by dangers.

I was near the borderland between Spheres Three and Two. I had been commissioned to watch there for the coming of some to whom I would likely be of benefit.

Now in these lower spheres we helpers do not so often go about in visible guise as we do in those even a little higher in degree. We can do our work the better the other way. So I stood there unseen.

There was a pleasant path at that spot, with grass and trees about it and banks of flowers, not luxuriant but rather restful. A cutting ran through the bank toward the lower lands of Sphere Two, and dipped somewhat steeply a few yards beyond the bank; then more steeply still, and fell into the valley below where, as seen from this elevation, it was dim and misty.

Unseen, therefore, I stood upon this bank near the edge of the cutting, for I knew one of the people from below must come up this way. For a long distance on either side it was a precipice. Only here was there to be found a rather difficult path with footing.

Soon I saw the one for whose help I had been sent there. He was a man who climbed slowly and with much labour, pausing to rest many times in his ascent.

I stood there and read him. He had passed from Earth life somewhere about middle age. He had gone to one of the hells, and had worked his way painfully onwards until he had reached this dim place. The magnet which drew him was remorse for wrong done, and love for one who had passed on a little before him. This one, made frenzied by much anguish, had thrown herself into the waters, and her life went out of her. She went then to the Sphere One, but was specially guarded, for she had suffered much at his hands, and soon was able to poise her mind for advance towards the light.

I watched him as he stood awhile to rest. He shaded his eyes and gazed steadfastly aloft, and I saw he was looking at this same woman. She sat upon the top of the bank and, looking upward, he saw her side-on. But she did not see him because, viewed from her own station, his less progressed form would have been very dim to her sight. And among the rocks whereabouts he moved, to her he was quite invisible.

I saw a look of strange eagerness come into his face, a look of love and of sorrow and pity. Yes, there was some evidence of increasing goodness in him now. So he strove upwards towards her and I could see a plea for forgiveness upon his lips. Then something happened.

Mother and Child

Along the road beneath the bank there came two people. One was a woman of very bright

lustre and the other, a little boy of some ten or twelve summers, was of a form more ethereal still. They paused a good distance away and the woman let go of his hand. Then I saw him take on a more solid aspect and, when he had assumed full visibility, he came running along the road to the girl and, flinging himself down upon his knees, put his beautiful arms about her and kissed her upon the cheek. She looked startled at this, and in much doubt as to its meaning. She pressed back her shoulders, and looked upon his face, and cried out afraid. But, on impulse of great love, she thrust aside her fear and, taking him close within her bosom, she fell to tears. At last he said : "No, my mother, do not cry so. All has been told to me, my mother, and I know it was not your hand which thrust me hence of Earth into these realms of spirit. It was very wicked that he should do that. And this, dear mother, is but one of his many very great sins. But you and I and my angel will help him, mother, and in some long time perhaps he will come here good and beautiful, dear, as others have done before."

But still she wept with head upon her knees, now in shame and great sorrow. So he, being released, looked around him. Just above where she sat there spread a tree of blossom. So he stood upon the bank and, stretching upward, broke a beautiful spray. This he wove into a wreath and, going to his mother, kissed her upon the hair and then encircled the kiss with the crown of flowers.

"Memories of Yesterday"

When the boy stood upon the bank-top the man over there below saw him for the first time. He looked up at him very curiously. He seemed to be aware of some affinity with the boy which he could not define. But when he saw the lad kiss his mother and crown her with the flowers, his perplexity was resolved suddenly, and with no further effort of his own, a look of horror and frenzied fear came upon him, his face turned livid and he, collapsing, fell headlong down the hill. He struck one boulder after another and at length lay inert and still at the bottom of the pass where the mist was gathered. And where he lay it became denser than elsewhere, attracted towards him by the conditions about his spirit, I knew that he would be a hard man to deal with, for to his fear I saw a sudden hatred added.

The girl did not see him, nor did the boy. When the man cried out she sat still to listen for a moment, as if she heard some faint echoes far away. But she concerned herself no more than this. So the boy held out to her his hands and requested her rise and come with him to a glade some way afield more beautiful than any hereabouts. So she went with him and they approached the older woman.

This one had seen all that I had seen. She saw the man ascending and she saw him fall. I noted that in her eyes there were tears of pity where once had glistened pearls of love, and she sighed for the memories of yesterday which melt in the light of the morrow.

I noticed how beautiful she was with the sweet wistfulness of those pure spirits who have suffered much and sinned a little. She had passed on here from Earth some fifteen years before the boy who had grown up in spirit-life, coming over a baby of Earth, scarce having breathed a half-dozen breaths, thrust forth by a murderer's hand.

As she became more visible, by taking on the conditions of the Sphere Three, the girl drew nigh. When she saw the woman she turned very pale and, falling upon her knees, laid her forehead aground and sobbed unceasing. Her beautiful red-gold hair fell down and veiled her forward, and I noticed then that the boy, and also the man, had that same tint to their hair. But the older woman had brown hair, very comely.

Well, here was not my business. They could well do what they had to do alone.

Different Ranges of Sight

I descended into the valley where the man lay still in a stupor. I did not rouse him, but I carried him to a place of refreshment where, when he had rested, he would be given his next task to do. That task would be to eliminate all taint of self and of hatred from his heart, and fill it up with humility instead. That will take him a long, long time. For when a man hates where he should do penance and plead for pity, well, that is a very sorry plight to cope with, and hard to rectify. He will do it, he will have to do it before he moves ahead once more. But it will take him long, long years nevertheless.

I suppose, Arnel, you and the older woman could see him when he tumbled because you were both of a higher sphere than the maid? Than the younger woman who was still of the Sphere Three.

That is so, my son. But I gave you the two messages before this night's one by way of being a key to such details as this. Yes, the elder woman and I had a wider range of correspondence with the environment than the younger woman, or the boy who had at that moment already taken on the condition of Sphere Three. And the man, of course, had the least range of any of us.

A Colony of Rest

Thursday, 4th November, 1920.

THERE was a mellow glow upon the waters which rippled gently like beaten gold. The splashing of the waves upon the sand was soft and as reposeful as the kisses of a sleepy child upon his mother's hand while she sings her lullaby. All was rest, and the air seemed to breathe sighs of tenderness. Truly we know here in this land how all such things as these do indeed respond to those benign presences that from spheres aloft bend down to infuse them with their active influence.

A little removed from the shore a forest stood. It stretched inland for many miles. But here and there was a lane between the trees which led from the shore into a wide glade where there were many houses. They all stood within gardens, and some were large, but most were small cottages. But, large or small, nearly every one of them was raised upon a bank and terraced in front; and water there was both running and at rest. It was a very pretty colony, and over it there hung a sense of retreat, a restfulness which should embalm the weary heart in peacefulness. Here indeed people came for refreshment and, having absorbed vitality and regained some balance there, they issued forth from that sweet glade once more upon their business. Our party had come a long journey, for this was in the brighter regions of the Sphere Four. I, having handed over the man to his guardians in the Sphere Two, had come along in pursuit, and had arrived within the glade through the forest as they came along the lane from the shore highway.

"Is He an Angel?"

I went to the woman and gave her my greeting. I said, "So here we meet, good Ladena, and I think we timed it well. We will, if it please you and these, go to the glade-end and view the house, and then to the shore to greet the young man James, for I think he comes well within our range of vision already." So we went to the house. It was not one of the largest, nor one of the smallest. The courtyard was almost hidden for the flowers of many colours and shapes which grew in clusters about it. It was one of the prettiest homes thereabouts, and had a look of freshness about it which

expressed the vitality of the owner. Then we turned about and went through the lane to the shore. Here as we arrived, our little friend Habdi uttered a cry of delight and, seizing the skirts of the young woman, cried, "There he comes, my mother. See, his sail is set, but no wind fills it in these parts, and yet he comes with much speed, mother, as he ever does."

"And who is he who comes, Habdi?" enquired the girl?

"It is James, dear mother, and none else than he who comes to us. He comes, time and again, mother. And all the people here are very glad when he comes, for he is kind and of great power to help them, and he is always seeking to do service in their company."

"Is he an angel, Habdi?" she asked.

The boy looked perplexed. You will understand, my son, that words here are by no means so important as the meaning attached to them. It is the inner word, that is, the meaning informing the words spoken, which impinges upon our ears; not alone the form of the word itself. The girl had brought over with her from Earth her own ideas of what an angel should be, and that was what perplexed the lad.

More Love than on Earth

But he soon understood near enough her meaning, and answered, "He is but young in years, my mother, and he did not come into spirit until after I had arrived. But he was an angel even in earth life, for he was very good, and very brave to make great sacrifice in love. So when he came here he progressed right speedily, dear mother." And here the lad's bright face took on a look of deep yearning and grave reverence as he added, "But I do love him very well, and he loves me very well, my mother, and he talks to me and tells me of things."

"Of what things, Habdi, does he tell you, dear?" "Of many things, mother. He tells me about the Christ and the Christ Ones most of all, because he says we have our faces set in that direction, and we must know so much of them as we are able so that we tread the forward road with firmness and sure direction. Then he tells me what the hearts of the trees do to make one tree green and another brown, and one straight and another widespread. And sometimes, my mother, he speaks of you."

"Of me? Habdi dear, what do you tell me, my child!"

"Oh, but yes, my mother, he knows very many things about very many people, more than the people in this sphere do know. And so he knows about you also." But does he know everybody on Earth and their business?"

"I had not thought of the matter that way," the lad answered, and hesitated. Then he continued more slowly and thoughtfully. "I think, dear mother, that it is because he loves his little friend Habdi, and you are Habdi's mother. James loves me very kindly, dear, and he and Ladena taught me how to love you too. There is a lot of love in these realms, dear, more than in earth life, so they say to me. In some parts they do not love very much, but those are far away beyond the mountains, and those poor people cannot come here to this region. Ladena loves you, mother. And James is coming, and he will love you because you cry sometimes, and you are gentle to me, and you are beautiful—but you are not yet so beautiful as Ladena, mother, are you?"

James and His Work

In answer she stooped and kissed him upon the brow where his pretty curls went here and there upon the marble floor of his glowing skin. Then I intervened and said, "So. Well, Habdi, my little son, your gallantry was not schooled into you on earth and it is none the worse for that in

truth. But now we must go shoreward and meet with James, or he will prevent us, and then we shall all be chiding each the others for our delay."

And thus we went. He had just beached his boat and came straight to us as we waited for him beneath the arch of the forest lane. His step was firm and true. His body was slim but of much power, and swayed with ease as he moved forward. His hair was dark brown, and his eyes were almost purple in their depth of colour. He was indeed very beautiful.

Now what the lad had said of him was true. He was a newcomer into spirit life, as length of service counts in these realms. But he was one of those great souls, so little noticed amid the rough and tumble of earth, who pass over here to be appraised at their full worth. They may do very little which men would count as achievement. But earth owes to such as these much more than its inhabitants are aware of.

So when he came here he was speedily advanced to the Sphere Seven, which was his own proper place. Here he took account of things and soon made request that he be given work to do near earth amongst those who were troubled about their conditions. He reasoned that few do so quickly find themselves advanced to a sphere so high as his and, by the time they have come there, much contact with earth has been lost to them, and earth itself has taken on the complexion of another period. But he, having absorbed within himself the powers resident in the Sphere Seven, was still fresh in earth's way of thought, and the times upon earth had not yet changed, for he had but a few months to his sojourn, by what time he had mounted to that high place. So he would bring all these qualities to advantage for the service of his kind still incarnate. And one in especial he could not leave behind : the girl Mervyn.

The young mother?

The same. I do not give their earth names here. Indeed I have not found need to enquire after them, and these will serve as well. So that is what account of him I have need to give for this present. In this Sphere Four he had a station where he did his business when that should take him into these parts. Often, on his way to those regions nearer Earth, he would stay at one house or other in the spheres intervening ; for he had a house in each of the spheres from Seven to Four. From this last one he made sallies forward toward the hells, but had no residence therein.

A Tragedy of Life

Ask your questions my son. I see them within your mind.

How did the boat go if there was no wind?

It had a sail set. The sail was not for wind purposes, but is of the nature of a screen. Upon this the stream of will power is directed by the boatman and the screen, being in opposition, the boat moves forward. That is the best way I can tell you of it. The process is the one most used in that sphere. There are others. Sometimes in the rougher regions there is wind. But this is not often of use for locomotion.

How long had James and the boy known each other?

James came over here some four years after the girl. Habdi preceded her by a few months. It was the knowledge of the manner of his death which hastened her here. It was hidden from her at the time. But she found it out, and it frenzied her.

James, as I have told you, went almost straight away to the Sphere Seven. The girl Mervyn spent a long time in the Sphere One, and longer in the Sphere Two. He helped her through Ladena until she could come to meet him halfway, namely, in the Sphere Four. Sooner he could not have dealt with her as he would wish to do. He had loved her in the earth life much. Then the shadow

descended upon her. He did not know by whom the shadow was cast. But she grew cold in manner of necessity, although her own heart was breaking of love for him the while.

It profits not to speak of it further, my son. It is one of those many tragedies of life which await the searchlight of these spheres. That is where hell is located for so many, even within the white rays of the light which, being to them as darkness, yet shows up every stain and every secret shame and thought of ill. For nothing here can be hid. You know how He said it, "Because of evil deeds they hate the light."

Light and God, my son, be near akin.

The house in the glade which you showed to the girl was the house of James, I take it, Arnel?

Yes. That was his house in the Sphere Four; and the people of that colony were never fully happy when the light of his presence was not seen about it. Of that more following.

Chapter 13

Diagnosing Newcomers from Earth

Tuesday, 9th November, 1920.

As James came near us Mervyn watched him with an ever increasing anxiety and perplexity intermingled. And when she realised that this indeed was he whom she thought, a look of fear came over her face and she turned away embarrassed. But he smiled upon us all his welcome and going straight to the girl, he laid his hands upon her shoulders and gently turning her about, took her within his arms. For a while she nestled there and wept out of her pent up anguish, nor did they speak but in silence stayed each upon the others love, and gave and received love in perfect understanding.

So we all turned to the forest lane, and he led her by the hand and we came at length by easy paces to the House of James. Now no word was sent, nor cry was made of his coming. And yet, as he entered within the port of his house, the glade began to give forth one and another from the dwellings therein. They came forward with a smile of encouragement, each to other responding, that James was come to their home, and they were glad for the very joy of his presence.

They grouped themselves in the open and, as they stood looking at the house, their intuition received its confirmation. The walls slowly took on a more translucent appearance and the shimmering radiance, being pressed through them outwards, touched the foliage and the flowers and even the atmosphere around the dwelling, until the whole glowed with the light of his presence there. He came forth later and went to one and all, asking of their progress, and how the matter he had advised them of on his last coming had turned out. He knew the needs and condition of each one individually, and all were made glad by the quiet energy and competency which radiated about him wherever he went. So they were heartened and all happy because they knew that even as he had gone on before them to brighter places, nevertheless he had their own advancement also at heart.

So he did what business was to hand, and then went further afield to those in the outlying stations where help was needed. On these journeys Habdi sought permission to accompany him, and often this favour was given, to his great delight. But Mervyn stayed within, content to rest and to receive the news when they returned. Ladena also was on hand to guide her in her new sphere of progress. For Ladena had much work in those parts where she and James made mutual endeavours for the instruction of the people in that region of the Sphere Four.

Shonar Sends for Habdi

Meanwhile I had returned to Wulfhere to help her in her difficult task, so much as lay within me to do so.

Once I sat with her within the centre yard of the House of Orders. It was a pleasant enough spot, plumb in the midst of the group of buildings which went under that name. It was a garden enclosed by a courtyard and sequestered from the conditions of that part of the Sphere Three in a way we know here how to use when necessary. In this courtyard, with its pleasant water and trees and flowers and grass, the condition was more that of the Sphere Six at its best than that of the Sphere Three. Here we retreated when rest and quiet for thought were needed. And here we were able the more effectually to commune with the Sphere Four and onwards, and take our measures

for the help of this somewhat troubled realm. Now I will begin to explain what transpired as we sat there together, speaking here and here again, and in between-times being in silence each at our own business of communion with whatever realm was calling to us.

At length said I, "Wulfhere, I have knowledge that James is on hand calling to me, but I do not quite get at his mind. Do you, perhaps, look that way in your vision?"

"No," she answered, "I do not. Do tell me, Arnel, what his wants would seem to you."

"I do not think he has need of anything, but he does rather seem to offer his help, which he feels is needed hereabouts. Also the boy Habdi is in his mind, to bring him along with him."

"To bring the boy Habdi here, did you say Arnel?"

"I seem to feel it somewhat uncertainly."

"If you are uncertain, it is that he makes no request or no definite offer, but rather sends a question." Then I was silent in order to listen to James and later I knew Wulfhere was right.

"It is so," I said to her. "He does not offer help. He has been requested that he offer his help. It is definitely needed. The boy Habdi's also. His enquiry is, 'Where shall he alight in the Sphere Three?'"

Then she answered, "Arnel, good son, please remain in silence while I unravel this matter."

After a time she continued, "Now it is made clear to me what was perplexing me for some time before you spoke to me, Arnel. I was venturing forth in response to a call from down there below, but could not understand. It is plain to me now. It is Shonar who calls. He called first beyond and past us to James to bring the young lad. And he calls to us here to meet these two and himself on the verge of this Sphere where he will in person deliver over to us his commission. Do send word to James to meet with us at the Stony Port. Good. Now let us go there ourselves. The matter has indeed a feel of urgency."

Meeting at the Stony Port

The Stony Port was a barren place on the outer boundary of the Sphere Three. There were many large boulders, and among them there were some score or so which made an irregular pass over the shoulder of the hill down towards the region below. It was a place of somewhat dim and heavy atmosphere with a depressing sense of unhappy presence about it.

Here we came, not along by the highways, nor over the plains, but direct by air. Here also James arrived, but the boy was not in attendance. To him Wulfhere said, "Now what do you think, young friend, is the purpose of this meeting?"

"No," said James, "I know nothing at all, except that the boy is involved. But I did not want to bring him into these conditions. I left him within the garden of the House of Orders."

"Did the word come from Shonar?"

"Yes, and it was of some urgency."

"So do I think, good James. As to the boy, you may have done well or not well. I cannot say. We must await the coming of Shonar."

Soon we saw, far away over the desert land of that Sphere Two, a movement of people. They came slowly towards us. At length they paused at the bottom of the hill upon which we stood and out of their midst came Shonar and, drawing near, stood before us. He said, "I thank you, mother, and you, my friends, for your kindly answer to my call. The matter stands thus : These people have just been slaughtered by their oppressors, and came over from Earth dazed and with violent longings of revenge within their hearts. I have held them dazed, and drawn them away. Most of them have a dull sense of what happened before their exit, and wish to return to encourage

their compatriots to acts of reprisal. That must not be. There is no room in that poor country for more blood of hatred. The ground already is glutted beyond further absorption. Take them from here and I will return, with no delay, to the scene of all this hideousness. There is still some hell's work afoot there, and I am needed."

A Helpless Multitude

"Why did you come away, Shonar?" replied Wulfhere, with some sternness, and I could see the old wolf spirit of hers welling up and held hardly in leash.

"Because they are of very violent mind and hard of restraint. No other could have brought them so far beyond their normal atmosphere, and to this place, Wulfhere. If you will, my mother, I will hand them over to you. You will find all your old-time strength of prowess needed for the task. I guarantee you of that, my mother. Will you accept this work?"

"I will take it," she said, and I saw the strong broad brow of her raised but ever so little, and her head seemed to set a little more firmly between her shoulders.

"Go now, my son; they have need of our strong brood way out there below. I here, you there, we will do the thing together and finish it also. You did well, Shonar, to send your commission forward beyond us to James. And the boy, Shonar, that was a good thought of yours to call the boy. Now go, and the Great Power be an aid to you, for you have need, as I see by the set of your eyes."

Shonar was very strongly tensioned at that time. Every shred of power within him was drawn taut for the task in hand. He had none to spare for words. He strode up to his mother, laid a powerful hand either side her head upon her beautiful braided hair, inclined her towards him, placed a kiss upon her hair where the parting was and, raising his hand in farewell to us two men, went away down the hill past the multitude which moved uncertainly, but did not move apart, but clung together in their helplessness. And so he departed into the ever-deeper gloom beyond.

Wulfhere watched his form until it was no more to be seen, and murmured, "Yes, I have seen him like this previously on occasion. It will go hard with his adversaries."

How to Avoid a Panic?

Wednesday, 10th November, 1920.

FOR A WHILE she sat upon a rock in silence, deeply rapt in thought. Her eyes never left that mass of people, going over them here and there, and appraising their estate of spirit in general, all the while they undulated like water disturbed by winds from many quarters. There hung above and about them a cloud of mist in which streams of dull red and murky slate-green moved. I noted their numbers, so far as I was able to see them in that mass and in the gloom enveloping. I think they were some three thousand of men, and two and a half thousand women, and some thousand children.

Both I and Wulfhere concentrated upon their inner minds and came eventually to some idea of the problem before us. In brief it was thus, as it presented itself to us at that moment:

These people had been vilely done to death. They were not very highly attuned spiritually, except a few of them. "If they were to be suddenly woken out of their stupor that their sudden and violent death had cast upon them, there would be an outburst of frenzied rage on the part of some three-quarters of their number. These would swamp the others and the upshot would be a panic and a stampede in fear and hatred back to the scene of their massacre. Here arrived, they would, in turn,

enrage their still incarnate fellow-countrymen and the slaughter would be renewed by them against their enemies. This would be avenged, and so the horrid tale of woe would be prolonged. We had our business to do in this matter. Our objective was clearly marked out for us. It was to prevent this catastrophe. But the means to that end were not so clear. Every one of these victims was a free-willed being. Free-will is sacred, and may not be over-ridden. Each of them must be given opportunity to choose which way he would go, and what he would do. And this choice must be made with full knowledge of what had happened to him and his compatriots. We must not hinder that choice, nor in any way deflect it out of the line of freedom.

Free-will in Favourable Conditions

All we could do would be to ensure that the choice would be made in conditions favourable to wisdom. In their present state these people would not be able to use their reason freely, but would be blinded with rage and terror. If they were to fully regain their bearings at this moment, the last emotions felt in the flesh would break out in the spirit, and to this disturbance would be added their surprise at finding themselves in a new environment, a desert wherein they would feel themselves lost and doomed to death by thirst. They would not understand their changed estate. Then that violent uprush of unholy emotions would transfer them back at once to the earth-plane which would again, by its strangeness, frighten them. For it would be weirdly strange to them viewed for the first time from the spirit side. Yet they would sense their murderers and all the doings which had made those parts so unhallowed. Then would ensue one of those hell-scenes on earth which, whether enacted singularly or in company, so perplex men from time to time as to motive, and the extent of the fiendish cruelty attaching thereto. We on this side see the origin of such events.

I will explain the way in which we tackled this wild beast, harnessed him, and led him to paddock where he could find some leisure to think on things.

I have with some detail set out the problem, my son, because it will serve as key for you in other cases. For the same reason I will also be as precise as possible in giving you my narrative of the solution.

Error Means Disaster

Wulfhere and I both raised our eyes and looked at each other enquiringly. Both of us saw at once that the other had arrived at the same idea as to how we should go forward to begin. I nodded and went over to James who, not quite so much enlightened in this perplexing matter, had withdrawn apart and was watching the crowd all at ease. I said to him, "James, my friend, there is strenuous work to be done here. Let no error be made in it or disaster will ensue. Mark me what I tell you, and be prompt to do it, my son. You will understand it better while the thing goes forward.

"Go to the House of Orders; send here fifteen of our people; they will know of what composition the party should be. Send with them the lad Habdi also.

"Go then to Ladena. Tell her to shape the minds of the People of the Glade for service. She will understand. God be with you, my son; we be again in His service."

I laid my hands upon his shoulder, and he looked earnestly into my eyes and then, turning, sped aloft over the country on his errand.

Soon the company arrived. Wulfhere saw that I had understood her mind and left their ordering to me while she used all her powers upon the multitude in such a way as to enable our companions to do their work the more efficiently.

Thus we worked together, she and I, and the company were our fingers to unwind this tangled skein. They were seven men and seven women, and one woman to lead, and Habdi.

Awakening the Children

I gave them their tasks, and they at once began the work. The crowd slowly began to re-shape itself, until it took the form of long lanes of men and women, down which the helpers passed. Wulfhere and I sat near to each other and cast our influence over the people. To this effect: their bodies began to take on a semi-transparent aspect, and within those bodies could be seen a mental replica of their bodies of flesh lately cast away. Their wounds were seen, the clothing they had worn and their ornaments, and also the scene where exactly they had fallen—every detail in their earth state at the time of their passing was to be seen as it had been registered in their minds. These the company appraised them and, this done, separated them into groups according to their appraisement.

Then came the task of awakening them, and to this we two gave our minds also. We separated out the children and brought them up the hill and to a place some little distance into the Sphere Three. Here we speedily made a pleasant scene for them, treating the conditions of the country in such a way as to neutralise the ill and empower the beneficent. So a pleasant large meadow by a river was made, and then we bathed it all in sunlight. But only those for whom we prepared the place would see it in that way; no chance wayfarer would be able to find it, and would pass it by unseen.

So here we brought the children and awakened them. First we aroused one and handed him to Habdi, who took him away and showed him the trees and flowers, and answered his questions. When he had become at ease, we awakened three more. Then gradually we had them all awake and at their ease, nearly a thousand of them. When they had taken their bearings, and were able to think leisurely, they asked where this place was situated, how they came there, and where their parents and other loved ones were. Habdi, going amongst them, did much to help them with his smiling and his cheery boyish wisdom. And he, having established himself as an inhabitant of that quarter to whom they might apply for information, at our request was happy to make us known to the children. We, on gaining their confidence, told them we knew their friends and would bring them to that place in a little while. This was the initial phase of our operations, and we were well content that all had gone so well. But children are more easily composed in such circumstances than their elders are. That was the next duty before us, so leaving them there in Habdi's care, we returned to the Stony Port.

Chapter 14

The People of the Glade

Thursday, 11th November, 1920.

We now turned our attention upon the thousands who stood or lay about on the plain at the foot of the hill. I took the seven men, and Ladena arrived to order the seven women helpers. We went up and down the ranks for a long time. We were trying them and probing them to find out some few who would serve our purpose, those in whose hearts not too much bitterness remained. These we would awaken, and converse with them, and then invite them into our company to aid us with the rest. But I found none except one who had been a priest among them. Him I roused and took him aside.

But Ladena came upon three women, and later there were eight more added to that number of that entire multitude. Truly it was a pitiable affair, when so much hatred was in their hearts. But you must reckon in one factor, my son, and it was this. These people were now as they had been at the moment of their killing. Many we knew when awakened into consciousness, and when we had explained what had occurred to them, would cast off their death frenzy of hatred and become of a more amiable mind. But what we did not know was which of them would do this, and which would be the more stubborn ones. This was a question of foreseeing and we were hard put to forecast their line of mental and spiritual activity, the troublesome element was that same free-will which makes a man a man indeed, and touches him for knighthood of divinity. This then we left for the present; it must await our more leisured operations. We turned to our company with Ladena, therefore, and seconded them in their more promising quest.

The Bishop

First I helped the priest.

How did you wake him up, Arnel? And what did he do when he was roused?

He was sitting upon a little hillock out on the plain, head in hands. Now and again he raised his eyes, but they told him little, being ill-focussed upon his environment. He sighed unknowing and thought he was dreaming, and would wake shortly. He was not much wrong in this.

I stood before him and poured my will in a stream upon his own, with my companions aiding me. Shortly he arose and stretched his arms upwards and sighed once again. We looked then into his eyes, and held them at last upon our own. Slowly they came into focus, and then a frown gathered upon his comely face, and in a little, being fully awake, he came towards us and addressed us.

He said, "I pray you forgive me, gentlemen, I have slept awhile. But-—I scarcely know—yes, I did fall asleep, but not hereabouts nor were—I do not think, gentlemen, you were of the company of those others. Will you come to my aid, sir? I am somewhat confused——

He broke off sharply, for he had glimpsed the thousands of his one-time countrymen lying mostly asleep, some uneasy, some walking slowly a few yards and again sitting down to close their eyes in stupor.

He looked at us then sternly and unafraid. He was a noble fellow, and I rejoiced greatly he should soon be our comrade. He said, "Now it comes back to me. My poor brethren and my people. God help them to forbear, as I have counselled them so often to do; to forbear, poor sheep, and to

forgive. But as to you," he continued, turning sharply about upon us again; then he paused and said more slowly, "And yet you have not the look of them who did us this disservice, nor are there any weapons in your hands to be seen."

Then I answered him, "No, nor have we any upon our persons. Sit, I see you already understand your present state, that you have passed through the gate of death." He nodded. I see also that you are of the priestly order."

"Both priest and bishop; but that is nothing."

"You, with these your flock, were killed by your enemies. You have forgiven those enemies."

"I Can Aid You in This"

"All this is true, sir, for I made it my rule in the other life to forgive them in advance whatsoever they should do to me, living ever in the presence of their ill-will and ill intention. But who are you, by your leave, gentlemen?"

"We are angel ministrants on a very difficult quest," I said, and told him all our task and our fears for that multitude. This was a great soul, and he quickly sensed our earnestness and our object, and many details by intuition.

Then he said, "I can aid you in this if you will impress me into your service and, aiding you, I shall be helping also these poor little ones; for, sirs, they be little more than babes, and you will be patient with them because they are so."

So we held a council, and he was indeed of much help to us. He pointed out one or two others who were priests and ministers; then others of his countrymen whom he knew to be of good heart. Also he showed us which were the more dangerous and turbulent of them—of these some seven hundred, and of these again some score were of the priesthood.

The more spiritual we awakened one by one, and he talked to them, explaining to them, with much patience, all that had come to pass, and what way they could help the others best. Then we gathered them apart to rest awhile.

A Difficulty

Ladena meanwhile treated with the women in like manner. First she took those who had children away there in the wilderness and led them to that meadow where they were beginning to amuse themselves, feeling more at ease.

Here, the women found, for the time being, enough ado to fondle and caress their babes. And so Ladena left them and returned for the next group in order.

So the thing went on until we had reduced those ranks to the seven hundred violent souls, and twice more of so many who were hard to reckon up : the uncertain ones. Of these some fifty or thereabouts were women.

Out of the awakened we had gathered a company of one hundred and eighty men; and twenty-three women, who should aid us with the work. The others were not stout enough at heart. At their head we placed the Bishop and an Alderman, his friend and protector in earth life, and we ordered this company through those two.

But we were in a difficulty. Here were these violent people sleeping. They must be awakened. But we feared to do this to them, for we knew that the outbreak of violence among them would be calamitous. We talked long, and neither could my comrades from the House of Orders, nor these newly arrived from Earth find a way out of it. So we fell to a thoughtful silence. As we sat

thus there came, from a little distance away, a voice deep and strong, but very sweet and full of melody, "What lesson did you learn of the Christ Child, my son Arnel?"

I stood up and looked abroad. There on the hill-crest sat Wulfhere as I had seen her last, tranquil and composed yet, as I could see, strung taut to action. Her chin was in the cup of her hand, elbow on thigh, and her eyes looked straight to mine and held me.

"A Child Shall Lead Them"

As I looked at her the scene in the Hall of Pillars[18] came to vision before my mind, and in the Glade, and in the Rotunda where the children had gone up into the City.

And I sighed much at the contrast between those sweet scenes and this. But I knew at length what answer Wulfhere awaited, and I gave it, "A child shall lead them, as the prophet of old said. Yes, in all those transactions of the children it was the Child went on before."

"I do not know your prophet, Arnel. But he spoke true. Take heed to his teaching—and to the teaching of the Child."

"He led them by the sweet beauty of His love," I said, still searching after the way she would apply this principle to the case in hand.

"He did," she answered, "Yes, he led them so, as I lost the art to do, so long ago, by reason of work so strenuous and fierce as that whereon I and Shonar were set to do it. But it comes into my heart what my mind would the more hardly admit, namely, that the softness of the leading of a child is the more apparent in its compelling strength to me than to you, good Arnel. For, see you, this is the solution to your problem, and you did not find it, my son."

Then I went toward her up the hill and, coming to stand nearby, I said, "But Wulfhere, we may not request the Child to these parts. His so high sublimity would not sustain these conditions of evil."

"Even to these parts I would pray His sweet Presence were it needed. But so great thing is not of our present necessity. There is another."

Suddenly her meaning broke upon me, and I said, "Habdi!

"He will suffice. Bring him here among us and I will discuss with you further about the matter, Arnel. I did not want to suggest him myself, in case you might think me unreasonable. But you had some effort to get to it, good Arnel."

"Do you think he will be strong enough to be of service to us, Wulfhere?"

"As I shall advise further, he will be suitable."

So I hastened to fetch the boy Habdi, and, coming again with some speed, I set him before her.

More New-Comers Diagnosed

Tuesday, 16th November, 1920.

WITH the help of these better ones we went again along the ranks. They who had known these sleepers while in earth life gave told us what they knew about their characters. We used this knowledge to aid us in our diagnoses. By this means we were able to gather together into one place some few hundreds of the better sort. These we arranged in circle, and awakened them to full consciousness.

[18] *See "The Children of Heaven," Chapter 9.*

We watched them very narrowly, standing outside the circle some little distance removed, ourselves unseen. We could read the mental process of each one as he opened his eyes on his new environment. The general idea among them was that their enemies had transported them into exile and left them in this dreary spot abandoned and, perhaps, to starve. Indeed, this was the burden of their conversation when they broke silence.

But one after another, fell soon to silence. For a strange sight was there for them to see.

Habdi's Wisdom

In the midst of the circle stood a young boy, alone and self-composed. He smiled upon them and then, going up to one whom he thought had an appearance of intelligence above his fellows, said, "I take you kindly, sir, for you have a look of some tenderness upon your face. You will deal pleasantly with me, sir, will you not?"

The man looked upon him perplexed. Then he arose and stood on guard with some suspicion brought over from earth of plot and treachery.

"Who are you, young sir," he said, "that you speak to me so boldly? You are not of our children. And you go alone in these parts."

"I am not of these parts precisely," answered the boy Habdi, "I live some leagues distant. But it is given to me to know of these parts somewhat and, if I can serve you who are strange here, I would much enjoy to do so.

"You have some assurance, lad, and I like you none the worse for that. But how is it you do not fear us rough men, since you come singly and are but a child?"

"Sir, already I have shown some wisdom, for I have come at what I sought; and made you give it to me moreover."

"And what is it you sought that I have given to you unasked?"

"I set out to find what your heart was like, whether hard or kind, and I know it now to be not either of these in whole; but yet there is more of kindness than of hate therein, and for that reason I will favour you."

The man, in spite of all his perplexity and somewhat bitter thoughts because of his late treatment at the hands of his fellow men, broke into laughter.

Later he said, "And yet, youngster, you have some strangeness in your appearance; nevertheless you have. Now who are you, and of what tribe are you? Tell me now."

Habdi paused for a moment, but he did not ask for our help, nor did we send it. At last he replied, "Now you are not some only kind-hearted, but observant also. Likely we shall be friends sometime, you and I. Well, sir, give me your hand and you shall grow wiser still."

The man with a smile gave his hand, and Habdi took it in his own with a firm grip. At once the look on the face of the man changed. There was not fear, nor pain, nor perplexity, but a little of all of these composite. He sought with some hesitation to withdraw his hand, but could not. Still Habdi held him with his gaze and, taking his turn now, smiled. And as the two stood there the lad gradually took on a more translucent appearance. He did not become conditioned to his own sphere, nor to any sphere beyond that in which we were. But he effected a partial transmutation of his body so that while still visible to the man, he appeared more radiant, more fragile; and yet his grip was as firm as at the first.

Then he slowly reassumed his former condition and, smiling still, loosened his hold upon the man's hand. The rest of them looked on in utter perplexity.

Then Habdi spoke to them all and explained to them fully what had come to pass, told them

where their comrades and the women and children were, and invited them to follow him, so he would lead them to join them.

Not all, but nearly all, of them went with him, but some few remained behind. These soon fell again into stupor and wandered back to the others whom we had left asleep.

"Follow the Drake"

Now the next operation was penultimate in the series. I tell it to you now.

All these former transactions had occupied a considerable space of duration. Were I to speak in terms of earth I would say it had taken some three weeks or thereabouts. By this the others first saved had rapidly conditioned themselves to their new life, especially the children.

Now we had to deal with the worst of them.

Again we adopted the circular formation, but left a gap in the direction of the pass where the boulders were on the shoulder of the rise. Again Habdi stood in the midst, but with him were some dozen children from the meadow. These were quite happy and were playing a game of "Follow drake." In and out of the boulders they filed, and round the circle. The sleepers troubled them not at all for they were not of their own condition, and so were not very apparent to the children, although not quite unseen. I mean that the children were not able to recognise if they should know any of them, their faces and forms being, as it might be said, overshadowed, and not sharply outlined in feature. That is as near as I may come at it for you, my son.

Pain

Then we roused them. I waited until the children came again into view at a gentle canter, following Habdi who, this turn, took them round the circle a few paces in front of the men. On the second round one of them who had been watching the children very carefully, blinking his eyes at the vibrations from them which were not attuned to his more gross estate, came to conclude that one of those children was really his own. So he put forth his hand and took the child by the arm. She was a girl of some seven years or so.

At once, on contact, he uttered a yell, for the pain of it. He sank upon the ground, and sat there looking savage and yet afraid.

You might explain that a little, sir, if you would, please.

When you have bodily pain, that is in consequence of a series of vibrations entering in upon the economy of the affected part which is not concordant with the system of vibrations already established there. The new series do not agree in their speed or in their quality with the others. Both speed and the direction of their vibrant motion are abnormal. Also they are obstructive of the vital fluid which is coherent as between the ethereal body and the blood. There is more in the matter of physical pain than your men of science yet have found. And much more also than I have but now told to you.

Very well. The action between the man and the child as to their bodies was something of a like nature. The contact of the two bodies was painful to him because his was sluggish in vibration and could not accommodate the higher stream of vibrations impinging upon him from the body of the child.

But if he had been forgiving and kind-hearted all would have been well?

So, my son. The touch of the child would have pleasured him instead of giving him pain.

Two More Groups Disposed Of

Well, the end of it was the others who crowded round now and broke the circle to see what had come into their company of further disaster. For it was fear of disaster filled their minds, as hatred and lust of revenge was within their hearts.

Now we went forward, I and the Bishop and the Alderman, leaving the others our helpers among the boulders. We withdrew the children, and the Alderman asked for silence. He explained, as Habdi had done to the others their companions, how they had come over, and their present estate.

There ensued an outbreak of speaking among them as they argued the matter out. Some would join us and commit themselves to our leading. Others would go and explore the country under their own powers. Others would do nothing except to return earthwards and seek for a means of vengeance on their ill-users.

So we with some patience separated them into the three groups. The first group I set under the leaders of my own companions. The second I consigned to the Bishop and the Alderman. I told these two, and some few of the better ones, that I would keep in touch with them in their wanderings, and that I would come to them time and time again, and we would succour them when need should be. They are great strong souls, those two, my son. They will do good work here; and I think earth will feel them yet in the course of their operations.

The Residue Return to the Earth-Plane

Having so disposed of these two bands, I approached the residue. They were cursing their enemies and each other, and were in a very sorry plight nevertheless.

Any women with them?

Women not a few, and some priests also. I have no record of their numbers in my mind. And it matters little, or I would search it out of our archives for you. Yes, there were women, and some few were mothers whose children were awaiting them within the meadow. But I was sorry, my son. Likely they will not repent their folly till their sweet babes be beyond their aspirations, well into the spheres superior, and out of reach of them. Or perhaps they will not ever desire these babes of their own bearing till ages have passed away. We will leave it thus, my son. It is, as I say, a sorry tale to sadden the heart of an angel.

So when some less than a dozen had been recovered from them, and that with some difficulty, we let the rest depart. We sent dispatch to Shonar to make him acquainted of our doings, and the advent of the unrepentant toward his sphere of action. He would deal with them there and, when they had had their will and done what harm they were able upon the plane of earth, they would gravitate to their own hells for winnowing and refining. Some of them would insist to pay visits to earth from time to time; and these could not be prevented. Yet only to those of like mind with them in wickedness would they be able to do hurt. These are they who make your earth a place of sorrow, my son, where it should be a very pleasant place nevertheless.

"Pray for the People of the Glade"

What was Wulfhere doing all this time, Arnel?

She, having done what she could, left us and went first to the meadow, and thence to the Glade. Groups were sent there, one by one, and the colony grew apace, and the forest rang with the

shouts of the children; and they and the women and the men were schooled in the new life and its laws and wonders.

The Children of Barnabas,[19] my son; you remember the Children of Barnabas?

Yes, Arnel; I pray for them still as you bade me do.

God be with you, my son, you do well, as you shall know some day. Pray also for these the People of the Glade, and so shall you one day have joy of them, as also shall you have joy in welcome of the People of Barnabas for your kindly thoughts of them, my son.

[19] *See Volume 3, "The Ministry of Heaven."*

Chapter 15

Earth's Religions: A Deathbed Scene

Wednesday, 17th November, 1920.

It was some time subsequent to these events last told you when, the People of the Glade were gathered for instruction. They had mingled together and, under the kindly and wise guidance of James, had learned to tolerate differences of opinion and usage in the matter of religion with good-will each to all. Yet these differences remained, and would remain for awhile. But James sought to show them how many were those great truths which they had in common, and how the little truths might be blended here and there to make up some larger truth complete. So earth dissension passed away and gave place to a real sense of commonwealth.

But no difference was passed by. It was faced genially and with frankness, and thus the people found not a little pleasure in these meetings.

Now James stood on the terrace before his house, and Habdi sat upon the steps before him, while Ladena and Mervyn reclined beneath the low roof which ran along the house front.

Veranda.

Even so, my son; like that, yes. I leaned against one of the pillars of this veranda, a little to the rear and left hand of James.

I give you an episode of these proceedings. James continuing said, "I think that man yonder has something he would tell us." He pointed to a man half-way down the Glade who was reclining on a bank beneath a large tree on the left of the clearing as we stood to view the people.

The one addressed was a little hesitant, but he looked upon the kindly face of the young leader and, rising, said, "It was nothing, sir, of account I had in my mind. It was to ask a question. I have been seeking it out why we should each have been made up so variously that we were not able to grow up to years in agreement on all these matters, instead of being competent to see all things equally. "

James was about to reply when a slight pause was given to us all. In this way. The trees which had been still began to vibrate and their leaves to shake, as if a breeze came through the Glade. But there was no breeze. So did the climbers about the houses; and also the houses themselves shivered slightly. Through our clothing also tremors passed and gave a sensation as if a bird flew about us and brushed our bodies gently with her wings. Moreover, slight shades of colour rippled through the material of which our robes were wrought arid then slowly passed away with the trembling of the houses, trees and atmosphere. Then all was still.

It was a very pleasant experience, and made our bodies tingle with a vitality which was much uplifting. But many there did not understand. Nor did we enlighten them at that moment. Instead, James glancing my way, I nodded and smiled my acquiescence to his request and stood forward.

Parable of a Garden

I said, "A man set out to clear his forest land so he might build a house upon his new estate. And he would make a garden therein. So he called his sons and told them to set about planting the garden with what trees and plants they should choose as the most profitable in fruit-bearing. But they could not agree. Said one, 'I will plant apple-trees, for the fruit is wholesome and abundant.'

Said another, 'But in the winter the apple is not comely. I will plant hollies which show a cheery aspect the whole year round.' Said a third, 'And yet the fruit of hollies is not wholesome to eat. I will plant kale, which is good and plentiful in bearing.'

So all came to the father and extolled each his own choice. But he did not commend one above the other.

He told them to plant the garden, each according to his own desire.

"And so it came to pass that, at the year's end, he called them together, and said, 'The garden was planted, my children, and the garden was reaped. And I have noted that he who planted the apple did not refuse to eat of the kale in its season. And he who planted the kale did not scruple to admire the holly when the snow came. And he who planted the holly was glad of a dish both of apples and kale.

"You have all done well, each in his own proper room. But I have shown a wisdom more matured than any of you by reason of my greater years. For, had each one of you had his own desire, he would have planted the whole garden with his own choice. And lo, we should all have lacked somewhat, as each lacked plenitude of wisdom. I counsel, therefore, that hereafter you help each other, and till and plant the garden together. So shall you find labour easier in the doing of it, and more pleasurable besides."

So, my. good children, you also are set here within the garden of your young leader James, and I doubt not he finds pleasure in the variety of your offering to the commonwealth of all."

I paused awhile and then continued.

A Love Stream

"You noted a slight vibrant disturbance awhile ago, good people. And I also noted that you were both perplexed and also pleasured as it passed upon us. It touched each and all alike, as if we all were one in mind and heart. So it is when for a moment we aspire towards our higher destiny. Lesser things then fall into place quite easily, and the higher elements within us throb in unison and in joy, as we experienced it but that short time ago.

"You did not know, my children, what it was sent upon us that pleasant wave of peace and good-will. Those who planted the garden saw only with partial vision. The father of them was able to visualise the whole as it would work out in its season. So it was that I saw, that while each of you planted one or other truth in this garden of souls, yet, as one whole, you were a garden very profitable and in unison as to those your deeper aspirations. On such a company alone are the high angels able to shed the glowing rays of their love and blessing.

"So when a company of those bright ministrants passed over the Glade a while ago, the whole place, and you, were able to receive of their love-stream as they paused a moment and looked down, and smiled, and poured the sweet dew of their benediction upon you, and passed on their way earthward on some service they had in hand to do.

"Take courage, therefore, and go on the way you have begun, and the Glade will brighten as your common love increases."

Earth's Religious Systems

Thursday, 18th November, 1920.

THIS lesson being ended to those big children, for they were none else, I stood watching

them with some interest not unmixed with amusement. They were discussing the diverse views which might be taken of the matter of which I had spoken, and very intent were they on their business. It seemed to be quite a new light in which to view things that other people of other modes of thought and practice could be of one faith in one Creator. It is strange how those who come over here, even to the present age, are still obsessed with the idea that all other besides themselves are gone out of the way, and they only have the love in its fullness of Him Who made them.

We do not treat the matter in that way here and yet, mark me, my son, we do not say that all systems of faith be equal. No. But we know that all present systems be some strong in one aspect of truth, and some strong in another, and none have the whole truth. Yet all look towards the one Central Throne of all the Heavens, and from that Centre come to them all the rays of wisdom which make the world in which your lot is for the present appointed a very interesting study to us of the spirit realms. Now let me a little further, thus:

We do not fling disdain upon any system of faith. We use them all according as they shall be the more helpful to one or to other. So it is that I who in earth life tried to search out and find the Christ in Jesus, that I might love Him and serve Him somewhat, came over here still hotfooted on the quest. Well, I continued my venture and have come to know more of Him thus than I had done had I, on finding the Earth idea of Him both very faulty and very inadequate, shied off and gone by some other track upon my journey. No, I was given word of advice to continue as I had begun since I had, even on Earth, been somewhat of a knight-errant after the truth, and had not scrupled to flout those who told us they had a vicarage from God to guard and to deal out the truth as men of lesser spiritual content were able to receive it. That is where I went crazy, my son. Yet it is such as I, although of greater forcefulness and wisdom, who lead the thoughts of men into a wider range. They called me and my friends heretic. But the greatest Heretic of all the ages they reverenced as the Christ while us they condemned.

Lights Round a Deathbed

But I must not further thus.

When Habdi came over he was first made acquainted with the truth according to the phase of it found in the Creed of his baptism. He was baptised a Christian child, and in the faith as held in Christendom he was instructed here—not in its errors, but in that of it which is truth. Thus he was the better able to help his mother when she came over here. Also he was the better equipped to deal with such children as were put within his charge on their being newly born into Spirit life. And of that matter I will tell you now.

As I stood there there came a message to me. I listened intently for there was some insistence in the manner of it as it came to me. It was from that same party of angelic travellers who had but lately passed over the Glade, of which I told you. They were calling me to come and to bring the boy Habdi with me to their service.

So we went without delay and came upon them where they were gathered about the bed of a little girl-child. She was of some six summers. I could see that she was about to come here. The home was that of a man of moderate wealth. He was not rich but worked to earn his bread. The room when I arrived there was full of lights of many colours.

You mean spirit lights, of course?

I speak as it appeared to us on this side. Yes; these were spirit lights, as you have it. Yet they did not all proceed from us discarnate ones. Some of that luminance was generated from the father and mother of the child. I examined these lights carefully. By them I read those two people.

There were but few strains of dullness in their auras. The woman was not quite so spiritual as the man. But both were very good people. Only, as the child grew weaker and they began to understand that she was slipping beyond their grasp, there gathered about them colours more sombre and the radiance became dimmer. Their faith began to fail somewhat, their faith in the goodness of God.

Habdi Receives a Newcomer

They were earnest souls, however, and that is why these high beings had come down to help them in this dark hour. There was one man and two women spirits tending the child. These were there to see that all went well with her in her passing. To them I led Habdi. The company who had called me meanwhile stood in a group aside and concentrated upon the man and his wife to help them.

At length the little one breathed deeply, and did not breathe again. By this time her spirit body had risen from out the body of flesh, and was almost free. So the two women attendants took her in their arms and laid her to rest for a few minutes. Then they roused her and Habdi came to her and took her by the hand and smiled upon her and kissed her upon her brow and called to her merrily. Soon she smiled in answer and so, hand in hand, the two children went away, the man and the two women following in their wake, and were soon at the House of James within the Glade.

The Mother's Vision

Now when that last deep breath was taken the two parents were about to throw themselves upon the tenantless body and fall to weeping, and perhaps to bitter words at their so sore bereavement. But instead the woman put her left hand upon her bosom and, starting back, placed her right upon the shoulder of her husband, and looked steadfastly at that place which was above the head of the bed, and a little to the left of the centre as she viewed it. There she saw her little one looking upward eagerly into the laughing eyes of a boy who seemed to be talking to her of something very pleasant to think on. He was clad in a cream-coloured tunic belted with gold; and the little girl was much like him in her dress. The boy bad given her a beautiful spray of flowers of white and blue which she held in one hand, the other being clasped in the hand of her young companion to give her strength. Slowly they went away, he talking, and she smiling her prettiest. Then there arose from the bedside a man and two women in radiant dress who followed after the children. That is what the mother saw and, seeing it, she had no heart for weeping. Albeit tears did bedim her eyes, but they were not of sorrow, in total, but rather of unexpected joy in the midst of her sense of loss to tincture it with mercy.

Then I saw her turn to her husband and say: "Darling, did you see it?" He took her in his arms and kissed her, but did not answer her then. They went to the bed and tended the body of their little one. Not till this was ended, and all composed for the present while, did he answer her question.

"No Bitterness or Sense of Loss"

They were sitting in their parlour together when he said, "Now what was it you saw, dear, as our little one left us? I noticed you were gazing very intently at something near the pillow. What was it?"

Then she told him what she had seen, and he said, "Well I did not see that. But it may

account for what I did experience. While you were so rapt with your vision I felt a strong breeze about me. It was not quite like wind, but rather was a kind of influence—a stream of influence, I might call it. It seemed to go through my very being and carry away all bitterness and sense of loss. And I heard, or seemed to hear, some voices talking together. One said somewhat after this fashion, 'The boy knows the way right well and will not err away from it. We will let him guide her and ourselves will follow after and aid them with our strength for the journey.' It was in no language I know, dear, and yet I understood quite clearly. But I saw nothing except a faint cloud of light exactly in the spot where you were looking. It seemed first to gather about our little one, then to rise above the bed and float to the left as I looked at it. That is the spot where you saw your vision, was it not?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "and I thank God for that, for had I not been given that vision I do not like to think what wicked thoughts I would be thinking at this moment."

Then she went to him and, kneeling by his chair, laid her face against his breast and burst into tears. They were a simple-minded pair, those two, and moreover, their mode of life had been such as to enable these high angels to come and do service to them. Nor did they deem it of so small importance as that it should not have enlisted their concern. No, my son, we do not reckon matters greater or lesser by the gauge which men have made. We have our own measures, and they are truer than those of earth.

Chapter 16

How a Colony Progressed

Tuesday, 7th December, 1920

From time to time I visited the Bishop's people[20] in the wilderness as I had promised I would do. One time James would go along with me, and another time the boy Habdi or some other. This either to help, or for their instruction. For there was much for such young students to learn of that motley multitude.

There came an occasion when I came to them alone. Most of them, after much restlessness and wandering, had come to see that such manner of life led them nowhere. So they took a plebiscite and, so many as would suffice affirming, the two leaders set about making a colony. They found an open plain, with hills at some distance away, and a river which came from the hills and passed through the lowlands. So they set to work building rough shelters and tilling the ground; they planted their flower-beds about them, and began to feel they were at length in sight of home.

Then, as the land grew fairer, they improved their shelters into huts and, later, into very pretty cottages. Trees also rose along the river bank, and also within their gardens, and presently they saw that plantations of trees had appeared on various parts of the plain, and the hills, here and there, began to put on a vesture of grass here, and of shrubs there. Then several copses extending their borders, grew together and a forest was made.

They were very proud of what they had achieved. It was not handiwork in whole, but much of it was mental, or wilful, energy which had taken shape in outward form. In this I and other my companions helped unseen and were not suspected, except by some few of the better ones.

Habdi was grown now into a very stalwart and comely youth; and to him we allotted a little task all of his own.

The Colony in Council

The Alderman and the Bishop spoke with me in council. There were three others also. These were the only ones who were so far progressed as to be able to make a leading amongst their fellows. They were one priest and two laymen.

They came together with me and we sat upon the river's bank where a small wood had sprung up. I asked them of the matter in hand. The Alderman beckoned one of the laymen, and he explained it to us thus:

"We have, by some rough ways, come into possession of this settlement, and the people are not unmindful of your kindly help, good sir and friend. But they have now had leisure for remembrance, and those finer qualities of heart and mind have been of late peeping out a little here and there in not a few of them. They are asking where are those of their friends and kin who, as they think, but are not all sure, came over with them from the massacre."

"And what did you tell them, friend?" I asked.

[20] *See The Bishop in Chapter 14.*

"We three went amongst them first to get at what number had these thoughts, and we found that it was a general theme to them; for few there be who had not some loved one near them when they were slaughtered. And they think that these are not all with them now in this place. But, 'Where are they resident?' say they, and are perplexed.

"We have heard from your mouth, sir, of the Meadow[21] but we did not tell them of it, fearing they might set off looking for it and come to no good. So we spoke advisedly to them, and we told them to be in patience awhile and we would take counsel with you in respect of a plan we three have made for their betterment."

He paused, and I said, "That was very wise, and I greatly commend you, my sons. I doubt not your plan is a wise one also. Let me hear of it, and I will advise you on it right gladly."

Two Plans for Betterment

Then the priest spoke. He said, "Sir Arnel, there are two plans afoot amongst us. These my brethren made the very good plan of building a Hall of Assembly where they should come together to discuss the business of finding their missing relatives and friends. This should be to them as a power-house where, according together as one, they should send forth messages in search of the lost ones.

"My own plan is that we build, not a Hall of Assembly, but a Cathedral Church. For here we have our good father the Bishop, and he would lead us in worship. Thus would guidance be sent to us to light our future way."

I turned to those two good friends, joint rulers of this colony, as one time they had conjointly ruled their town and neighbourhood on Earth. They had caught the salient point, and were much amused. They were smiling one to the other in great enjoyment. God had so blessed their work with these people that they two were very happy men. And now their three lieutenants had turned them into rivals. For while the two laymen would build a Hall of Assembly as the place of Aldermanic authority, the priest would raise a Cathedral Church where he would enthrone his beloved Bishop.

Looking back from the radiant faces of these two leaders, I was so much moved by the somewhat apprehensive and conscience-stricken looks upon the countenances of those three that I burst into laughter. Then they laughed also.

"Blend Them Together"

Nothing of dissension had previously broken into the councils of all those five. And the human predilection which had forced itself forward, now they had striven to hide from us. But it showed itself willy-nilly, and they stood betrayed.

So I said, "My sons, you are here three spheres removed from earth—and more than that for sure. For, since your time here, your people have progressed much. Now here we do not divide authority into one part sacred and the other part profane. For, although earth ideas are not ruthlessly blotted out in these lower realms, yet they gradually fade as you progress toward the higher, as the rainbow spectrum rays traced to their source, become all white.

"You call this friend your Bishop, and so he is, so long as you call him so. And this your Alderman, and so likewise is he. But I think you have now advanced when you might safely lead your people one step forward. I do not advise that regular and secular be annihilated in their

[21] *See Awakening the Children in Chapter 13.*

common life. They are not quite ready for that. But I think you might blend them together somewhat, and lead the people thus by slow degrees."

"I think I see your meaning, sir," the Bishop said. "Let us raise a fair and spacious Guild House and my good friend the Alderman and I will lead the people in counsel jointly there." So it was done as the Bishop had suggested. They built a large and very comely pile where they met together, both for counsel and for worship; and the people were much pleasured, and not a little benefited by that.

A Guild House is Built

Wednesday, 8th December, 1920.

The building of the Guild House gave occupation to that colony for a long period. And while they built the house they too were built spiritually. For unseen teachers were there to inspire into their minds some thoughts of higher things. So it was that, when the house was finished, the texture of its walls was of a brighter material than it had been when first they started on the work. All the while the colony grew in numbers, by reason of those who joined themselves to their commonwealth. These came from diverse quarters. Some were of those of their own people who had wandered away initially. Others were they who had been wanderers in the wilderness around them, and some had come there in the course of their normal advance from the Sphere Two onward towards the higher realms.

Can you please describe the building, Arnel?

It was after the fashion of a theatre of the Greek states but was roofed. The seats rose in semi-circle and, at the open end, there was a platform on which should sit their leaders and the Council of the people. The curved walls were, when finished, of a light brown colour. But, when some few assemblies had been held, these changed to a delicate heliotrope which brightened in lustre whenever a meeting was underway. For those people under their two chief governors had progressed apace.

The Young Interpreter

Now the boy Habdi had become a comely youth with, as you would say, some seventeen summers to his years. And the special work and office we gave to him was that of Prophet. I will explain, for it will help you to understand how our work is done hereabouts, my son.

The Bishop and the Alderman were potentially of a higher sphere than that in which their work was cast. But, in order to do that work, they remained conditioned to that Sphere Three until, ascending; they might take their people forward with them. So the youth Habdi was given the task of sitting with them in Council in order that, when contact with any sphere between that and the Sphere Seven was needed, he might be their interloper to tell forth to them what message he should receive by inward vision or hearing.

I see; he was clairvoyant and clairaudient.

Even so, my son. But he was somewhat else than what you of earth usually understand by those terms. As I understand it, your seers and hearers have their faculties irrespective of spiritual elevation. They may or may not be high in spiritual attainment of holiness. Now Habdi, being of the Sphere Seven at that time, was able not only to see and hear those who descended to the Sphere Three. He was, at any times and all times, enabled, by an effort of the will, to be consciously present in those Spheres in advance of the Sphere Three, and so at first-hand, and not either by

symbol nor by the mouth of a messenger, to tell forth to the people what he had received direct.

His Appearance

Very well. Now there came a day when the people were gathered together with their leaders, and Habdi sat there with the Bishop and the Alderman upon the dais.

Rising, the Alderman addressed the assembly, and said, "We have revisited, my friends and brethren, the matter decided in Council at our last coming together. You then felt that the time was ripe when, by God His good pleasure, we might venture to search out the whereabouts of our kin whom we have lost in these new realms. I pray you, young sir, that you will explain to these good people the here and there of what has occurred since when we spoke to them in Council before."

Then Habdi rose and stood forward.

He was grown now, you said, Arnel. Could you tell me something of his appearance?

There you get me, my son. Yet you may think I quibble. The appearance of him in his own sphere was not as it was in the Sphere Three. But you wish to know how he seemed to the people in the Guild House. That is it, yes.

He was tall, but not very tall, and slight of limb, yet comely. His hair was brown and wavy and fell to his neck, being held about his head by a fillet of blue. His tunic was scant and was of blue silk. On his breast, where the collar fell low, was a white-gold stone set around with rubies. That was the only outstanding signature of his normal sphere, except that his body and tunic were of brighter sheen than those of the people. But he suppressed this lustre, and it only became apparent some little when himself became uplifted in the exercise of his duty, namely, the seeing and hearing on a plane higher than that of the Sphere Three. Then his body and his robe did shimmer with the light inherent in them, but it was involuntary on the part of the youth Habdi. And this, glowing became most apparent, at such times, in his jewel of order, and in the belt of silver which he wore about his loins. I see the word 'sandals' in your mind, my son. No; he had no footwear. When at rest, as when he sat silent while others spoke, his flesh was a very little darker than your own, but not so dark as that of the other people within the Guild House.

He said, "I have been going about upon the business of which we spoke together at our last Council, good people. I have also spoken with your benefactors, Sir Arnel, James and the Lady Wulfhere. These have looked into your present condition, and I am here to tell you that the time is ripe when you should come together with those others, your kith and kin, who, for their own good, had need, for the time, to be sequestered until you had progressed somewhat nearer to their own present estate.

I am much pleasured to tell you that Sir Arnel and the Lady Wulfhere, with others their helpers, are even now at the gates of this your Guild House, and will tell you further of the matter."

"A Sprinkling of Soft Radiance"

Then there entered those two of whom he spoke.

Yourself and Wulfhere.

Yes, my son. We came along the gangway straight into the flat semicircle before the platform. Here was an open space, the benches rising in tiers around it.

I saluted them upon the platform, and raised my hand upon the people, Wulfhere standing by my side.

Would you please explain "raised my hand upon the people."

Remember Moses when Aaron and Hur held his hands aloft, my son. That is a primitive story of bloodshed. This was one of peace. But the two are near cousins in effect. I raised my hand towards the leaders upon the platform and, slowly turning, pointed my hand over the heads of the multitude until I came round again to the platform. It was not a sign merely. Through me there streamed power from my own sphere. As it passed through the filter of my body, it became attuned to the condition of those people, and fell upon them in a sprinkling of soft radiance. Few could see it radiant as it left my fingers. I think Habdi alone would see that. It became apparent to the sight of them only when, coming above them, it became blended with their own more dense vibrations, like a stream of electricity, or of steam, which are both unseen until they strike into the atmospheric particles and, blending once again, become invisible. But the brightening smiles upon their faces showed that the blessing had fallen upon them.

Initiation into the Sphere Four

This done, Wulfhere spoke to them. She said, "I am happy today, good people, because what my lord Shonar began, by high grace we have so far completed. You have strived and have won through. You have, by slow degrees, so progressed as to merit advancement into the sphere next in order. Since you came here within this House, unknown to you this transmutation has been brought upon you, and you now are within the Sphere Four.

"Be quiet in your minds for the time, good people, and at the proper moment you shall join with your loved ones and your friends and your children whom you so long have striven to find."

Then she and I and our company formed in circle, facing outward; but the circle was not finished, there was a gap towards the platform. Seeing what it was towards, the dear youth Habdi came and joined us, and, taking my hand in his own, expressed his love to me and his thanks on behalf of the people who had become in a way his own.

As we stood there, silent and intent upon our business, the walls became less dense of substance until at last they were translucent, and then invisible altogether. The open country was before the multitude, and they saw a beautiful meadowland and trees and flowers and fountains of water which had not been there when they had entered that House.

But they were sorely perplexed. So I addressed them and told them that the country around that Guild House was all changed now, and that they should go forth seeking, for they were in the country where dwelt their own people whom they sought; and others also who had become friends to those, and would so become to the present assembly.

Gradual Advance

Thursday, 9th December, 1920.

When the walls were once more materialised the multitude streamed forth outside. Here they paused to see what changed aspect was upon the place. To their eyes, accustomed to the somewhat subdued light of the Sphere Three, this was indeed a Paradise of brightness. The trees and flowers and grass were of a much brighter hue, and the light more mellow. Nor was there any desert land to be seen, for the forest filled the horizon on every hand with a rich curtain of colours. But nowhere was the party to be found for which they sought. So they went forth and entered the forest paths on every side. They did not pause to consider which was the direction in which they should go. They did not see the company of those who had come from the higher spheres to guide them. But, one after another, they found their friends and were well content. Thus a widespread

colony grew up there. The little cots which had been the homes of the women and children and those men who had been of the company when the meadow was allotted to them they took in hand and enlarged and beautified.

Now, my son, I must tell you two things, because I would have you understand as much as is possible to you of the ways we go about our work and of the forces resident in these realms, and how we use them.

The change which had come upon these people had not been of so sudden a nature as might appear from my narration. It had been long preparing. They, by their endeavours, and by our teachings, had been advancing towards the estate of the Sphere Four for a long time. The Guild House had served as a focus wherein their aspirations had been gathered. Thereon we had directed, in chief, the streams of our powers. Mingling there and blending, this content of higher condition had washed and bathed them as they had gone about their work of building. Unknown to them, except to a few such as that priest and the two laymen and some small number besides, they had advanced in spiritual uplifting until they were really beyond the Sphere Three in personality, but still resident in it as to their environment apparent to them. The initiation we had brought about within the Guild House was merely the sealing of what already had come about upon them; no more than this.

Transmuted Surroundings: Changed Condition

And the second fact is this. We did not transfer them from one locality to another.

Now this I find difficult to make clear for you to whom distance is so real a thing. It is not to us as it is to you. You might, as I say to you by way of example, you might be speaking of you and me at this moment as being distant from each other. For you cannot see me, and you hear me only interiorly, as the voice of someone far away. But that is not so. It is merely that your state and my own are dissimilar. Our environment is diverse by reason of our condition being on two different planes of activity. And yet we are not dissimilar in total for, see you, you write what I impress you to write and that could not be except some similarity of nature should exist in you and me. So it was with those people of the Guild House. It was not their residence which was changed locally, but their environment was transmuted about, them, and they became, by that transaction, correspondent no longer to the conditions of the Sphere Three, but to those of the Sphere Four.

"Jesus Stood in the Midst"

I am very keen, my son, to make this matter as plain to you as I am able. So to this end further; thus :

When Jesus came into the house wherein His friends were gathered on that first Easter, He came unseen. So. Then He gathered from them what substance He had need of, and, by what process you now call materialisation, He fashioned for Himself a body of flesh. Then He was visible to them. Also His environment had become changed. When He had transacted such business as was His at that time, He dematerialised again that body of flesh and, in that act, He changed His environment once again back to that of spirit. But all through the process, from first to last, presence and absence had no part whatsoever. Both before and after His appearing in bodily form to them He was there unseen. You get me, my son? The change was of condition, and not of locality.[22]

[22] *A similar tale of how Jesus was "resurrected" is told in the Padgett Messages, (See the communication received on*

Yes. I think I see your meaning. But our own friends in spirit have sometimes told us that, after we have finished our talk with them, they usually linger with us for a time. There seems to be some idea in that of coming and going. Yet I suppose it really means that they wait awhile before changing their state from the earth sphere to that of their own.

You might put it in that way, yes. But, although spirits often talk to you of earth of coming and going, yet this is so because of your own limitations. We find it necessary to use earth language when speaking to earth inhabitants, and that language enshrines your three-dimensional knowledge. In the case of your friends, as you have written it previously, I would rather say that they hold off a little while before revisualising their environment.

You of earth are not all of the earth sphere spiritually. You are of different spheres, some low and some higher. Some are able at times to rise into conditions of spheres very high. When we come into communion with such as these we do not find it necessary to change our estate by lowering our vibrations. It is necessary only to surround ourselves with a temporal environment to match that of him who, high in spiritual estate, is still a dweller upon earth.

By this process of growth, therefore, we led that people forward until the whole multitude were incorporated with the People of the Glade. Here they were organised into communities, and far afield the settlement spread through forest lands and over plains and into the hills. We delegated James and Habdi to rule them and teach them, and of that matter I will have more to tell you later.

October 24th, 1915) and also in the Urantia Book. Jesus certainly did not raise his original and much damaged physical body from the grave, in fact he had previously dematerialised that used body, which is why the tomb was empty and the shroud had an embedded "scorched" image created in that process. The very latest scientific research into the Shroud has confirmed this, without knowing of these channelled sources. See "Portrait of Jesus? The Illustrated Story of the Shroud of Turin." by Frank C Tribbe. G.J.C.

Chapter 17

Enlarging and Building

Tuesday, 14th December, 1920.

Now the People of the Glade had grown to be a far-flung settlement. But we will still name them by that name, for the Glade was their centre, and it was here their rulers had their House of Residence.

These were James in chief and, auxiliary to him, the youth Habdi, who acted as lieutenant when James was absent. He also was the mouthpiece of James to those to whom he went as messenger. Ladena had duties elsewhere frequently. Yet she spent much time at the Glade with Mervyn and, on such occasions, found opportunity to be of service.

But now that the colony had become so great, that the equipment no longer sufficed as previously. So they set about a reconstitution to meet the present needs; and of that I tell you now.

First they gave attention to their Guild House. This was to be now a College in which those who should be advanced to that part should receive instruction. For this Colony had now become in estate the first in the Sphere Four, and it would henceforth be from that region that people should, in normal situations, pass on into the Sphere Five.

So they took the Guild House in hand and raised about it several buildings which were be appointed for the training of people in the diverse matters in which they should find need to be perfected.

What were these departments, please?

One was to condition the newcomers to the more advanced and refined atmosphere of that district. This was necessary in order that they might feel no discomfort to distract from their studies. This was a large estate with no central building, but little nooks and arbours, and some them thus by reason of their diligence in learning and their friendly conduct. This method was adopted in principle for the training of the electors themselves in the virtues of love and humility.

With them came the Alderman and the Bishop; James and Habdi were also there. When they were all assembled they entered into communion of purpose and then directed their joint powers upon that part of the boundary which was to the left of the House of James. Slowly they shifted their stream of flowing power along the line of trees and cottages, and went the round of the three sides of the open space. When they had finished, with many pauses, for it was not done in one operation, the Glade had enlarged its boundaries so that it was some three times in area what it was before.

This enclosure was carpeted with grass, and then a colonnade was made on either side at right angles to the House. At the other end of the Glade, and opposite the House, was there an arch of noble proportions erected, and two towers, one on either side of it. Beyond this arch was made a broad way out into the open. It descended from the arch and went through park lands which stretched far and wide until they blended into those estates where were established the departments of training of which I have told you.

The workers were greatly delighted at the success of their labours and, ceasing from their activities, they went out to examine their work.

"Your Achievement Shall be Crowned"

When they were come together again, the Bishop spoke to them thus, "Good people, it has come into my mind, and into the mind of my brother our Alderman, that now we have one more duty to do before we go each to his own especial district to continue there our training. The House of our young Leader James is still what it was previously when this community was not so numerous. It is not any longer of service to deal with the larger accumulation of forces centred about it from the various parts of the colony as at present it stands.

"Let us therefore, by your good leave, sir, get together once again, and we will build you a house for residence when you be here in these parts such as will be equal to the larger duties you will have now to sustain."

To this James answered, "It pleases me much, my good friends, that you have it in your minds to do this thing. You shall build us this House anew, so far as it is within your powers to do it. And for what you lack, to finish it we will make petition of those who watch your progress from the spheres superior. They will finish and appoint it, and they will round off your work with their own. I thank you for your loyalty to date, and for your good service. Your present phase of achievement shall, therefore, be crowned with the building of our House."

A Delegation of Five

Wednesday, 15th December, 1920.

The building of the House of James was done in this manner. We sought direction of procedure from those who had knowledge in these matters, and from the higher spheres there came a delegation of five, architects and master craftsmen. Two of these were from the Sphere Eight. These were the designers of the building. Two were from the Sphere Five. These had a close knowledge of the basic substances of the Sphere Four, for they had kept themselves in constant touch with the science of this realm. They were, therefore, the better enabled to deal with the building of the house. The other was a frequent resident of the Sphere Four, but he was a resident of his own choice, being more advanced in true worth. He had remained here for a set purpose to be about such business as this at present. The rationale of this combination was that the architects, being of the spheres superior, would make their design more sublimate than one of the inhabitants of the region where the house should be raised. The creators would aspire, with their craftsmen, to emulate the design. They would not achieve it wholly, no, but they would achieve a structure such as would—by reason of those elements of the spheres above the Sphere Four which they would construct to interweave into it—lead beholders to realise that therein was a mystical ingredient. So they would be led to aspire also. That is one of the uses to which we put our buildings where occasion offers. They are visible lectures to the people of invisible qualities awaiting unfoldment as they progress from one altitude to one of higher grade.

The fifth worker was he who would watch the building in every stage of the operations to see that nothing exceeded the competence either of the workers or of the malleability of the materials of that region which should be used in the structure. First came the plan of the House. It was not such as you use on earth, my son. In order to show you how we do such work hereabouts I will narrate the proceedings to you somewhat in detail.

"When the old House had been disintegrated, and the space cleared, the Five came to the Glade, and we called the workers together. These lined the two colonnades, and before the arch. The Five stood upon the plateau, now much widened, whereon had been the House of the young ruler.

Was he there, and Habdi?

Be sure of it. Yes, we all came to see this pretty affair. We stood upon the rise with the operators.

Working to a Model

Then these got them to their work in right good earnest, and very soon in the middle of the Glade we saw the grass taking on a luminous aspect over a space some dozen yards by three. Then the oblong projected from itself six squares, three on either of the long sides of it. This shape was the flat plan of the house to be built. Slowly the walls arose and the arches took shape from the base upward. It was very slowly accomplished because they raised it inch by inch, complete with all details of ornament and structure, both without and within. So at length it was finished.

We all went about it inspecting it, and we could see all and and every line of it. It was suffused with a glowing light which made it translucent. So the chambers within were as apparent to us as were the outer parts.

The work of building was not begun for a time; but the workers spent their leisure in discussing this model point by point, and how they would go about their treatment of the various parts, and whether this pillar, or arch, or stairway could be made to the design with the materials they had to hand. Then, they, one party after another, would return to the model and find other creators there on like purpose. Discussion would again ensue, and help be asked and given mutually. So the thing went on, and a great delight it was to them all, and to us also who beheld their joyful poise and brightness of countenance. Most of these were they, my son, whom we had led here from the Stony Port. You will be able to imagine to yourself the hearts of us who had nursed these poor children of earth in their weakness. Now they were strong and comely and full of right purpose. It was a very blessed thing to see. Well, the house was begun and finished piece by piece. They raised it to a point, paused and consulted about the model, comparing detail with detail shown. Here was a pilaster raised a couple of feet from its base. But the two sides were not quite of the right projection, or the colour perhaps was slightly amiss. So they went over it again until all was perfect. They then proceeded to the next inch to build it. But they were very careful, in truth, that all should be as well done as they were able to do it. For this was to be the House of James, their young and comely ruler, and their love for him was exceeding large and true.

The Structure Complete

The House was completed in its structure. I will describe it to you.

We approach it from the Parklands beyond the Glade. In front stands a beautiful rounded arch with cornice above like the lip of a child, so soft and rounded it was. On each side, with connecting wall, stood a tower with chambers for those who watched for visitors from the distant outlands, and also for messages from the widespread settlements here or there. We pass through the Arch and enter the Glade. It is carpeted green, and on each side is a colonnade between the pillars of which shrubs and flowers are seen, and beyond them the wooded land with paths and avenues. Peace was over it all, both within the Glade and outside it also.

Before us, at the further end, there rises a slope which is continued in a stairway of alabaster stone. This stretches nearly the whole breadth of the Glade and, beyond the balustrades, at either end is an arbour, with a fountain of water before it, and flowers both in the ground and climbing.

The facade is a series of nine arches which spring from the ground to two-thirds of the

height of the whole. The two largest of these are they on either hand about the central arch which is compressed into a lancet-like aperture. On top of this arcade there are seven lesser arches, and the cornice curls over the whole and sets the skyline to it.

This skyline is broken by other arches and domes which arise behind it from the central chambers. This is one end of the House which stretches back from this front away from the Glade. From the two long sides there project three towers each. But these are not seen from the Glade, except their tops. For they project beyond the width of the Glade and are hid by the trees. But their tops are seen, and these are circular. These six towers were a challenge to the skill of the builders, for the curves were both unusual and difficult to execute by reason of the fact that, whereas they sprang from square bases, they ended up circular. But they were very nice to see from the plain which spread out on both sides of the House.

Within there was a large central hall for meetings, and this was square. Off this there were corridors, and before it was a water-court as vestibule.

War in the Lower Spheres

What was the purpose of the six towers, Arnel?

They were for the use of visitors. Those on the left were for the visitors from the higher spheres, and those on the right for the people of the Sphere Four and Three, and the other for those who came here from earth in sleep-time. They were built in a certain design and of a special material. They were always served by a company whose duty it was to enable these visitors to condition themselves to the environment of that Glade.

Name them "Robing Chambers", my son. That will very well describe their use and purpose. You have heard of the parable of the Wedding-robe, and he who lacked it. I take it these towers were for the purpose of ensuring that no such untoward incident happen at the Glade.

Would that be possible?

Of a surety, my son, I have known many of wilful wantonness intrude themselves into regions to which they were not attuned correctly. Free-will is here as it is with you, and is always freely used. Some have forcefulness to overmatch their wisdom. Well, they find wisdom in retreat to their own proper atmosphere. Some learn their lesson thus who would not otherwise. But these are exceptions as always. And they do not often come so far in advance as to the Sphere Four, and that an advanced part of it as was this of the Glade.

Would it be possible for those very low in the spheres, I mean the malignant spirits, to force their way into a higher sphere and do harm to the inhabitants?

I hesitate some little, my son. In theory I do not see why they should not do so, except that the harm they should be able to do could not be either permanent or serious. If such uprush was ever made the result to the inhabitants would not be so much of injury as of distress. This would be occasioned by two factors, namely, the witnessing the agony of the invaders when the frenzy of their escapade should wear itself away, as it would do quickly; and also by reason of the nearness of the lower element and those love-lack vibrations clashing with their own during the brief time while the invaders would be able to sustain their purpose.

This in theory. In practice I have never known of such a concerted intrusion on the part of a band of the unprogressed.

No traditions of any such attack?

I think, my son, you have in your mind the earth tradition of the war in heaven. Change that word "heaven" for "spheres", and those the lower spheres, and you have it. I have already told you

of such warfare, and that is but one war of several which have been made as the aeons have rolled along. But these are high politics, and not of the Glade and the House of that saintly young nobleman who ruled therein.

Others Beautify the New House

Thursday, 16th December, 1920.

When all was finished the workers rested and looked upon their handiwork with much pleasure and no little pride. They began to see that their strenuous endeavour to progress in spiritual worth was not without practical benefit also. Their talents could be put to such use as that they should become visible in some such permanent work for the community as was this House of James.

But while they rested, others were busy about that building. As the people walked within the Glade now and now again, they saw some half-visible form pass within the arches, or tarry upon the roof, or upon the plateau. Then he faded away from their sight, or went within the House, and so was lost to their view. These were workers from higher spheres. They came to consolidate the building, to enthuse into its structure some blend of their own environment, and so to raise its influences as high as it was possible to do in respect of a house still located within the Sphere Four, and also created by those who were inhabitants there.

When they had done their work the whole structure had become enhanced in its beauty. Yet no one could tell in what particular it had now what it had lacked before. Nevertheless, in some indefinable way all were cognisant of a more refined sense about it both in colour and outline. Also, in a faint way, it wore a semblance of being endowed with the faculty of sensation, but not in such a pronounced degree as are the structures in regions more advanced.

Shrine and Mirror

One thing I must tell you here before I proceed with my narrative. It concerns the model which stood in the middle of the Glade. That was not dematerialised when the House was completed. It no longer had a primary use. But it was left to be an ornamental relief upon the large area of green grass upon which it rested.

As it had been made by those good helpers our architects it had been carefully coloured in its parts as the House should be. But now they treated it so that it should not be, in this respect, a replica of the larger building. This would be to make each a foil to the other in interest and artistic grace. So they reduced the colouring of it so that it was left with an appearance of some substance between alabaster stone and shaded ivory, with its tower tops tinted a subdued gold, and likewise the curves of the arches. So it became to them a shrine and an indicator in one.

It was connected with the House by a certain vibratory system which was mutually responsive.

If any visitor came by that way, or if any of those whose normal business was in those parts wanted to know what was going on within the House, the attendants of the Glade could look within that shrine and they would know all they desired to know. This saved much expenditure of time and labour, for the House was very large, and had many departments within, and also beyond out in the gardens and lands encircling it. Here in the Shrine could be read, in a perfect summary, all the business proceeding at any given moment in the whole of that House and its environs. And it was a shrine because whenever the people felt a need of some little extra strength to do what task

was theirs at any time they would go there and, reclining in the Glade, or standing near the model, they would fall into meditation. Then they would be aware of the great powers within the House itself, and of their communion with their Ruler and his officers. Thus help was gained without their encroaching upon the time of their good leaders. They went to the Glade as your people go into a church, for silence and aspiration, and this was to them their altar both of offering and of refreshment.

A Message from the Christ Sphere

Now when the House was quite completed we held an assembly of inauguration. A new era was starting and it was necessary that all, both place and people, should be adjusted to the new outlook ahead.

The interior of the great hall was filled with the people. On a raised space at one end stood James. There came forward a man of very beautiful aspect. He wore a long robe of white and, upon it, a mantle of deep blue and gold. About his loins there was a broad belt of crimson picked out in white. His face shone so that there appeared to be playing upon his countenance, and upon his hair, a golden stream of almost invisible spray from some sphere far removed above.

He said, "I come to you who are called the People of the Glade to give you word of greeting from those who, unseen by you, still watch your progress from those heavens towards which you are working your way. I come to you as a delegate of one who from the Christ Sphere descended into my own that to you I might deliver his message. It is this: the Christ our Leader is not unmindful of you and the way you have come hereto. As He was hurled off earth with violence by His fellow-men, so were you. Remember this, for in this you are His fellows. He knows of your internal strife when thoughts of evil were suggested to you, and from those thoughts you turned away your face and looked heavenwards with sad and yearning hearts. So did He; and there again are you and He akin. The brightness you have attained here in these upper reaches of the Sphere Four He shed about it when He ascended toward the Father's House that time from Olivet. This radiance you have gathered up, and it has brightened about you, and about your dwellings, condensed by the attraction of your ever-brightening selves.

James, the New Leader

So now come forward, good children of the Glade, and of the Christ, for He awaits you yonder where you may see Him in the majesty of His. holiness and in the simplicity of His love. "And now I give you for your leader him whom you have come to love for the wisdom and the kindness which are his. While this House has been in building he has entered into a sphere in advance of that which was his in degree when first he found you yonder in the darkness to lead you here. He will guide you well, and much of service will you do for your fellows who have great need of your help, as he will show you.

"God, and the Christ of God, guide you ever, good People of the Glade, Raise now your hearts in a song of joy, and give to your young lord James your blessing."

So did they, yes, my son, they got it out right lustily. For they loved the noble lad with no mean love.

And then he spoke to them. He was more solemn than I had seen him previously. Also dignity made a little more play about his person and his movements. It was on his part unconscious, but it could not have been otherwise. He had been advanced a sphere onward, and that means not alone a greater degree of authority, but also an access of personal power inherent.

He was just simple and humble as ever he was. But he was enhanced in nobility. They saw his changed aspect, those people, and they understood. They saw it, and it made their love for him no less, and no less intimate, but their reverence was increased a little more.

He said, "For all your good comradeship, my friends, I thank you. This House where I shall be when in residence here among you is resonant with the whispers of your sweet love for me. Well, we have done somewhat together, and we will do more later; for there are those who await our help, such help as none can give so well as you can give it. This has been shown to me while I have been away up there in that sphere which is now my normal home.

"Our Father has given us a very beautiful land in which to make our present colony. But there are those you left behind you, near the earth because they were not ready for the ascent which you have made. We must go to their help, and what may be done for them by us, that we will do."

Then turning to the Angel who had acted as sponsor to him on that occasion, he said, "And to you, my lord, we all give our blessing in gratitude, and to those who work with you in that high sphere on our behalf. We send by your hand to them our greeting. If it please you, sir, say to them, we are coming their way, but must first return upon our tracks, for there are those who do not know the road here, and we must show it to them else they may continue to stray.

"So do you bless us, my good lord, and we will send you on your way with our love and ingratitude for companions."

Then James knelt before the Angel, who placed his left hand upon the bowed head. The right he extended to the people and blessed them as they too bowed their heads before the brightness of his person in the fullness of their hearts.

Chapter 18

Work in the Dark Outlands

Tuesday, 21st December, 1920.

We found Shonar[23] at his chief residence in those lower realms. It was a fortress, strong-built and square-set, on the side of the lower rises of a mountain. You must realise, my son, that what I tell you is not as I would tell it to a company of friends on this side the Veil. For here I would be able to use terms which are exact and natural to our more ductile operations. But, speaking to you on the other side, I must match my paints to the canvas, and so make such a picture as you of earth will be able to appraise.

So I say this house of Shonar was a Fortress. He had raised it during many years of labour among the devils incarnate with whom His task was set. And when they came over by death, then he met and dealt with them still: and the first lesson he taught them was that he was Master. Sometimes this was quickly learned and owned. But often those who were given into his keeping were great souls gone astray. These were stubborn ones, and defied his authority for a long time. Yet until they acknowledged his dominance they were held there in leash, so far as possible, so that the harm they would continue to do their fellows should be limited to the smallest possible measure. This would not be eliminated in whole while, still on earth incarnate, like called to their like in spirit. But Shonar did what he was able.

Shonar's Fortress, and Its Purpose

Outside, this great stone pile was rather dark in colour. It stood there in the less than twilight and looked out over a great plain. This was broken by ravines and rocks and, here and there, a murky stream of foul waters. Around it, high and rugged mountains raised their sharp spires into the gloomy rooms aloft. There were many caverns among these mountains.

Travelling through such a country as this a newcomer would first say it was naked of inhabitants. Then, on a more extended visit, he would find great numbers hid away in fissures or along the ravines, with a stray wanderer here and there about the plains. He would think here was a no-man's land, with no order, and no one to keep register of the people. That was not so. Hidden away among mountain peaks, or within the deepest caverns, or wherever they should stray, every one of those lost ones was accounted for and tabled and classified within that Fortress.

The building itself was set for a double purpose. It was made strong against assault, and it was made strong for healing. Strong against those who, either alone or in company, should run amok and in frenzy seek to get within those walls; and strong in the influence which it cast about for strengthening such as should be admitted there as invalids. This when they had come so far as to acknowledge their crimes and desire some better fate than had been theirs in those dark lands outside.

Inside the Fortress

The great archway was always open; for none could pass beneath it unless those who

[23] *See Glossary, at the end.*

worked there gave leave. He might come so far as to penetrate three or four paces within. But then he would stop short in amazement, breathe with difficulty, turn and hastily depart on his ways abroad once more. The reason was that the small cubic space beneath the arch was conditioned to the Sphere Four. If you have learned what lessons I have already tried to teach to you, you will understand that none could pass this barrier who was not either of degree in progress higher than those of that region, or lent help from those who ministered at that place.

Passing within, there runs a long corridor ahead and, off this are many chambers, some large, some small. These are each fitted to a specific purpose. They are conditioned in diverse degrees and varieties of influence. Here are those placed who are being treated according to their own particular needs. In the centre of the fortress is a large hall, with passages and rooms set in its walls. This hall is hung with rich curtains and is a very comely place; not majestic, but full of comfort to the eye and ear and body. To the eye, for if the light is not bright, it is kindly. To the ear, for the curtains are so made that they emit soft musical sounds whenever moved; waters also are heard and, at the further end, there is set a large basin level with the marbled pavement, and there are fish in it. Also there issued, high up in the wall, a waterfall which is very pleasant both to eye and ear. To the body, for this is the place where the workers come from time to time for refreshment; and in that hall there is an atmosphere of rest and kindliness and purity and, in truth, a blend of all the opposites of those evil sentiments given forth by the poor darkened souls out yonder about the mountains and the plains.

Claire's Joyful News

Here we met Shonar. He was sitting near the fishpond, and with him was a young girl who sat beside him upon the stone bench. From time to time she looked to him with love and gratitude. I knew her, for I had met her on former visits of mine. As we came toward them she arose and, running to me, laid her hand upon my breast and, looking up brightly into my eyes, she said, "Oh, my lord Arnel, news, news!"

"Which, to a young lady, is as sugar to a filly," said I, smiling.

"No," she said; "real news this time, dear Arnel. He is within our walls at last; really here, Arnel. Now allow me the joy of my news!"

She held me, with both hands now upon my breast, and kept me at arm's length while she gazed steadfastly into my face with a look of triumph. And indeed I lowered my defence at once. Taking her within my arms with some tenderness, I laid her fair head against my shoulder and said, "Claire, my little one, this be news indeed, and God His blessing. It is worthy all the travail of the road I have come to this far place to hear the like of it. And now, my dear one, you shall take me to him; for I also would give him a welcome. No, further, I praise him greatly, little Claire, for his most splendid fight, and victory at the end of it. But first to my lord Shonar, for your sweet eagerness to tell me this is like to make us forget the gentle art of courtesy."

He welcomed us gladly, and we talked awhile of the business we had come upon. Of that more later. I am keen to tell you of this girl, and the matter of which she spoke to me.

Contrast

The man of whom she had told me this news was her brother.[24] They were two children of noble lineage and great wealth on earth. He killed her for his own self-protection, she having

[24] *His name is given as 'Jean' in chapter 21.*

learned of some plot of his in evil-doing. When she learned that he too has come over, being slain in a fight to which this plot had led, she asked that she might return near to his place of expiation to help as much as she was able, and to welcome him on his amendment. More times than once I had found her waiting, waiting for him who still dwelt out yonder in the gloom. Solemn she was and quiet, but full of sweet resignation and faith that her prayers would avail in due time. And now he was come into the Fortress and was placed in one of those dim-lighted chambers somewhere near the outer walls of the citadel.

Later she took me to him. He sat upon a bench against the wall, and I spoke to him kindly, and told him how we all had helped him to find his way here, he all the while unwitting. I told him of his sister's purpose in being hereabouts and of her patience in waiting.

When I had ended he was in tears, with his face within his hands upon his knees. This was he who in the earth life had been a young scoffer at all which was good, a follower of most that was evil and, through it all, of haughty demeanour, in that he was of high rank and of ancient lineage.

Behind me in the shadows of the corridor stood James, once a writer in a counting-house, of humble birth and poor in the world's chattels. And here was he now a young noble of the heavenly chivalry with rank and riches far beyond the earthly dreams of this poor young fallen rake.

Two Souls Akin

I thought of it all as I stood there silent for a moment. And then Claire spoke, "I have been permitted to come here, Arnel, three times before this. And I have told him that now he is no more of those who need despair in any way, for he has come to this house as a victor."

"That is true," said I, "and, now that you have come so far, you will continue. Be brave, dear lad, and Claire will help you and we will help you also."

Then he raised his face, slowly got on his feet, stood there thinking a moment, and then, slowly walked towards us. About us the gloom was not so deep, for we could not subdue our own brighter condition in total. He said, "I know you, sir, for him my sister has named—Lord Arnel. I thank you, sir, for all you have done for me a stranger. What horrors and what tortures I have endured I have well deserved. But that the gentle Claire, my sister, should shed her love-smiles upon me who did her such great evil is to me both anguish and sweetness in one blend. And who is this one, sir, by your good leave? I have not seen this young lord hereabout sooner."

I told him the history of James,[25] and he turned to the young leader and said, "Had we met in the earth life, sir, I would have scorned you for a lout and very much my inferior. I meet you here and crave your permission that I may touch your hand."

At this, James stepped quickly forward and seized the other's hand within his own in a right hearty clasp. Then looking, upon the young man kindly, he said, "My brother, that noble blood of yours did you no good turn on earth. But there is in you some true worth and high nobility.

We find it here, my brother, in unlikely people. You are one of these. Keep me in mind, my brother, for you and I may do great things together yet."

I felt there was some mutual sympathy of understanding between these two which I could not fathom. It was, as I could see, one of those cases where two souls meet who have never met before and, without ado, each seeks the other by instinct. For they realise, with no reasoning whatsoever, that in their deeper hearts they are akin.

[25] *The history of James is given in chapter 12.*

A Mission to the Outlands

Wednesday, 22nd December, 1920.

In company with Shonar we went round the many chambers where the business of that region was transacted. We went with purpose set. This was to examine carefully the records kept therein. Herein we found details of the condition, progress or lack of progress, and present habitation of all those numerous souls who were scattered about the neighbourhood. We had no purpose to deal with others except those of the company who had come over with the Bishop and the Alderman.[26] Yet, if the occasion should arise, we were prepared to take this in hand also.

I will tell you how we went about our work in some few cases. These shall be by way of example in order that you may see in what manner such work is done hereabouts.

I leave such as had been admitted to the Fortress, and tell you of some of those outside.

Having in mind the details we had learned from the registers, we set forth. There were myself and Shonar and Habdi and James. We went over the plain until we came to a place where a small hut had been erected. We entered and found within three men and a woman. The three lay upon the ground, but the woman was standing. She was one of the workers under Shonar. She was aware of our presence at once, but the others were not.

She had been speaking, and now one of the men answered her, "From whence do you come, lady? Your words are fair and your voice is kind. But here have we been these long days past and have seen nothing of the happy things of which you speak."

To him she answered, "No and yet they are for you if you will continue on your way of progress with courage. For word has come to us in yonder Fortress that you are wishful to move from this dreary place towards the Light where your dear ones dwell."

"Why come they no more to us now we have passed the gate of death? You say they love us still. Why come they not of their love to us?"

"The Way is a Sure Way"

"My brother, think a little. Would you that your wife and your little son had come to you lately?"

Then he thought the matter out. Before his mind there flashed the blasphemies he had uttered in his despair; the mad rush he had made into the gloomy lands when even the sombre light about the Stony Port had pained his eyes; the evil ways he had traversed later, and the companies of men and women he had joined, of aspect vile and hearts as darkened. Then he replied, "Lady, to my shame I say it, you speak truth. I would not have them come to where I have been, nor bear witness to what manner of life I have lived since last I saw them. No, they be well where they abide. And say you I may go to them, lady, I and these my friends?"

"If they be of mind to match your own they and you may come. But we shall not go directly. There is still need for much training towards the light. Yet the way is a sure way, do you but accept as guide myself and those with whom I work, my brother."

The man arose and called to his two friends. They had been deep in meditation. Now they were fully awake, and rose to their feet also.

One of them said, "There is a lass a little way off yonder to whom I am beholden. When that bully, the so-named Blacksmith, would have felled me once she came between and took the

[26] *See chapter 16.*

blow for me. Mistress, you tell us you will lead us to our own women and our children. I would that I might carry that poor girl along with us that my goodwife may tell her of my thanks for what she did for me."

To this the woman gave assent, and they set off across the plain to seek the girl. We went also, being invisible to them; but the woman knew of our presence.

The Blacksmith

Shortly they came to a wood of bare and leafless trees. Some of these had been woven together with brambles to form a shelter. There was a fire before the entrance, and around it there sat some score men and women. When they became aware of the approach of the four they laughed scornfully, and one cried out, "I told you this in advance, my pretty fellows. So you come back to us, do you? Well, why not? What else should you find to do in this most beautiful country? It is not well to roam lonely about these lands, for sure." And with a cynical chuckle he turned to warm his hands at the fire.

But there had arisen another of different aspect. He was tall and largely made and of a fierce countenance. He came forward and, standing with feet apart, he placed his fists upon his hips, and in his right hand there was a heavy knotted club. First he addressed the three men. He said. Now what means this, my pretty fellows? I see you have a lady in your party. Well, I have seen her kind before, and she ill consorts with our company. Madam, these three men are no men, but faint-hearts. Do you give answer for them? What purpose is this that brings you here?"

Revolt

She told him briefly, and he replied, "The slut is within her bower there. If you wish her, take her and be gone your ways."

The woman approached the shelter, and, as she stooped to call to the girl within, the Blacksmith raised his club to fell her. But the three men rushed him and caught him before he could strike. They threw him backwards, and he fell upon the fire and rolled some yards away into the gloom beyond. Then he once again rose and came rushing towards his assailants, when three women and two men sprang from the circle and stood in his path.

One of these men said, "No, Blacksmith, you have bullied that girl too long, and us also. Here are three who have broken away, and we be five more, and one in the shelter to add to our number. Stand aside, for we are all weary of the life here led, and will go with these and the lady their guide. We are not bright ones, no; but we shall find somewhere to live, and it will not be worse than this place with you for company."

Then Shonar assumed visibility and stood forward. He said, "How long, my brother, will you so deceive yourself and these your victims? You are not the man of might you try to appear. You have neither the strength of body nor of will which you assume. Cease this mockery and acknowledge your folly. Only this way will you fulfil your destiny, which is not to be found in this dreary land, as well you know."

The man became changed. These people of the region over which the Fortress watched were they who had some little leaning towards the light. Some of them had come from darker places. Some had found their way there by normal gravitation after their passing by the gate of death. The only one of that company who had been lower down was the Blacksmith.

"Bitterness of Word and Heart"

But now every word as Shonar spoke it found its target in his heart. He knew the words were true. But he could not at the time subdue his boastfulness wholly. But he said, "Yes, master, these words of yours are good words, but not for me right now. Yet if these others choose to go I will no longer *let* them. They shall go, and I will be alone with my own business to unriddle the riddle of my heart. It is better so. Do you hear me, you weaklings? Get you from that mockery of a fire, and steel your hearts to some strength. This gentleman shall take you to some spot less fearsome and more to your mind.

Shonar raised his hand, but the other continued, "No, sir, bear with me, I pray you. True, my words had some taint of mockery among them. Yet they are true, for these are weaklings and need soft treatment, as I said. But I wish them harm no longer. Take them, for they be no company fit for such as I; for, if I be somewhat bitter of word and bitter of heart, yet you said not all the truth concerning me. Here and now it is true I am not strong. Yet strength I have within me, held in leash. Leave me, and I will come to you when I am fit. So now begone, and you will make me more comfortable."

Then Shonar gathered all the rest, and we took them away to the Fortress where they were tended and strengthened for their further journey. Some of them were bound for the Glade, the others elsewhere. But all had entered upon the path towards the light, and now that they were in the care of friendly guides they would go astray no more.

Chapter 19

The Blacksmith Makes Amends

Thursday, 23rd December, 1920.

SOMETIME later, while Shonar rested after a more strenuous time of labours than ordinarily, one of the young men of his household called him and said, "There is a man outside the gate who would like to speak with you."

"Is his business such you cannot dispense it?" inquired Shonar; and the young man answered, "What is his business, my lord Shonar, I cannot tell; for he is not of a mind to give it a name to any save yourself."

"And who is the man?"

"He has but now come at the gate, and we have not yet engaged the registers in search of his record, sir."

I will come to him," said Shonar, and went to the gate. It was the archway of which I told you at our last coming to speak with you, my son. The man stood some yards away, just within the circle of gloom. Shonar called to him, standing within the archway, "Come near to me, my friend, that I may see what manner of man you be."

"Sir," replied the visitor, "I cannot come far towards where you now stand. That light within there is of discomfort to me. Nevertheless———. " And he, setting his lips together, made some five or six paces forward. It was as if he was ascending a stream, breasting the current. Then he stood still and said, "I can go no farther than this, my lord Shonar. It must suffice you."

Were you there, Arnel?

I stood behind and to the left of Shonar, who replied. It suffices, friend. I see you now more plainly. You have been at doing some serious thinking since last we met, my brother."

This was true, as I could see. He was not as tall as when I saw him last, and his bulk was lessened.[27] He was somewhat thin, and much humbled. It was true what Shonar had said to him by the fire of his camp. So long as he set his mind upon the bully's part to play it, he was able to keep up a counterfeit of strength and lusty appearance. But so soon as he set himself to seek the truth about his condition, so soon as he resolved to mend his ways, then all that false delusion of great strength and valour began to fade, and he appeared just what he was, no hero, nor a leader of men, but just a sinner in his weakness, and one who should follow humbly those who were better and stronger than he if he were to find ease of body and mind.

Consulting the Records

So Shonar spoke again, "What is your will with me, my friend? We have not sought your record of this time last gone. I know not, therefore, anything but what I read upon the open book of your own person. Is it you seek admittance here?"

"No, that I do not, for I am not fit. As you voice my case I have indeed been thinking deeply

[27] *This is a very curious fact, that some of the most depraved spirits are very large and apparently stronger than their somewhat less evil brethren, but if they choose to progress, they seem to lose this bulk, and can then be at the mercy of those they once dominated. This appears to have the effect that a decision to progress may result in that spirit having a much more difficult time, until they have managed to progress sufficiently to exit the dark planes. Yet it also appears that the very advanced spirits are also considerably taller than those less advanced. G.J.C.*

about some deeper parts of myself of late than formerly I was of a mind to do. I was a fool who exulted in my folly. Now I be a fool who hugs his folly still, but with no exultation. Also I am fool enough, my lord Shonar, to refuse your kindly invitation to come within, and to return to my gloomy hut within the woodland."

He shifted his poise, from time to time, like one who is ill at ease. His words were spoken with some hesitancy, as if he lacked the will to tell what he was wanted to tell. Shonar saw this, and, in order to ease him, he said, "Now, Blacksmith, rest you where you are awhile. I will return presently. They shall make music for you within while you wait."

So he turned away, and we both ascended to the room in which he knew the record of this man's doings was made. I could not read it, but he having done so turned to me with a smile and said, "Arnel, my brother, our friend out yonder is turning knight gallant and is bashful to tell us. He had but one lady in his tent when we went there last. There are now four."

"Four women in that hovel? What therefore is his business here, Shonar?" I asked.

"No, I have not read it all. I have but marked the salient point, and of these this is the principal. It will suffice to open his lips upon his further adventures. And, Arnel, I think he shall give joy to you and me with what he has in mind to tell."

"Will You Come with Us?"

So we returned and found him lying beneath a tree which grew well within the range of light before the gate. The music which came from the walls was sung by a choir of women workers, and sounded like some soft lullaby. Such he had not heard since he left earth, and it soothed him so his better part responded. So was he able to come nearer to the archway and its radiance.

Shonar, as always, went straight to the heart of the matter. He said, "Rest where you are, Blacksmith; it is better so. The music helps you. Now, tell me, what can we do for you and your four companions who make their place of sanctuary your hut within the woodlands?"

"It was that I came to you about, my lord. These four I found ill-used and cruelly entreated by a small band of wanderers. So I took them to shelter. If it pleases you, come and fetch them away, so I may get ahead with my work of coming at the truth of things by meditation."

"We will come," said Shonar, and we went with him and found the four women. Three were of the Bishop's band, and one a stranger. When they were ready to come with us Shonar turned to the man and said, "And now, my friend, will you come also with us? You shall have welcome within the House, I promise you; welcome, and time of ease for rest and meditation. That is your purpose here; why not bring it to an issue in better quarters?"

"No," he said, "you mean me well, sir, and I thank you for that and for the boon you offer me. But I have it in my mind to do somewhat of helpfulness to counter what I have done else so long a time. I will stay hereabouts and maybe, if I keep watch with open eye and ear, I shall be able to bring you more fish to your net from time to time. I have not what strength of body was to me but a little while ago; yet my mind is now more given to action, and my will more strong. These will serve me. Make me, therefore, your watcher hereabouts, and I will do what I am able with what measures of small merit I possess."

A Mighty Riddle

Shonar looked upon him in silence for some time. The man looked aground. At last he raised his head and, turning, gazed over the plain where he had ravaged the region round like some

robber chieftain of old.

I saw his eyes moisten a little. Then he turned to Shonar and said quietly, "It is nothing I do. It is nothing, my good lord, that you should look thus so kindly upon me. You tell me you have my record yonder. I do not well understand your meaning, but I know it is truth if you say it. Read that record, therefore, and you will perhaps think more justly and less kindly of me. So leave me now and, when I have occasion, I will come again to your gates and give you greeting."

Shonar went to him and placed his left hand upon the man's right shoulder and took his right hand within his own. Neither spoke. The Blacksmith gazed downward, but with head erect; only his eyelids were lowered, Shonar looked straight into his face, firmly gripping his hand the while, yet neither spoke. Then we turned and departed, carrying the four women with us across the plain. We went awhile in silence, and then my friend turned to me and, in a low voice, said slowly and thoughtfully, "Arnel, my brother, what time God made man He made a mighty riddle—like a maze within a garden—hard to solve. But get you to the centre, and there is a very comely bower, full of beauty as a bird is full of song. And it is worth the while to get there."

The Rescuer

Wednesday, 29th December, 1920.

We were seated in the great hall within the House of James, when that young Ruler came to us and said, "I have but now received word from my Lord Shonar that there is need of me at the Fortress. I commit to your young wisdom, my brother Habdi, the People of the Glade to guide them, and to my Lord Arnel the advising of Habdi in any matter which shall chance to be more difficult than in ordinary. Will you do me this kindness, Arnel, my good father?"

I saw the call was instant and told him we would care for his people while he was away. So he went on his journey immediately. I saw him go forth from the Arch as I stood at the gate of his House. He did not go alone, for with him went also two boys of some fourteen and sixteen summers, and two young women. Of these the one would be of age some nineteen years and the other nigh twenty-eight by her appearance.

Now, what ensued I learned some time later. I will tell it to you, for it has reference to events but immediately previous, and will serve to round them off in some measure.

The party arrived at the Fortress. They were met at the gate by Shonar. He commended the others to the care of his women, and then to James he said, "I will tell you of our business by the way as we go, my son. Come you now, for we are needed yonder."

For some long time past the Blacksmith had been working as his agent as he should choose. He had of his own mind made his plans and carried them forward. Shonar left him thus to his own ways, reckoning it to be of advantage thus to the man's progress. When the Blacksmith effected a rescue he made an appearance before the gate and delivered-over his charge with few words. Just a greeting and a farewell he gave, and then was gone again about his business in the gloom of the outlands around.

Once Shonar had gone to see how he fared, and then he went unseen. He found the man had managed to erect a humble dwelling of stone, and here he collected his rescued. He tended them here, and brought them to some little strength. Then he led them to the Fortress. But the old shelter still stood there, and was repaired from time to time. It was a witness to his old-time degradation, and a mentor to him to urge him on to balance his past misdeeds by good deeds.

Records Cease

When Shonar and James arrived at the place they paused awhile to get the real state of affairs more clearly. For in a strange way the records at the Fortress had suddenly ceased. But no details or further doings came there to the recording chamber. And this was very unusual and hard to explain. For a while they stood, and then Shonar said to James, "My son, we have to do with one here who someday will mount high to rule in wide realms, and he will rule them strongly and with much devotion. Are you able to sense the meaning of this affair?"

"Some ill has come to his door, my lord. I get no further than this."

"Why did the record of his doings cease so suddenly, do you think?"

"No, that is where I get nothing that will explain it."

"My son, this Blacksmith lies bound in yonder hovel, overcome by those he would have brought to us. In case we might bring help to his rescue, he set his mind to cut off all outgoing streams of information. Thus nothing was indicated at the Fortress of what further happenings have been here at this place. He had taken up his work of his own accord, and would carry it through of his own strength of will. So he cut off all communication with us. He is a great soul, this one."

"He is one after the heart of Shonar," said James, "to be loved for likeness of makeup as of method in application, sir. But where are they who bound him?"

They are in yonder house which he has built. Now we will go there. But how to treat the matter wisely I scarce can figure. He must have his will in this, at the least in a measure. For that he set himself a big task to achieve a good thing and he is to be commended. But we must measure his powers and those of his enemies when we have weighed them both. Maybe our help will be needed; maybe not."

"That Man is Your Friend"

So they drew near the house and went within, being invisible at the first, and then, gradually assuming the conditions, they stood outside the door of a large room, and waited. They were within a hall of no very large area. There were four rooms off this hall. Three were small, and the one at the further end was the principal room of the house. There were no doors, and so they looked within. There were some forty men and women gathered there. They were seated round the room on benches while, in the middle of the floor-space, half a dozen were performing a dance for their pleasure. It was not a pretty sight for, while they tried to imitate the grace of the minuet, their ill-balanced minds interpreted it gracelessly. Applause was at its height when Shonar and James entered and stood within the doorway. They were soon observed, and one of them who seemed to be a leader cried out, "Come within, good comrades. You are weary, as we are, of that gloom outside, I doubt not. Welcome to what cheer you can find here with us inside."

There was a true ring of kindness in his voice, for the people in this region were not altogether evil, but lacking rather in the will to progress. Thus were they able to perceive, and to appropriate for their comfort, the brighter conditions of that interior consequent on the residence there, of the Blacksmith. The two, therefore, went forward, and Shonar said, "This is a strange thing to see, good people, Your mirth is loudly in evidence, but somewhat lacking in substance. Nor will such as this help you onwards in what work of progress you have been bidden to do."

One of them answered, "We are weary of the way, stranger, and we seek rest awhile. Moreover, we have lost our guides, and lost our path they set us on. They will, no doubt, seek us

out later. Meanwhile we rest."

"You do not rest, my brother," Shonar said. "This is not rest. In these ways you do but add weariness to weariness. And where is the Master of this House?"

They had quite forgotten the Blacksmith. When Shonar spoke of him a woman cried out, "Good fellow, but he is resting also! We tied him up sometime back, for he tried to hinder us in our dancing."

"He did well, as well you know it. Now, good people all of you; give me your attention and your goodwill, both. That man is your friend, and would be to you in the place of the guides you lost by your own foolishness. Myself, I do not abide in this neighbourhood, but a little way afield yonder. Maybe we shall meet again. Meanwhile think your, friend whom you have used so ill, and unbind him. He will help you further if you will follow his lead."

Onwards Through the Dark Lands

Then the two of them, in order to give arrest to the minds of the crowd, exerted their wills and reassumed invisibility. In such state they watched awhile and, when all was well, returned to the house of Shonar.

The people were amazed when their visitors were seen no more in their midst. One who had been sitting in a corner silent and, by all appearance, not much content with the doings of his some little less progressed companions, stood forth and said, "We are fools, all of us. Here we dally when that good man could tell us which way we should go. Let us hasten to unbind him before we fail again deliberately. Those two were not as we are. They were men of parts, I tell you. See how they left us. Also their aspect was not unpleasing, and the one who spoke to us had decision to his manner. Let us go, I say. If we tarry we shall fail deliberately, as so many times we have already failed."

No one could find anything better to suggest. Since the departure of the two strangers all mirth had ceased, and the dancing had become distasteful. So they went to the Blacksmith. When he saw them he said, "Well, my friends, do you come in vengeance to wreak malice upon me, or in repentance to free me of my bonds?"

The man[28] who had exhorted them then said, "Good friend, we mean you no harm. We have had our fill of pass-the-time and now we are ready to go forward if you will lead us."

He knelt and freed the Blacksmith of his bonds and, as he did so, he whispered, "Get them out of here with speed, and I will help you as I am able. They be weak ones, these, but are not bad at heart. They will follow if you will lead them."

So he arose and led them forth into the dark lands about that oasis. For the house and its near environment had a slight glow of radiance about it which had gradually gathered there, as a result of the progress of the Blacksmith towards the light, and also on his labours outside and inside.

As they set out he went on before them on the long, long road they would have to travel towards their destination. For they went but slowly, being weak of purpose and of limb. And as he went ahead of them they noticed in the gloom how about him there was a faint glow of light. Thus they went forward, and to their number there were added, here and there along the trail, some others who had also lost the way.

[28] *Later known as The Doctor.*

Chapter 20

Life Within the Fortress

Thursday, 30th December, 1920.

WlTHIN the Hall of the Fortress there was gathered a large company of people. These were for the most part workers of Shonar's Band. With them were some of those rescued ones whose progress had been such as to enable them to come this far into the brightness with comfort. There was a number gathered among the group of trees near where the waters fell into the basin and to the left of it. Before them stood half a score others who were leading them in their exercise of singing. Here or there about the hall were smaller companies in occasional conversation or listening to the music of the choir.

Near the principal entrance stood James. He was talking with Claire and her brother of whom I have already told you. There entered a young man who was one of those who kept the outer gate. James saw that he was searching the various groups, and knew he was seeking Shonar. So to him he said, "My brother, our lord Shonar is occupied awhile yonder beyond the fountain. Is the business to hand such as I may do on his behalf?"

"If you will come with me outside you can yourself appraise it, sir," said the young man. So they went forward to the outer gate of the House. Here James saw a strange sight. There was a large company of very weary-looking people which stretched away in front and on either side into the gloom. They had come a long journey and a toilsome one, for their clothing was dust-stained and much ragged, and their bodies thin and with a listless air.

In advance of them, and within the radius of the light before the gate, stood the Blacksmith. He was a sorry man to see. All of what brightness of person he had when he set out to lead these people here had been absorbed by them; for their strength was not enough to serve them on their long pilgrimage through the wilderness. So he had given to them of his own from time to time. And now he stood there spent and weary, but with his heavy load so bravely borne, now brought safely to its destination.

Welcome

He did not speak, and seemed half dazed. And for some interval James also stood in silence within the gate and looked upon him and those behind him. And as he looked he understood, and his eyes were wetted with tears of pity born of memories of his own when he too had suffered thus for others' sake, and likely would do so again.

My son, there are some strange out-thrusts of the Christly spirit in those drear parts, and people of unlikely mettle sometimes give us pause by their unsuspected virtues.

At length James bestirred himself. He went forth and took this ragged leader by the arm, and led him gently within the gate. Here, the conditions being of heightened values, the Blacksmith felt their sudden thrill and made to leave with some haste, being taken aback by the surprise of it. It awoke him from his stupor, and he glanced around questioning with his eyes what his tongue could not yet give utterance.

Then James said: "It is well, my brother, it is altogether well. You shall have no fear of this greater brightness any more. You have gone in progress further than you know. Come now within

and I will give these your companions into the charge of the good workers of this place. They shall be well done by. And you, having rested, I will take to our good father Shonar."

So he led the man along the corridor slowly, pausing now and again. And as they went the Blacksmith grew still stronger in body, and his garment lost its sombre aspect and became more seemly.

When they came to the entrance to the great Hall they paused. Shonar was coming towards them, having entered through a door placed in the far wall behind the descending curtain of waters.[29]

He took the Blacksmith by a grip of the hand and said, "You are welcomed here, my good lieutenant. Come within and rest, for I have that to tell you which should please you."

Recognition and Reunion

They went just within the Hall and sat upon a sofa to the right as they entered. Then the newcomer said, "I thank you, my lord Shonar, for your good patience with me. This young knight here has told me my poor wanderers shall be well cared for. That is well indeed. So, if it please you, I will rest awhile, as you give me good leave to do, and then I will get away to my work again."

"Blacksmith," said Shonar, "you have, by much labour, earned advancement. We have workers here who will take on the affairs you have made your own till now. They will make your house yonder their point of vantage and you can go on to other work in brighter places, as is your deserved honour."

But he replied, "No, but I will continue—will continue—" and he stopped. He had sighted four people who stood near the middle of the chamber talking. They were those who had come here with James.

"Is it that you know them, those four?" Shonar asked; and he answered.

"The two lads have a semblance of my own two sons. But of daughters I had but one only. Yet those two are surely sisters both, for their faces are sisters' faces. I am not able to solve this riddle, sir, and I am very much perplexed."

"And yet the one is of greater age than the other. Blacksmith."

"No, but a few years only come between them."

"My friend, you have spent your time previously in regions where youth is rarely seen. These four have come here on a visit from a sphere where childhood grows to youth and age returns to youth. Parent and child preserve their kinship, which also finds expression outwardly. But none may say the one is old and the other is young, as age and youth are accounted upon earth."

The Blacksmith looked intently at the group and then slowly arose and, half turning toward Shonar, said, "Have I your leave, my good Lord?"

Shonar nodded, smiling, and the man went forward. As he came near they turned and saw him. The girl leaped forward and encircled his neck with her arms. Then came the two boys and each one took a hand of him and, raising it to his lips, held it there long and caressingly. Then they fell away, and the other woman came forward. There were tears of joy in the eyes of both man and wife as they took each other breast to breast and rested there, content thus to meet and to greet each other after many years.

How many years, Arnel, had they been parted?

[29] *See chapter 18.*

I am not able to give the exact number of years, my son. I would hazard it was between sixty and seventy years since death had come between them.

Back to the Outlands

So they went aside, and the Blacksmith sat with his wife on one of the benches by the wall; and the three children stood before them.

For a time they talked very earnestly, and then the man stood up, and embracing each, kissed them all and, with a hand wave and a smile, came to where Shonar stood in conversation with some others near the waters. He saw the Blacksmith and beckoned him to join them. The man at once said, "And now, my lord Shonar, I have to thank you for much kindness to me, and also to these my kindred. And I thank you also, my young lord James; for they have told to me of your large bounty given to them so freely at the Glade. I would crave a further grace, good Shonar, if you can dutifully grant it to me. It is that when I come here from time to time upon my labours I should be allowed to meet these loved ones for a brief space as I have met them now. It will give me some refreshment against the next spell of work."

"My brother," said Shonar, "it is ordered that you have leave to go with them even now to the Glade which is their home. We have received word of authority that this be given to you."

"From whom?"

"From those who in the spheres superior have watched your work advancing in this region."

"Could they see me and know what things I did, and why, and how I did them?"

"In ways they have to command they are able to do all these."

"Then they will know also, good Shonar, why I return to my work away out yonder, and they will give me leave to go."

Shonar looked upon the man now as he had looked upon him once before. Here was a man of his own calibre. No, at that same moment Shonar was in the very same situation, for he, of his own will, tarried in that region when by right of true worth he could have found work to do in a sphere far away in the Summerland on high."

"God go with you, my brother," was all he could say and, casting his arm about the shoulders of his companion, he walked with him down the Hall and along the Corridor to the gate, and there gave him God-speed upon his journey.

Then he returned and, seeking out the four, he said, "Good mother, take these fair children with you to the Glade and tell them how glad a lot is theirs to be their father's children. There is a place for you, and a welcome, here whenever you shall choose to come. And he will come to meet you here to rest awhile between his labours."

How Dwellers are Acclimatised

Wednesday, 5th January, 1921.

The Fortress fronted the open country. To the left, as you approached it, it fell back, and the House itself was continued by a high wall which extended into the hill-country to the rear. To the right the facade was continued by a wall some three hundred yards. This wall was not as high as the building. It then fell back, as the building did on the left side, at right angles, and was also continued to the hill-country, some two hundred and twenty yards to the rear. Thus you have an area, oblong in shape, with the House itself forming one of the corners. The rest was garden land,

and was of much help to those who, having been nursed within, had progressed so far as to be able to endure the brighter environment of the gardens.

For this land was conditioned near the Fortress to the Sphere Two, and onward toward the hill-country to the Sphere Three, and then the Sphere Four. So that it was possible within that domain to acclimatise the dwellers gradually until they had reached the stage of development when they might be sent forward.

Some went to the Sphere Two. But it was often deemed well, from various causes, to prolong treatment so that others should go direct or, with a small interval in the Spheres intervening, to the Sphere Four, others to the Sphere Three. There are no iron clad rules. Each case is dealt with according to its own peculiar merits and constitution.

Stretching from the rear wall of the building, within the enclosing walls there is a series of arches. These carry a causeway and, in the middle of the causeway, a canal. This structure runs direct to the hills. It is here those who are about to depart to the Sphere Four are usually conditioned to the rarer environment there obtaining. For upon this raised thoroughfare the conditions are much as they are in that Sphere. This is also the channel by which the water is brought from the hills to the large Hall. It issues in the waterfall of which I have already told you.

The Blacksmith had made several visits to the Fortress, being about his business in the rescue of souls. He would come there, deliver over his charge to Shonar or, if he were afield, then to one or other of his officers. He would stay some short spell at the place and, on occasion, his wife, or children, or all would meet with him there to gladden his heart.

Of late, on account of his progress, he had been able to go with them on rambles towards the hall-country. He found great delight and refreshment in these gardens. Then back to his work again in the gloom where his house was. He was a great soul who had gone wrong, as I said. And he and Shonar found much alike each in the other. They became very good friends.

The Doctor is Perplexed

One time the young man Habdi was walking within these gardens, as the brighter ones were used to do in order that they might give help to such as had need of counsel. He was walking slowly, with bent head, along a path which had a fine hedge of green and gold on either side. Later he was roused by the voice of someone addressing him, who said, "Good young sir, will you look upon this work of mine? I am putting my skill into it, but in such handiwork as this it is not great. This is new business to me." Habdi glanced up and saw that the speaker was trimming the hedge to the right as he walked. Here there were paths bisecting, and he was working at one of the four corners. He at once recognised this hedge-trimmer as the one who had helped the Blacksmith on one of his visits to conduct his rescued to the gate. This was that crowd who had bound him, and the present worker was the man who had loosed his bonds as he lay within the shelter.[30]

So Habdi answered him, "Nevertheless that corner puts to shame those other three. It does much credit to your artful taste, my brother."

"Yes, taste in art I have—or once I had. Now, young sir, that saying of yours has raised one more problem for my resolution on top of so many more. This is a strange, a passing strange country to understand. And truly also we be strangely fashioned and hard to comprehend."

"What is this perplexity?"

"In earth life I was a writing-man, and one of some note for giving a queer turn to words and phrases. Moreover, my friends said I had some penetration into the qualities of art, both

[30] *See chapter 19.*

pictorial and plastic. Good taste, in short. Now here am I, no writer, nor no mortal man whatever, and I doubt in these spheres my taste in art would rank high. Yet, I do feel within me that the reason I have so enjoyed the shaping of this hedge is because of that self-same taste in art of which you spoke but now. Passing strange, say I. And how say you, my good young lord?"

"Taste"

"You must know, Doctor,"—for so they, his companions, had dubbed him with a name—"that all those traits which are manifested in earth life are just the outer expression of some deeper content within the soul. This sense of due proportions, as I will say it, may find display in one man through the art of music, in another by painting, in others by sculpture, or writing, or dress-designing, or in many other ways. But the trait is incidental in all, and finds such various expression by reason of modification by other traits possessed, or opportunity afforded, or other factors diverse. The skill you show in hedge trimming is that which once expressed itself in letters. Further, Doctor, it lately expressed itself in another way."

Habdi paused, and the Doctor waited, and then said, "Expressed itself in another way. Now I cease to follow you, good young sir. I cannot remember very accurately yet awhile. And when I do manage to remember things I am not always able to see them clear-cut. My brain is still befogged somewhat."

"No; that will all come in good time, my brother. These be early days here yet to you since you came out of the murk into this bright spot."

"Yes, I remember that well enough, God knows. The exodus out of Egyptian darkness, in truth. Yes, I remember that indeed."

"You were he who released the Blacksmith and helped him with your companions, to guide them."

"We did companion together, yes."

"But were still not companions. No; that is the point. I have heard of the events by which you were led to join that poor Crowd. But you were always one apart from them, were you not?"

"They were kind to me in their own rough and uncouth manner. But I, no, I was not able to join them as a comrade."

"Why?"

"Well, I scarce can reckon it up justly, sir. I think I would put it that their manner of life, and also manner of thought, did not find response in mine."

"There speaks the writer of words and phrases," said Habdi, and smiled upon the other; "that gift also has some life in it. But why not say 'Taste', and put an end to it?"

"Taste, yes, that is it, taste."

"So. And it was that same taste which led you to help the Blacksmith."

He saw the look of perplexity on the others face, and continued, "My friend, that taste, or sense of proportions, as you might prefer to phrase it, had some rather long threads which stretched from the outer surface of you right into the middle of your heart. There it was born. Think it well over, and I feel you will come to agree with me."

What Habdi meant was that the very incongruity of binding thus their deliverer, from bondage had so impinged upon his innate sense of what was fitting that it had set up within him a feeling both of shame and of irritation because of the unreasonableness of the whole affair. Thus he had been impelled to take the action which he did. But he did not explain further, as he saw it would be better to leave the Doctor to unravel it himself.

"God Knows"

What he did say was this, "But I do give you praise, my brother, on your progress, since you have come within these walls."

"Some little, I think, my good young sir; and I think also I have to thank your good friends and my lord Shonar for this fair bounty."

"And some other also, my brother."

"And who would that be, now?"

"You named Him but lately Doctor. You said He knew of the mental and spiritual fight you have waged since you came here. You did not so word it, but what you said implied all of this, and more also."

"Well now, see how my memory is always tricking me, for I have none such in my mind whom I have named to you since we began to talk together."

"Then I must help you. You called Him by the name of God."

The other started, flushed and said somewhat vehemently, "Never since I have left the earth life have I named that Name, my young lord. On earth I used that Name not always with the reverence due. Here I have not ventured so much as to utter it."

"You said, 'God knows'"

The other paused and gazed earnestly into the eyes of Habdi for a long time as his mind travelled backward, and then he said, "Tell me, sir, how you are named."

And he replied, "They call me Habdi."

Then the other said a strange thing, "'Habdi'; yes, I have heard you so called—'Habdi.' But there is something lacking here which shall one day be supplied. I do not know what that may be, nor who it is breathes into my brain these words to speak to you. Do you not think of them that they be queer words for me to say, good sir? What meaning is there within them, think you?"

"I am at a loss to explain this matter, doctor."

"No. As to that other matter, you speak truly, sir, and I beseech your pardon. I was wrong. It was my memory served me ill. I did say that Name; yes, and I said it with no irreverence. I thank you, sir, for calling that to my mind."

So they parted, with a word of goodwill each to the other. And as he went on his ways the youth Habdi thought much upon the queer twists and turns which went to make up the character of the man. Further, he had come to know, since their talk had begun, that in the Doctor's personality buried deep down underneath refuse and mire, there was a spirit responsive to high influences which just for a moment, even in that low sphere where they had conversed, leapt forth and touched some kindred spirit white and beautiful.

For, as the man had spoken that strange, wayward speech, Habdi had caught a glimpse of a luminous flash which struck upon him. By which he knew the man was, for that short instant, spokesman, not of his own thoughts, but for someone else whose home was far away beyond.

Chapter 21

Out of Bounds

Thursday, 6th January, 1921.

BEYOND the crossways to the Green Lane, of which I have told you when I related to you the conversation which Habdi had with the Doctor, there is a circular garden. It is surrounded by the high hedge which here opens out and encloses this spot, making the garden a sequestered refuge for those who seek some such place for a quiet talk or meditation. Here are a fountain and flower beds and seats. It is a very pleasant little sanctuary. Here sat Shonar and Habdi, when there came one of the young men from the Fortress requesting to talk with Shonar. He said that the Doctor had left the House, and with him had gone the young man Jean who was brother to Claire, the maid of whom you already have been told.

No one had seen them go, but the records showed they had not been absent long, and that they had gone towards the House of the Blacksmith.

Shonar thought for a moment, and then arose and said, "Habdi, my son, this is for you and me to fathom. Come."

So they went forth. They passed outside the estate by a door in the wall on the left as you look towards the hill-country, the wall which runs on that side from the Fortress to the hills. Some distance that way lay the region where the Blacksmith worked.

He was not at the House, nor were the other two to be found thereabouts. Then Habdi said, "My lord Shonar, I feel them yonder some distance away, each of the three of them. But there is a division between them; two and one."

"That is so," replied Shonar, "the two fugitives have not yet come to their friend, but are going with some haste towards him."

So they set off again and came upon those two hurrying along a ravine. They were silent for the most part, but now and again one or the other spoke some few words to urge his companion onward. Shonar and Habdi went with them invisibly, and shortly, having gathered somewhat of the business in hand, they pushed forward, leaving the other two hastening on their way behind.

Turning the Key

Soon they came into an open space. It was a large plain and to the left there was a sea of brackish waters. The light here was much dimmer than it was about the Blacksmith's House.

They went straight ahead along the shore and, as they went, Shonar said, "My son, the Blacksmith has permitted his zeal to overbear his wisdom. He has gone beyond the bounds I set him to work within, and is in some danger yonder, being out of his conditions and in strange parts."

"Why did he so stray, good Shonar?" said Habdi, and Shonar answered him :

I have said it, my son. It was because he saw some work to be done yonder and did not stop to reckon up his chances. There is a further question, Habdi my son, and one which is more elusive in its solving. How did the Doctor and his young comrade know that the Blacksmith had need of support?"

They went on some time in silence. At last Habdi said, "My good father, it has come to my mind that perchance I may throw light upon this thing."

"By chance only?"

"I am still perplexed, good Shonar. I can fit the key within the lock, but I cannot turn it."

"And what key is it that fits, and yet is not serviceable?"

"The key is this. I have found some strange mingling of elements within the Doctor's make-up. He has a faculty of intuition. By this he said some strange words to me as we talked together some little while ago. That is my key."

"A good key too, and made for this lock, say I. But where sticks it that it will not turn?"

"I think his intuition faces towards the onward spheres, and not towards these darker regions wherein the Blacksmith works."

"And that is where the key sticks? My son, you can turn it readily if you turn it to the right instead of to the left. If the Doctor has contact in some measure with the spheres ahead, then it is from there the word of warning came to him. Remember you, my son Habdi, the Blacksmith has within the Glade his wife and children. There is much love between them all, and she would have a feeling of his necessity. Likely enough she sent word to his friend, the Doctor.

Now Shonar had come at the truth of the matter in general. But on one detail he went astray. The message of help and cheer had indeed been sent from the wife and her children who had reinforced their powers of transmission by the aid of some score of friends. The wife had felt that her loved one was in distress, and enlisted their help at once. They, however, had projected their message direct to the Blacksmith. But the sympathy of spirit between him and the Doctor, his friend, had enabled this latter one to intercept the message on its flight. He got the sense of "Blacksmith", "danger", "aid" and suchlike, and, seeking out the young man Jean, had impressed his ready help and started forth. As Shonar had done, so they also had gone by the side gate and therefore were not seen to leave the House.

In Danger

Shonar came upon the Blacksmith standing with his back to some rocks which were between him and the sea. Before him there was a large crowd of people. Some lay upon the ground, some stood, and some had climbed upon other rocks in order to see him the better. Still invisible, they drew near and watched what was going forward. The Blacksmith was speaking. He said, "You have numbers to your tally, my friends; but I have good purpose to mine. You can do me hurt, truly, but you cannot slay me.

"Also, I tell you, the more wickedness you do the more you add to the length of the way between you and those bright lands of which I told you. There are even now three of your own company within the Sanctuary awaiting you."

There was a man standing in front of the crowd. He had a darker face than most of them. And he had more force of character and of intellect. It was he who replied to the Blacksmith. He said, "Yes, we have had you for company before, my good man. At that time you stole from allegiance to me those three. But that was when we wandered within the bounds consigned to your jurisdiction by the Lord at the Fortress. Here it is you that have strayed and you are less powerful hereabouts. Also, well enough you know it."

This Blacksmith argued and exhorted with much patience. He told them he had come so far afield having sighted them from beyond the ravine as they came toward the sea. He had followed them that he might tell them of the progress made by those who had gone on before them.

He pleaded with them to come with him, and he would obtain leave for the three to come forth from the Fortress some way across the plain, and themselves should bear witness to his veracity. Some of them were of a mind to follow him. But their leader held them in leash by fear,

and they were silent, except for a furtive exclamation now and again.

Sacrifice

Then again their leader spoke, "Now we are going across yonder waters, for we are told that beyond there is a land of freedom where no such as that Fortress Lord has sway, and we can do as we wish without let or forbidding. And you shall come with us as hostage."

"How mean you, hostage?"

"The land is strange to us. The embassy which came here to us spoke to us fair and gave us also a fair picture of their country and people. But we go adventuring no more. It may be we shall find danger yonder. If this should chance, then we shall send to your powerful Lord such word as will urge him with some haste to rescue you our would-be rescuer. And when that comes to pass then we will take good heed you do not go alone.

He turned and gave some command to those who were near him, and they approached the Blacksmith and took him in bond. He could have felled them, for they were weaklings all except their leader, and he alone was strong. But he did not resist them. He submitted with meekness to their arrest, and merely said: "My friends, I do urge you to desist from this great folly. The land out yonder is a fearsome land, and the words they brought who came from it are false words. Nevertheless, if you will go then I will go with you, for I may be of some help to you. You are weak in wisdom and weak in love, but you are not altogether evil. For that same reason you will be weak out there among them who are, within their own region, strong in evil."

Habdi laid his hand upon the arm of Shonar and said: "My lord Shonar, this sacrifice cannot be made. It is too great. Shall we not condition ourselves to their estate and hold him?"

But Shonar did not move. He was looking towards the ravine. Habdi continued, "My good father, they have at the boat, and he does not resist them. They will take him away, good Shonar.

Still Shonar did not move, nor give a sign. So Habdi said, "You do not look this way, good Shonar. See how they have put him aboard; and the other boats are filling now. They will soon set sail. Shall we not aid him, Shonar?"

Then Shonar answered, "It is not needed, my son. See, here come those other two. Shall we take this good deed away from those who seek it? Brave fellows too, they are. Look how they come with speed, and heed no danger."

"I Have Promised to Go"

From the direction of the ravine the two figures were advancing quickly. They soon saw what was happening, and made more haste to be on hand. They did not pay any heed to the danger. They were willing to share it with their friend. But as they came nearer Habdi saw what was in Shonar's mind. These two, the Doctor and Jean, had progressed much since their coming to the Fortress. They were now potentially of the Sphere Three. Thus they had not found it possible so rapidly to take on the conditions of this much darker region. The Blacksmith, by reason of his dwelling at his House, had been able to do so; for that was not so much removed in condition from this land beyond the ravine. So he appeared as those his captors did, and was no brighter than they were. But these other two who came with speed so great toward them were of other aspect. They were of such brightness as in that dim region was easy to be noted.

When they came near, the people fell away on either side, and they went straight away to the boats. The Blacksmith saw them, but did not at first know them, for his sight was restricted, as was that of his captors. He only saw two men of brighter aspect than these others. But when the

Doctor spoke, then he knew him and his companion, both.

The Doctor said, "Come out of the boat, good friend. You shall have no further hurt. But why did you permit this outrage upon you, who could have turned it aside and come away unscathed?"

"I had a mind to do that, my friend," replied the Blacksmith, "but I thought awhile, and I said to myself that it would help these poor weak ones nothing that way. So I stayed my hand. And, good Doctor, and you, young sir, know this also—although it has a hurt in the telling of it to you who have come here with good intent. I cannot come with you, except only by the leave of that man yonder; for I have promised to go with these people."

Courage Overcomes Fear

By this time the leader had been able to steel himself to be resolute of purpose enough to brave the greater brightness of these newcomers. He came within three yards of them where they stood. There he stayed, for the nearness of their presence gave him much distress of body as of mind. So they told him he should release the Blacksmith from his word, who was their friend.

"And if I do not this at your behest, sirs?"

Then we too will go with you in your company on the quest you make of further lands," said Jean; and the Doctor added, "I in the boat with you, and this my young friend in the boat with your captive."

They both stepped near him and held him with their wills so that he could not move. His face became distorted with pain, and his back was bowed with tension. The stream of their higher vibrations was like a stream of whisky upon an open wound. Whisky is pleasant to a healthy palate. To an open sore it brings much agony.

At last they slackened their wills somewhat, and he was able then to step away from them some few paces. Then the Doctor said, "Now get you into yonder boat, and thrust out a little from the shore." When he had done this, the Doctor spoke to the crowd, who shrank back afraid of what was transpiring, and at the sight of their tyrant's shame. Then the Doctor said :

"My friends, what you have seen needs no words to its meaning. We go from you now, and shall be at the Blacksmith's Lodge awhile. Let those who have courage follow us."

So the three friends started to walk away along the shore at an easy pace.

The End of the Escapade

Then Shonar said, "Habdi, my son that Doctor has an assurance of himself which is pleasing to see. Here is he a fugitive from my household and, so, reprobate. And here he proves himself a master of men, to be commended no little for his skill and his quick decision. That young man Jean also bears himself a good second to his friend. Similarly the Blacksmith is likewise qualified for reprimand, in that he has ventured beyond the bounds I assigned to him. A pretty little escapade, this, Habdi, my son. And they three seem in no way ill at ease. Look you, now, where they walk yonder, all three with arms ashoulder unconcerned, like some three wastrels bound for a fair. Yes, Habdi, a very pretty company those. Well, we must find them an occupation to suit their larger powers. They be too straitened in their present round of work. That at least I see with sure vision. "

Now, my son, you will want to know how matters went thereafter. I will but tell you some few details now, for your powers are somewhat overtaxed to-night, and you begin to limp a little on the way.

Of that entire crowd but some half score followed hard on the heels of the Blacksmith and his friends. But from that time onwards the leader was never again able to assert his authority over them as before. They ceased to fear him; and those who wished to do so went their ways. Some made their way along the ravine, and then the Blacksmith found them and took them into his care. Others wandered away elsewhere. Only a few still companied with their one time leader, who were of kindred spirit with his own.

And of the Doctor and Jean I will tell you that they stayed but a short time with the Blacksmith at his House. They knew they had broken rules and, with some shame, now their anxiety for their friend was passed, hastened to report themselves at the Fortress. They did not re-enter the gardens by the side gate. They felt they would be more content to face the matter out. So they came back truants ready to acknowledge their fault and to take their reprimand. Thus they came within by way of the Great Gate.

THE END

Glossary

Shonar, who plays a principal part in this narrative, is introduced and described as being normally of high station in the spiritual spheres; but he relinquished his rightful dignity in order to work among newcomers from Earth, particularly among those who find their lot cast in the gloomy regions of the "Outlands." He has many centuries of service to his name, and has been especially active during eras of disturbance and revolution on Earth—as, for example, in the reign of Ivan the Terrible in Russia, during the French Revolution, and in the time of Henry VIII. of England. His work consists in dealing with the victims who are suddenly cast into the next world, their mind full of hate and terror and longing for vengeance.

His manner and aspect, while engaged in this work, show a blend of tenderness and almost ruthless strength. He is tall, about six feet three inches, and his skin is as if weather-beaten. About his hair, which is dark brown and falls curling to his shoulders on either side of his head, he wears a plain band of ruddy gold. His tunic, not of the usual silk, but more like plated armour in its lustre, reaches down to his mid-thighs, and is bordered with a band of crimson. Except for a belt of old gold, this is his only attire, and his arms and legs are bare.

Arnel relates how Shonar visited the Sphere Seven to ask for thirty-five volunteers to help him in dealing with some people in the Sphere Three who had just passed over from Earth by violent death.

Wulfhere, mother of Shonar, was put in charge of this band of workers from the Sphere Seven, who volunteered to help the multitude of newcomers into the Sphere Three who, having been massacred by their oppressors, wanted to return to the earth-plane and wreak vengeance on their enemies still in the flesh, if left to themselves.

She is described as being nearly the height of Shonar. Her face is of beautiful shape and complexion, her eyes dark blue, her hair not quite black and braided into strands that are arranged about her head. She is a strong personality, and has the appearance of being girded for action, but her character is beautiful and sweet.

James, a newcomer into spirit life, as length of service counts there, is nevertheless one of those great souls who, while not accounted great on Earth, are valued at their full worth when they pass over to the Future State. For this reason, he was speedily advanced to the Sphere Seven, but he soon asked to be given work to do near Earth amongst those who were in troubled conditions. He therefore laboured in all the spheres from Seven to Four, the Fourth being his lowest rallying-point, from which he went out on journeys of rescue and succour into the dark Outlands, and to which he returned for rest and refreshment of strength.

He was with Wulfhere and Arnel when they met Shonar at the Stony Port, in the Sphere Three, and received, from him the dazed victims of a massacre on Earth. He took part in the extremely delicate task of helping these people to forego the vengeance they wished to inflict upon their murderers, and to turn towards a brighter future. This was safely accomplished, except in a few cases, and these victims of hate and violence, began to build up a community, organised and managed in love and tolerance. The Colony rapidly developed, and was later on incorporated into the People of the Glade, ruled and guided by James, assisted by the youth Habdi, in the Spheres Three and. Four.

Habdi, first mentioned as a little boy of ten or twelve summers, was brought by Ladena, a lady who worked in' James's band, into the Sphere Three to meet his mother Mervyn, who had at last risen to this condition after her painful experiences on Earth and their consequences. He took her to the brighter regions of the Sphere Four, and to the House of James.

James and Habdi were close friends, and the boy was the means of reuniting his friend and his mother, who loved one another now as they had loved on Earth, before the shadows of tragedy fell between them for a time.

Habdi played an important part in dealing with the victims of a massacre, for he received their children when they were awakened, and also explained to the more aggressive spirits what had happened to them and what they should do. Later, when their Colony was incorporated into the People of the Glade, he served them as Prophet, or Interpreter, by which time he had grown into a stalwart youth.

While working in a sphere inferior to his own he has to suppress his natural lustre. To the People of the Glade, in the Sphere Four, he appears to be tall, but slight of limb; his hair is brown and wavy, and falls to his neck, being held about his head by a fillet of blue. His blue silk tunic is scant, and he wears no sandals. On his breast, where the collar falls low, is a white-gold stone set around with rubies.

Castrel, who intervenes in order to describe to Mr. Vale Owen the Sanctuary that the latter visited during sleeptime, figures largely in Chapter 4 of "The Lowlands of Heaven". He is referred to there as being in charge of a wide district and its Capital City—the name of which is not given—situated among the mountains of the Sphere Seven. Various points in the Scripts indicate that he is of high degree.

He supervises the various colleges of art and science that surround his city, a centre of wisdom and knowledge. He and his officers are described as analysing the reports from these colleges, tabulating them, and, where necessary, testing them in the laboratories under his jurisdiction.

Recommended Reading

Over a 15 year period I have discovered a great number of extremely valuable revelations from spirit. Anyone who decides to research spirit communications will discover there are literally hundreds of these, if not thousands. And there can be substantial differences between some of them. There are good reasons for this.

As a trivial example, accepting that humans do not change on passing through death, and accepting that there are literally thousands of opinions on life after death on this side of the veil, it's very clear that you need to be sure that you are reading the words of spirits who are honestly communicating what they have personally experienced, and are not speculating on things they have not experienced, but which are based on what they believe.

In the series to hand, Rev. George Vale Owen was very fortunate to have his mother on the other side, someone whom he could trust, and indeed her communications are always absolutely limited to that which she knows of. She then found others to come, of higher estate, and hence he was able to reach more advanced spirit beings.

The recommendations I make here are in similar vein to *The Life beyond the Veil*. None of course are identical, each has unique Truths to share, and some are undoubtedly more valuable than others. Some are certainly far more advanced in their teachings. All however can be obtained at low cost as Kindle eBooks and many as free pdfs.

The Padgett Messages.

These messages were received at the same time as *The Life beyond the Veil*, (TLBTV) but have remained in obscurity for many years, partially because they were only published from 1941 on, and took over 30 years to publish the fourth and last volume. These started similarly to TLBTV in that James Padgett, a Washington D.C. based lawyer, sought to communicate with his deceased wife. His wife and his grandmother started the messages to later have higher spirits add their input. These were orchestrated by Jesus and his apostles and are typically of a more religious nature than TLBTV. However they also have significant details on life after death, and in particular the structure of the heavens, and the spiritual paths that are available. Most valuable of all is the careful explanation about what it means to be reborn of spirit, and how precisely to achieve that. This is experiential, not intellectual. You do not become reborn of spirit by learning anything, and certainly not by a one-time ceremony. The messages are contained in four volumes, entitled *"True Gospel revealed Anew by Jesus"* and can be found here. There are however other presentations of the material, some of which are in date order.

The Judas Messages.

In 2001 a follower of the Padgett Messages started to receive messages from Judas Iscariot. Although not completed, these have a great deal of information on the life of Jesus as well as a number of advanced spiritual topics. The book refers to the Padgett Messages and can be considered a progression of them. The book is entitled *"Judas of Kerioth"* and can be found here.

Trilogy by Robert James Lees.

Robert James Lees completed three volumes, and these have some unique information. In

these three volumes we follow a single spirit in his progression, and as a result they span 40 years. The volumes are: *"Through the Mists"* (1898), *"The Life Elysian"* (1905) and *"The Gate of Heaven"* (1931). The very title of this last book confirms the information in both the Padgett Messages and The Urantia Book that the heaven Jesus was talking about is not where spirits initially find themselves, and which is the focus of TLBTV. The volumes can be found here.

Anthony Borgia and Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson.

Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson was first ordained as a Church of England cleric but converted to Catholicism and wrote many books. He was devastated to discover almost all his dogma was without any basis and set about communicating with Anthony Borgia who he had known as a child.

These books are some of the most detailed accounts of life after death. They are literally packed full of facts and remain probably the most informative available. Although the Monsignor had a lot to say about religious matters, he largely kept these comments to two of the six books. The books of a religious nature are: *"Facts"* (1946) and *"More Light"* (1947). The books covering the facts of life after death are: *"Life in the World Unseen"* (1954), *"More about life in the World Unseen"* (1956), *"Heaven and Earth"* (1948) and *"Here and Hereafter"* (1959). These volumes can be found here.

The Urantia Book.

This is a massive tome, and of a very different style to the other books recommended here. I find it to be a book with a great deal of Truth, but not without error, which comment I would make of any book of spirit communications. However many of those who follow this book have unfortunately adopted the stance that it is without error, and that leads to some issues with it if you have a conversation with them. Most notable is the comment that departed mortals may not communicate with their living relatives. Taken at face value, that suggests all the recommendations above are either rogue transmissions, or completely bogus. In point of fact I suspect that angelic permission is needed to embark on these communications, and that they are carefully orchestrated, and that the text in the Urantia book means no more than that. Careful reading of the volumes of TLBTV would also indicate that all major works undertaken are directed from above. The Urantia Book text can be found on the web, and there are pdfs and ebooks available as well as printed books.

Other Books.

There are a number of other valuable books on life after death that I have summarized on this web page. This includes a very small book I wrote which can be considered a short summary of what we know about life after death. It is entitled: "*Getting the Hell Out of Here*."

Geoff Cutler. Sydney, Australia.